This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

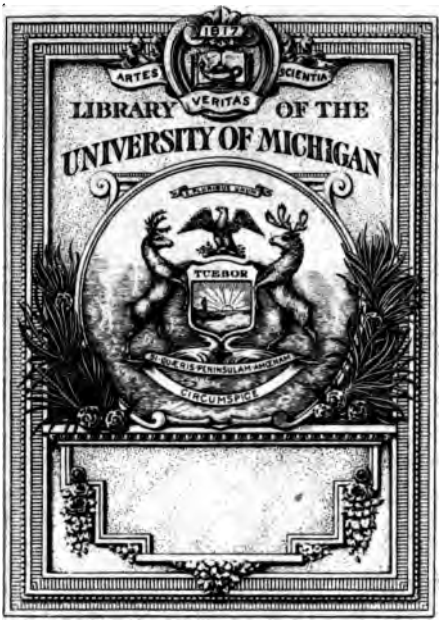
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 3 9015 00395 019 6
University of Michigan – BUHR



From the Library of
Prof. Thomas A. Knott

121.3
E47s
1211
v.2

SPECIMENS

OF

Early English Metrical Romances,

CHIEFLY WRITTEN

DURING THE EARLY PART

OF

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,

INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ROMANTIC COMPOSITION

IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1811.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

From the Library of
Professor Thomas A Knott
11-8-45

CONTENTS

OF VOL. II.

SAXON ROMANCES.

Introduction to Guy of Warwick .....page 3
History of Guy of Warwick 7
Introduction to Sir Bevis of Hamptoun 95
History of Sir Bevis 97

ANGLO-NORMAN ROMANCE.

Introduction to Richard Cœur de Lion 177
History of Richard Cœur de Lion..... 186

ROMANCES RELATING TO CHARLEMAGNE.

Introduction..... 293
History of Roland and Ferragus 302
History of Sir Otuel 324
History of Sir Ferumbras 369

Saxon Romances.

INTRODUCTION

TO

GUY OF WARWICK.

THIS work, with the title of "The Book of the most victorious Prince Guy Earl of Warwick," was printed by William Copland, without a date, but, as Mr Ritson tells us, before 1567; and reprinted, according to the same author, before 1571. Where the latter edition exists I know not. Of the former there is a copy, but very imperfect, in Garrick's collection, and a second, which is perfect, in the library of the duke of Roxburgh, who purchased it at the sale of the late Mr Steevens. The printed work, however, is extremely rare, having been superseded by a modern abridgment, in prose, or rather, perhaps, in blank

verse, printed like prose, which is to be found at almost every stall in the metropolis.

A most beautiful and perfect MS. of this poem is preserved in the library of Caius college, Cambridge (A 8,) and another in the public library (More, 690;) but the most curious and ancient are two fragments contained in the Auchinleck MS. at Edinburgh, of which I have availed myself, as far as possible, in the following abstract.

Guy of Warwick is certainly one of the most ancient and popular, and no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious of our early romances; besides which, Mr Ritson has taken some pains to prove that no hero of this name is to be found in real history. It will, perhaps, be thought indifferent, whether such exploits as are related of Sir Guy be attributed to Julius Cæsar or to Jack the Giant-killer; but it seemed natural to class this and the following tale as Saxon, because they may possibly be founded on some Saxon tradition, and cannot be reduced to any other classification.

The name of our hero is undoubtedly French; and the only Saxon name to which it has any resemblance is that of Egils, who did, in fact, contribute very materially to the important vic-

troy gained by Athelstan over the Danes and their allies at Brunanburgh; * and it is not impossible that this warlike foreigner, becoming the hero of one of the many odes composed on the occasion of that much celebrated battle, may have been transformed, by some Norman monk, into the pious and amorous Guy of Warwick.

Be this as it may, the tale, in its present state, has the appearance of being composed from the materials of at least two or three, if not more romances. The first is a most tiresome love-story, which, it may be presumed, originally ended with the marriage of the fond couple. To this, it should seem, was afterwards tacked on a series of fresh adventures, invented or compiled by some pilgrim from the Holy Land; and the hero of this legend was then brought home for the defence of Athelstan, and the destruction of Colbrand. Sir Heraud of Ardenne, we know, is the hero of a separate romance; and so is Sir Ranyburn: yet it is certain, that the dull and heavy compilation which the reader is about to encounter was written, in French at least, as early as the 13th century, and translated in the beginning of the 14th; so

* See Turner's Anglo-Sax. History, vol. iii. p. 25,

that Mr Warton is evidently mistaken in supposing that it was partly copied from the Gesta Romanorum (cap. 172,) which, by his own admission, was composed at a much later date.

Sir Guy is quoted by Chaucer, as one of the *romances of price;* but the hero of Warwick has a much warmer panegyrist in one of our early historians, whose words are quoted in the note below, and who has introduced an apparently exact translation of the romance into the very exordium of his history. *

Perhaps it may be necessary to apologize for the length of the extract from the romance of "Guy and Colbrand," written in twelve-line stanzas, and contained in the Auchinleck MS. But the editor saw, or thought he saw, in that performance, a degree of spirit and animation which formed a striking contrast with the usual monotony of the minstrel compositions.

* Sed quia historia dicti Guidonis cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in præsenti historia immiscere curavi, &c. Hen. de Knyghton ap. Hist. Ang. Scriptores x. p. 2321.

GUY OF WARWICK.

ROHAND was one of the most powerful nobles in England; uniting in his own person the earldoms of Warwick, of Oxford, and of Rockingham. He was brave, wise, and liberal. He had an only daughter, named Felice, whose numerous perfections are thus described:

Gentil she was, and as demure
As ger-fauk, or falcon to lure,
That out of mew were y-drawe.
So fair was none, in sooth sawe!
She was thereto courteous, and free, and wise,
And in the seven arts learned withouten miss.
Her masters were thither come
Out of Thoulouse, all and some.
White and hoar all they were;
Busy they were that maiden to lere.
And they her lered of astronomy,
Of ars-metrick, and of geometry;

Of sophistry she was also witty;
Of rhetorick, and of other clergy.
Learned she was in musick:
Of clergy was her none like.

It will immediately occur to the reader, that, if it be no longer usual to compare the modest and unassuming demeanour of a virgin to the demureness of a bird of prey, this may possibly arise from our being less familiar than our ancestors were with the moral habits of ger-falcons. But, as it is not obviously requisite that a young countess should become an astronomer, a geometrician, and a sophist, it may not be impertinent to observe, that a knowledge of all the liberal arts was considered as essential to a proficiency in medicine (an attainment absolutely necessary to all ladies in the times of chivalry;) and that the medical professors of Thoulouse, as well as those of Spain, owed much of their celebrity to their various attainments in science.

Perhaps astronomy, or rather astrology, might be of use, by enabling the practitioner to foretel the effect of medicines, which owed much of their virtue to the benignant influence of the stars; and this science supposes some acquaintance with arithmetic and geometry. As to so-

phistry (*i. e.* logic,) rhetoric, and the *other clergy*, it is at least probable that they might do no harm.

While this extraordinary union of beauty and science, in the person of a wealthy heiress, gave unusual splendour to the court of Rohand, the foundations of his power were solidly established by the martial virtues of his knights, and, above all, by the abilities and inflexible integrity of SEGARD of Wallingford, his steward and counsellor. The proudest barons of the land respected the laws of the Earl of Warwick, enforced, as they were, by the virtuous Segard, who punished every insulter of his patron's authority.

And with strength him *nim* * wolde,
Though he to Scotland *sue* † him sholde.
Though a man bare an hundred pound,
Upon him of gold so round,
There n' as man in all this land,
That durst him do shame no *schonde*. ‡

Segard had a son named Guy, who, having been educated amongst the pages of the Earl of Warwick, was raised to the honour of being his principal cup-bearer, and who soon increased,

* Take. † Follow. ‡ Harm.

by his own merit, the favour and popularity for which he was originally indebted to his father's services. Segard had inspired him with the warmest zeal for the interests of his master. Nature had given him a beautiful person, uncommon strength and activity, and an undaunted courage. A foster-father (preceptor,) perfectly versed in all the exercises of chivalry, the celebrated Héraud of Ardenne, had taught him the mysteries

Of wood and river, and other game—
——————— of hawke and hounde,
Of *estrich-falcons* * of great mounde;

which, added to grace and address at "bordis," (tables,) at *tournaments*, and at *chess*, formed all the necessary qualifications of a hero.

Such was the state of Rohand's court, when he was called upon to celebrate, according to annual custom, the feast of Pentecost.

This splendid ceremony, which drew together all the nobility of the country, began by the celebration of high mass, which was followed by a sumptuous banquet, to which again suc-

* Probably the largest falcons, such as were capable of destroying the ostrich.

ceeded the amusements of the chace, or of dancing. The following days (for the great festivals of the year generally occupied a whole fortnight) were marked by justs, and tournaments, and other warlike diversions, as well as by hawking and hunting; each day, however, being ushered in by ecclesiastical solemnities, and followed by the pleasures of the table. On these occasions, says our minstrel,

> Everich maiden chose her love,
> Everich knight his lemmàn
> Of the gentil maiden wimmàn.

Guy had taken his station near the earl, when he received his orders to repair to the apartment of Felice, and to superintend the service of the ladies during dinner. With this order he readily complied; and, being clad in a *silken kirtle*, which showed to the greatest advantage the symmetry of his form, acquitted himself of the office with so much grace and address, as to captivate the affections of all the beauties who beheld him, and even to attract the notice of Felice herself. On his presenting her the water to wash, *greeting* her at the same time on the part of her father, she could not forbear from asking his name,

nor from expressing her satisfaction at the sight of a youth who was already known to her by reputation. Guy, gazing on his beautiful mistress, whom he now saw for the first time, almost forgot to answer the encomiums she paid him, and was utterly inattentive to the amorous glances of the thirty ladies by whom he was surrounded.

When it became necessary to take his leave, he hastened to his own chamber to give way to his new sensations; and, perceiving that his affections were unalterably fixed on an object which he supposed it utterly impossible to attain, gave himself up to despair. That respect for his lord which Segard had so carefully instilled into him, forced him to suffer in silence, though it was not sufficient to repress the presumptuous wishes he had formed. The distance between a vassal and his suzerain was such, that immediate death, attended with every circumstance of ignominy, might probably succeed the avowal of his passion. He therefore struggled with it till the conclusion of the festival; when, incapable of subduing a sensation which gradually undermined his health and strength, he determined to declare himself to his mistress, and to receive his final sentence at her hands.

Felice having returned an answer full of dis-

dain, the unfortunate Guy retired to his chamber, determined to make no further efforts for the preservation of a life which he considered as no longer of any value. At the end of seven days and seven nights his disease had increased to such an alarming extent, that the whole court were thrown into consternation; and Earl Rohand, by whom he was tenderly loved, dispatched to him his most learned leeches (physicians) with orders to spare no pains for his recovery.

Clerkes ben to him y go;
Guy they find blacke and *blo*;*
They asked him where his evil stode? &c.

But Guy's answers being, as might be expected, enigmatical, the leeches were utterly unable to alleviate a complaint with whose nature and origin they were perfectly unacquainted, though they agreed in prognosticating that its termination would be speedy and fatal.

Fortunately for their patient, Felice had dreamed a dream, in which an angel had appeared to her, and strictly enjoined that she should return the young page's affection; and this vision had very luckily chosen for its visit

* Livid.

the very night when Guy, thinking himself nearly at the point of death, had resolved to make one more effort, and either to procure a more gracious answer or to expire at the feet of his mistress.

With great labour, and after frequent fainting fits, he at length made his way to an arbour in her garden, to which she habitually resorted, and, after making her a long and pathetic address, fell down in a swoon, from which one of the female attendants of this haughty beauty with difficulty recovered him.

That maid yede to him weepind,
And Guy well sore, *bemened*;*
"By God of heaven!" she said,
"An Ich were as fair a maid,
"And as rich king's daughter were,
"As any in this world are,
"And he of my love *under-nome*† were,
"And he is of thine, in strong mannère,
"And he wold me so love *yerne*,‡
"Me think, I no might it him nought *wern*!"§

Felice, though she reproved her maid for a

* Bemoaned. † Undertaken, i. e. occupied by.
‡ Eagerly. § Warn, prohibit.

facility which is sometimes fatal to her sex, was not insensible to this proof of Guy's affection; and even condescended so far as to promise that when he should have received the order of knighthood, and proved his valour in a suitable number of tournaments and battles, she should be ready to avow him as her lover, and even to reward him with the present of her hand.

This favourable answer recalled him to life; and the progress of his convalescence was so rapid, that he appeared in a few days at court, to the astonishment of his friends, in full health and strength; and, falling on his knees before Rohand, earnestly requested to be admitted, if he were judged worthy of such an honour, to the order of knighthood. The earl readily acceded to his wishes, and gave orders for the celebration of the ceremony with all possible solemnity at the approaching festival.

It was at the holy Trinitè
The earl dubbed Sir Guy so free:
And with him twenty good *gomes*,*
Knights' and barons' sons.
Of cloth of *Tars*,† and rich *cendale*,‡

* Men, *hommes*. † Tarsus in Cilicia.
‡ A sort of thick silk.

Was the dobbing *in each dele*,*
The *pavis*,† all of fur and *gris*,‡
The mantels were of mickle price.
With rich armour and good stedis,
The best that were in land, at nedis,
Better was Sir Guy y-dight,
Then he was an emperor's son, *I plight*:§
So richly dubbed as was he,
Was never man in that contree.

The ceremony over, Guy hastened to Felice, whom he now hoped to find more docile to his wishes; but the lady coolly observed to him, that the mere name of knight was no accession of merit, and that, before he could claim the performance of her promise, it was necessary that he should fulfil the conditions on which it was made, by achieving such adventures as should render him worthy of her affection. Sir Guy, full of submission, again retired; and, repairing to his father, signified to him his intention of passing without delay into foreign countries for

* In every part.

† Perhaps a sort of short cloak thrown over the left arm. Pavois, in the French dictionaries, is interpreted a kind of buckler or large shield.

‡ Gray fur, next in value to ermine. § I promise you.

the purpose of proving his valour. Segard could not refuse his consent to such a reasonable proposal; but, confiding him to the care of the valiant Heraud, to whom he added Sir Thorold and Sir Urry, two knights of approved valour, and assigning him a retinue suitable to his rank, and a considerable sum of money, gave him his paternal benediction, and dismissed him.

Sir Guy and his companions, having embarked at the nearest port, arrived, after a short and prosperous passage, in Normandy, and proceeded without delay to Rouen, the capital of the province. Observing preparations for the immediate celebration of a magnificent festival, they summoned their host, to require the news of the place; and were informed, to their great joy, that a tournament had been proclaimed, and was to be holden on the following day, in honour of Blanche-fleur, a maiden of exquisite beauty, daughter of Reignier, emperor of Germany. A considerable number of knights, already signalised by many previous exploits, were arrived for the purpose of contending for the prize, which consisted of a milk-white falcon, a white horse, and two white greyhounds; besides which, the victor became entitled to claim the hand of the princess, unless he should have pre-

viously chosen, in his own country, the lady of his affections.

Sir Guy, who was overjoyed at this intelligence, having first, according to the invariable custom of chivalry, presented a beautiful palfrey to his host as a reward for the good news, immediately set off for the tournament. He successively overthrew Gaire, the son of the emperor; Otho, duke of Pavia; Reignier, duke of Sessoyne (Saxony); the duke of Lowayne (Louvain?); and many others: while Heraud, Thorold, and Urry, on their parts distinguished themselves by unhorsing their several antagonists. On the two following days the superiority of Sir Guy was no less manifest; and at the conclusion of the tournament the prize was unanimously allotted to the valiant knight of Warwick.

With that came a sergeant pickand,
Gentil he was, and well speakand,
To Sir Guy is he come,
And him he gret *atte frome*.*
" Thou art chosen chief in price

* This seems to be nearly synonymous with the French phrase " par excellence." *From*, Sax. præstans—or perhaps, *forem*, or *fruma*, principium.

" Of all this country, forsooth I wis.
" For thou hast won the tournament,
" Ich make thee here this present
" From the maiden Blanche-fleur,
" That is my lord's daughter the emperour.
" The ger-faulk, and the steed also,
" The two greyhounds thereto,
" And eke her love with them;
" But thou hast a fairer lemman,
" She that is the tower within,
" To day thou mayest her love win."
Well courteously answered Guy,
" Beau sire," he said, " grammercy!
" Ich *underfong* * this present,
" And thank her that thee hither sent.
" Her *druerie* † ich underfong;
" Her knight to be withouten wrong," &c.

At the same time he presented to the messenger a rich suit of armour and a sum of money, as a mark of respect to the beautiful Blanche-fleur, and dismissed him: after which, he dispatched two of his attendants into England, with orders to commend him to Rohand and his

* Accept.

† Love-token.—The word has various meanings, such as gallantry, affection, &c.

fair daughter; and to lay at their feet the trophies of his victory. Without staying any longer in Normandy, he proceeded into "far lands," travelling through Spain, Almayn, Lombardy, and the more distant parts of Europe; attending every tournament; gaining the prize in all; and establishing his fame as one of the most valiant and accomplished knights in Christendom. At the conclusion of a year, his friend Heraud observed to him, that, having been every where, he might now, with a safe conscience, return; and, Guy being of the same opinion, it was agreed that they should, on the next morning, set off for England, for the purpose of showing themselves at the court of Athelstan, their natural sovereign.

After a short stay in London, where they were received with the greatest kindness by the Saxon monarch, Sir Guy and his companions returned to Warwick, to the great joy of Segard and his wife, who had been long impatient to hail the arrival of a son whose reputation was now universally established. Rohand received him with his accustomed kindness, and all his court vied with each other in their expressions of gratulation: but Guy, tearing himself from the embraces of his friends, and even from the arms of

his parents, eagerly sought an opportunity of throwing himself at the feet of Felice; from whom he now thought himself fully justified in expecting an explicit avowal of tenderness.

It were much to be wished, for the honour of the wise masters of Thoulouse, that, after instructing the fair Felice in the seven liberal arts, they had also taught her the art of knowing her own mind. But her scruples were not yet satisfied. She represented to Sir Guy, that he had, indeed, obtained a place amongst the most renowned knights in Christendom, but that he was not yet universally admitted to be matchless and unrivalled; and that, until he should have attained the very pinnacle of glory, though she should be proud to acknowledge him as her knight, she would never consent to give him her hand, at the risk of plunging him in sloth, and of extinguishing, amidst the pleasures of marriage, that noble spirit of chivalry by which he was so much endeared to her.

Sir Guy, whose education had not been so scientific as that of his mistress, was unable to answer, or even to understand this extreme refinement: but he was a lover, and he felt that his duty was implicit obedience: he therefore, after remonstrating against the extravagance of her

expectations, kissed her hand, took his leave, and, hastening to earl Rohand, requested his permission to travel in "uncouth lands" in search of military glory.

The good earl, astonished at this abrupt and unexpected request, after so short a stay, urged every argument that affection could dictate to induce him at least to delay his departure; but, finding them ineffectual, reluctantly gave his consent to a measure, the motives of which, as he could not discover them, he had not the means of combating. Sir Guy now proceeded to his father and mother with the same request; which he prefaced with all the eloquent reasoning suggested by Felice: but the plain sense of Segard, who was not at all in love, and whose ambition was fully satisfied, could not be so easily perverted.

"Lief son," he said, "leave that thought!
"By my will shalt thou wend nought.
"Thou shalt live here with me;
"All the blither will we be!"
"Leve son," his mother to him said,
"Do thou by thy father's rede!
"Sojourn with us evermo:
"I rede thee, son, that it be so.

"Another year thou might over-fare:
"But thou *bileve*,* I die with care!
"For we ne have sons no mo,
"Gif thee we shall now forego!"

These tender remonstrances sunk deep into the heart of Sir Guy; but the orders of his inflexible fair one left him no alternative. He commended his parents to God, and hurried from their presence. Having embarked with a fair wind, Sir Guy, and his faithful attendants Heraud, Thorold, and Urry, arrived in Flanders; and again travelled in quest of adventures through Spain, Germany, and Lombardy; bearing away the prize of every tournament, and in every country conciliating the affections of the inhabitants by numberless acts of generosity. But in returning through Italy his good fortune abandoned him. Merit so transcendent could not fail of exciting envy; and a severe wound which he received in a tournament at Beneventum having in a great measure impaired his strength, his enemies flattered themselves with the hopes of accomplishing his destruction, and laid a plot for the purpose, of which the success was judged to be infallible.

* Remain.

The reader will remember that, amongst the knights whom Sir Guy overthrew in his first tournament near Rouen, was Otho, duke of Pavia. This *felon* duke had, in the first moments of his disgrace, vowed vengeance against his conqueror; and having witnessed the combat near Beneventum, in which Sir Guy, though successful, was dangerously wounded, conceived that the moment was now arrived when he might easily get his enemy into his power. Being apprised of the route which the English knight intended to take, he sent for Earl Lombard, one of his most faithful adherents, together with fifteen other knights of approved courage, and, after reminding them of the allegiance which they had severally sworn to him, exacted a promise that they would obey his orders in a point which was essential to his happiness. He then placed them in ambush in a wood through which Sir Guy was obliged to pass, and directed them to fall on him and his followers by surprise; to kill his attendants without mercy; but, if possible, to reserve him alive for the purpose of undergoing a severer and more lingering punishment. The Italian knights accepted without scruple a commission which they hoped to execute without danger.

Now cometh Sir Guy riding,
Upon a mulet ambling.
His wound him grieveth swithe sore,
And smerte him ever the longer the more.
In peace he weened for to wende;
Ac of the traitour Lumbards unhend
The helms they seyen bright shine,
The steeds neighen and together *whine.**
"God!" quoth Guy, "we ben *ynome!*†
"All we be dead through treasoun," &c.

But Sir Guy was a stranger to fear; and the only effect of a danger so pressing and immediate was, to obliterate in a moment the sense of his pain and infirmity. Springing lightly from his mule, he hastily put on his armour, and prepared to face the enemy; while his faithful attendants in vain conjured him to save his life by a timely retreat, and leave them to take the most advantageous position they could, and to defend it, if possible, against the superior numbers of their assailants.

With that *come*‡ a Lombard ride
A moody man, and full of pride.

* Whinny and neigh. † Taken.

‡ *Come ride*, i. e. rode. The auxiliary verbs *come*, *gin*, *can*, &c. were once in universal use.

" Guy," quoth he, " yield thee anon!
" Ye ben dead everich one!
" To the duke we han truth plight
" To bring him thy body this night."
With that ilk word, well smart
Guy him smote to the heart.
Ne spared he for no dreed,
But dead he felled him on the mead.
" By the truth I shall my *lemman* * yield,
" To day nought shall thou thy truth held!"
Another Lombard he met anon:
Through the body the sword gan gon.
" Nor thou, thou traitor, shalt me lead
" To thy duke that is full of *quede*."†

Sir Heraud, Sir Thorold, and Sir Urry, at the same time killed the three knights who were opposed to them; but the stoutest of the Lombards still remained behind. Earl Lombard, their leader, attacked and slew Sir Urry, but was himself killed by Sir Guy. Hugo, nephew to duke Otho, making a furious stroke at Sir Thorold, laid him dead at his horse's feet.

When Sir Heraud he saw this,
That he fell down, and dead he is,

* Mistress. † Wickedness, evil, mischief.

For his death he was sorry;
Him to *awreke* * he hath great *hie*.†
Never yet so sorry he ne was.
Toward Hugoun he made a *ras*;‡
As a hound he hied him fast,
That his prey would have in haste.
Through the body he him smot,
With great strength, God it wot,
That, before the Lombards all,
Off his horse dead he gan fall.

Unfortunately, Sir Gunter, one of Otho's most formidable knights, seizing the moment when Heraud was off his guard, struck him such a desperate blow that he fell bleeding, and apparently lifeless, to the ground.

When Sir Guy saw Heraud y-fell'd
To-hewen his hauberk, and his shield,
And off his horse felled he was,
As dead man, and lay on the grass,
And saw the blood that came him fro,
Wonder him thought; and said *thò*,§
" Thou! lording! to thee I say,
" This day thou shalt well sore *abeyè!* ||

* Revenge. † Haste. ‡ Race. § Then.
|| Suffer for, pay the price of.

" So mote ich ever word y-speak,
" My master's death ich shall awreke.
" And, for a coward ich hold thee,
" That slew him, and let me be.
" By him that made sun and moon,
" Thou shalt it *wete* * *swithe* † soon!
" And thou shalt y-boast nought
" That he is to death y-brought."

With these words Sir Guy spurred his steed; who rushed on his enemy with such velocity, " that fire under the feet rose;" and so terrible was the blow of the rider, that Sir Gunter instantly sunk, cloven from the helmet to the pummel of the saddle. A second stroke of his sword took off the head of another Lombard. But Guy was now almost fainting through fatigue and pain; and his armour was so completely hewed to pieces, that he was exposed, almost defenceless, to the arms of his adversaries. These, indeed, were now reduced to two; but one of them was Guichard, the bravest of the Lombard knights, who advanced as to a certain victory. Yet such was Sir Guy's superiority, that Guichard, after losing his last companion, and receiving a dreadful wound, was glad to be in-

* Know. † Very.

debted to the unrivalled swiftness of his horse for his escape to Pavia. Duke Otho learnt with astonishment and rage the escape of Sir Guy, and the destruction of his own knights; but his intended victim felt still deeper anguish, while he surveyed, on the field of battle, the bodies of those faithful friends who had fallen in his defence.

" Alas!" he cried,
" For thy love, Felice, thou fair *may*,*
" The flower of knights is slain this day!
" Yet, for thou art a woman,
" Canst thou nought be blamed *for-than*:†
" For, the last ne be we nought
" That women have to ground y-brought!"

Nothing, certainly, but the extremity of distress could have wrung from this courteous and loyal knight a sentiment so derogatory to the honour of the ladies; but it is to be remembered, that Sir Guy was devoted and condemned to the search of such adventures, against his own wishes, in opposition to the will of his suzerain, and in defiance of the remonstrances of his parents, by the mere caprice of his haughty mistress. The

* Virgin. † Therefore.

virtues of Heraud and his other friends, who had followed him, without remonstrance or murmur, through so many unnecessary dangers; the friendly expostulations of earl Rohand; and the pathetic complaints of Segard and his mother, at once assail him, and he falls into a swoon, exclaiming,

" Whoso n'ill nought do by his father's rede,
" Oft sithes it falleth him quede !

But the reflection occurred too late. After many fruitless lamentations, he went in search of a hermit, to whom, after making him a present of " a good steed," he recommended the bodies of Sir Thorold and Sir Urry. From that of Heraud he could not yet separate himself; he therefore placed his antient preceptor on his own horse, and proceeded slowly with him to a neighbouring abbey; where, having related to the abbot the story of his misfortunes, and promised a liberal remuneration to himself and his brethren, in return for the most honourable burial that they could bestow on his friend, he consigned the body to their care, and retired to the cave of a hermit, which he discovered at no great distance, for the purpose of having his wounds

healed, without running the risk of a discovery from the vigilant malice of duke Otho. As soon as his cure was completed he passed into *Pole* (Apulia), and from thence into Saxony, the residence of duke Reignier, by whom he was most hospitably and honourably received. After this, meaning to return straight to England, he travels into Burgundy, then governed by duke Milon, where he distinguishes himself in valour, and his liberality to poor knights and to captives. During his residence in this country he discovers, to his inexpressible joy, his friend Heraud disguised as a palmer.

The abbot, of whom ich erst have tell'd,
Herhaùd with great ruth beheld.
He did bearen his bodey
Into a chamber to disarray.
A monk of the house beheld him
Body and heved, and each limb;
Thilke monk a surgeon was,
The virtue he knew of many a grass.
The wound he beheld steadfastlich,
That in his body was grieslich;
By the wounde he saw, I wis,
That to death wounded he n'is.

And saw that he him heal might,
And so he did full well, I plight.

Heraud, indeed, was still weak and poor; but Sir Guy, taking him up behind him on his horse, and conveying him to an adjoining city, soon supplied all his wants.

Heraud, without long rest,
Was clothed and bathed with the best:
White cloths of silk, and mantles fine,
Furred with gris, and good ermine.

The two friends then take leave of duke Milon, pass through Flanders, and arrive at St Omers. Here, while Sir Guy is looking out of the window at his *inn*, he sees a palmer, whom he questions about news. The palmer tells him that "the rich emperor (Reignier) has besieged Segwin, duke of Lavayne (Louvain), and laid waste his country, in consequence of his having slain, in a touranment, *Sadoc*, the emperor's cousin, by whom he had been tauntingly provoked to combat. Segwin, after the event, had fled to his strong city of Sesoyne (Soissons ?); which however, he despaired of being long able to

defend against the superior forces of the emperor.

Sir Guy, by the advice of Heraud, levies a small army of fifty knights; marches to the assistance of Segwin; and enters the city unperceived by the enemy. On the following morning, after hearing mass, he sallies out, attacks the imperial army which was conducted by the emperor's steward, overthrows him, and makes him prisoner, together with a considerable number of earls, barons, and other persons of distinction. The emperor, on receiving the news of this unexpected defeat, summons a council, at which it is determined to send Otho, the "felon duke" of Pavia, together with Reignier, duke of Saxony, and the constable, Wandomire of Cologne, at the head of 30,000 men, to renew the siege. An obstinate battle ensues, in which a knight in the imperial army, Thierry of Gurmoise, son of earl Aubry, performs prodigies of valour. But nothing can withstand the invincible Guy of Warwick. Duke Otho, severely wounded, is with difficulty carried off by his men, and Reignier and Wandomire, after the total rout of their troops, are made prisoners.

The emperor now marches in person, at the head of a still larger army; but his son Gaire

(who had already been unhorsed by Sir Guy at his first feat of arms at Rouen) is again vanquished by him and carried into the town: and an assault undertaken by his father for his recovery having proved unsuccessful, the siege is converted into a blockade.

This eventful conflict between the head of the empire and his disobedient vassal, is terminated by a scene which strongly marks the singular spirit of chivalry. The emperor, to amuse himself during the state of inaction to which he is reduced, goes a hunting in the forest, and in this defenceless situation is surprised by Sir Guy, who, with an olive-branch in his hand, thus addresses him:

Guy said, "God, that is full of might,
"Save thee, sire, gentil knight!
"And give thy men hap and grace,
"Well to *rede** thee in this place!
"Duke Segwin sendeth me to thee,
"That in good manner will love thee.
"With glad cheer he prayeth you
"To *herborrow*† with him now;
"He shall you welcome, and your barons,
"With swans, cranes, and herons,

* Advise. † Harbour or lodge.

" And make you right well at ease.
" These words," quoth Guy, " be no *lese!* *
" Duke Segwin will yield to thee
" His castle and his good citè,
" And all his landes, loud and still,
" And himself at your own will.
" Therefore, sire, I warnè yow,
" To him ye must with me now;
" For what more can he to thee do
" Than thus meekly send thee to?"

All resistance being hopeless, the emperor, by the advice of his barons, quietly accompanied his conqueror into the city, where, though a prisoner, he was received as a master, and was served with the greatest humility by Sir Guy, and by all Segwin's adherents. In the morning he heard mass. Segwin in the mean time had abstained from appearing in his presence; and, having summoned all his prisoners, earnestly requested their intercession to obtain his royal master's forgiveness. This they readily promised; and then

The duke yede to the chamber anon;
Off he did, withouten oaths,

* Lies.

His wede, save his linen clothes.
Both barefoot and naked yede he,
In hand a branch of olive tree:
And when he came to the emperour,
He fell on his knees with great dolour,
And said, "Sire, mercy! certain
"I will no more war thee gain!
"For that I have grieved thee ill,
"I, and all mine, is at thy will!" &c.

Claire, and all the prisoners, who were become sincerely attached to Segwin in consequence of the kindness with which he had treated them during their captivity, joined their prayers to those of the repentant duke, and, having obtained his pardon, thank the emperor on their knees. Sir Guy expresses his gratitude in the same humble posture. This happy reconciliation is celebrated with all kinds of festivity, and confirmed by a double marriage; the duke of Saxony being wedded to the sister of Segwin, and Segwin to a niece of the emperor. Sir Guy, after rendering these important services to his friend, takes leave of him, and departs in the emperor's suite.

There was he with the emperour,
A little stound, with great honour.

They rivered their falcons,
And took cranes and herons.
And when Guy would in forest chase,
His will he had in every place.
So it befell, upon a day,
As Sir Guy came from his play,
From hunting as he came riding
He saw a dormound * come sailing:
To that dormound anon drew he, &c.

It seems to have been an essential duty of chivalry to omit no opportunity of asking questions. Sir Guy interrogates the mariners of the vessel, and is informed that they come from Constantinople; that their cargo consists of plenty of merchandize,

" Rich pelour, ermine and gris,
" Cloths of silk, and *Alisaunder*,†
" And *matres also solimander*,‡—

but that it brings very bad news. The Greek emperor *Ernis* is besieged in his capital by the *soudan* with an army

* V. Ducange, v. *Dromones*, a swift-sailing-shap; δρομος? but I believe it more generally means a ship of burthen.

† Alexandria.

‡ I cannot explain the meaning of this strange phrase.

" Of thirty thousand *Potelynes*,
" And so many Sarasins."

And when the vessel came away the situation of the besieged was considered as nearly desperate.

Sir Guy, having consulted with Heraud, determines to levy an army of a thousand knights, the bravest that could be found in Almayne, and to march, without delay, to the relief of the distressed emperor. The reputation of Sir Guy was now so well established, that, large as this number was, it was immediately collected and embarked; and Sir Guy was received with transports of joy by the good Ernis, who promised him, as a reward for this timely and effectual succour, the hand of his daughter, the heiress of the Greek empire.

The danger, indeed, was pressing; for at this very moment, Coldran, cousin to the soudan, the most formidable amiral in the Saracen army, had commenced an attack upon the walls which the garrison was unable to repel. Sir Guy sallies out with his knights; cuts his way through the army of the assailants; kills Coldran; and mortally wounds Askeldart, the second in command, who only lives to carry the account of

this defeat to the chief of the Saracens. The soudan, incensed, but not intimidated, by the ill success of this partial attempt, determines to assault the city in four days at the head of all his forces.

In the mean time Sir Guy is on the point of becoming the victim of an intrigue contrived by one of his own knights. Among the German nobles, whom he had selected on account of their valour, was Sir Morgadour, steward to the emperor of Germany. This man, having seen the princess Loret, became enamoured of her beauty; and immediately resolved, if possible, to wrest her hand and the crown of Constantinople from Sir Guy, whom he considered as an inferior, although he was willing, on account of his military talents, to fight under his banners. But, being aware that the emperor's word had been passed to his rival, it was necessary to have recourse to artifice. He therefore contrived the following stratagem.

One day, when the emperor was gone a-riverring, he proposed to Sir Guy to play a game at chess with him in the apartment of the princess; to which the knight, not suspecting any treachery, readily consented. On their arrival,

Guy gret that maid full courteously;
The maid says, " Welcome, Sir Guy !"
Guy took that maiden in arms two;
With lovely cheer he kist her tho.

After this preface, Sir Morgadour and Sir Guy play their game at chess, in which the knight of Warwick is victorious; and his antagonist, under some trifling pretext, leaves him with the princess; takes horse; goes to meet the emperor on his return from the chace; and accuses Sir Guy of an attempt to debauch the virtue of the beautiful Loret. Ernis, however, refuses to believe that his deliverer can have formed a plan of corrupting a woman whose hand was already pledged to him, and totally discredits the accusation; upon which, the crafty German returns to Sir Guy, laments the falsehood and treachery of mankind, and assures him that the emperor, on the grounds of this ridiculous story, is determined to put him to death. Sir Guy becomes the dupe of the artifice; is filled with indignation at the treachery of Ernis; summons his knights; and is preparing to go over to the Saracens, when he meets the emperor; and, coming to an explanation with him, is made acquainted with the malice of Sir Morgadour.

Sir Guy, having learned by means of spies the intention of the soudan to assault the town, determines to meet the enemy in the field, instead of waiting their attack. Having explored the neighbouring mountains, he takes post in a spot strongly fortified by nature, and which he renders by his precautions nearly impregnable. There he resists the whole efforts of the Saracens; and, after a long and obstinate conflict, completely disperses their army. In the course of the battle,

> Cart wheels Guy let take;
> And good engines he let make.
> The engines were so sore castand,
> That to the Saracens they came near hand.
> Therewith he smote them in sunder;
> So sore they threw that it was wonder:
> Many a hill they threw down,
> That congealed was with stones brown.

Fifteen acres were covered with the bodies of slaughtered Saracens: and so furious were the strokes of Sir Guy, that the pile of dead men, wherever his sword had reached, rose as high as his breast. The soudan, too much incensed to reason very coolly, attributed a defeat so mira-

culous to the supineness or stupidity of his tutelary deities, on whom he revenged himself by burning some and throwing others into the sea; while the good Ernis was rejoicing at his delivery, and testifying his gratitude by heaping honours and riches on the hero of Warwick.

Sir Morgadour has now recourse to a fresh artifice. Being aware that the soudan had sworn to destroy every Christian who should either fall into, or unwarily place himself within his power, he suggests to Ernis an advice which he uncautiously adopts. Having assembled his parliament, he observes "that the soudan is collecting a fresh army, for the purpose of renewing his formidable attacks on the Christian powers; that a war with such an enemy could afford no prospect of its termination; that it were highly important to find some means of bringing it to a speedy issue; and that, with this view, it would be proper to propose the final decision of the quarrel by a single combat between two persons, who should be nominated as the respective champions of the Christians and Saracens." He concludes by asking, "whether any person is willing to become the bearer of this proposal to the soudan?" All are silent, until Guy of Warwick, starting from his seat,

demands to be sent on this perilous adventure. The emperor, alarmed at the danger of losing his intended son-in-law, assures him that this proposal was only intended by him as a trial of the fidelity and spirit of enterprise which prevailed in the assembly; and conjures him to forgo an enterprise in which the most invincible strength and courage must prove useless. Guy is inflexible;

Guy asked his arms anon;
Hosen of iron Guy did upon:
In his hauberk Guy him clad;
He drad no stroke while he it had.
Upon his head his helm he cast,
And hasted him to ride full fast.
A circle of gold thereon stood;
The emperor had none so good.
About the circle, for the nonce,
Were set many precious stones.
Above he had a coat-armour wide;
His sword he took by his side,
And leapt upon his steed anon,
Stirrup with foot touched he none.
Guy rode forth, without boast,
Alone to the soudan's host.
Guy saw all that countree

Full of tents and pavilions be.
On the pavilion of the soudan
Stood a carbuncle stone.
Guy wist thereby it was the soudan's,
And drew him thither for the nonce.
At the meat he found the soudan,
And his barons every one;
And ten kings about him:
All they were stout and grim.
Guy rode forth, and spake no word
Till he came to the soudan's bord.
He ne saught with whom he met;
But on this wise the soudan he gret:—
" Lord that shope both heat and cold,
" And all this world hath in hold,
" And suffered, on cross, passions fell,
" To buy man's soul out of hell,
" Give thee, soudan! his malison;
" And all that 'lieven on Mahoun!
" God's curse have thee and thine;
" And all that 'lieve on Apolyn!"

The soudan, being utterly unprepared with an answer to a mode of address so very unusual at his board, did not attempt to interrupt Sir Guy during the remainder of his message, which, having first satisfied his feelings by the forego-

ing exordium, he proceeded to deliver very minutely, and with due attention to decorum. At length, however, the monarch recovered the power of speech so far as to inquire the name of his insolent visitant; and to direct, after hearing it, that Guy of Warwick should instantly be seized and put to death. But Guy, not at all disconcerted by an order which it was much easier to pronounce than to execute, rushed on the soudan, cut off his head, deliberately picked it up with one hand, while he slew half a dozen of Saracens with the other, and, setting spurs to his horse, made his way through the camp, though assailed on all sides by the enemy.

During this time Heraud was, very fortunately, asleep in Constantinople; and thereby had the means of being apprised, by a vision, of the danger to which his friend was exposed. He instantly rose, assembled the German knights, and related his dream; on the faith of which they sallied forth, and, following the direct road to the Saracen camp, arrived just in time to rescue Sir Guy, who, nearly overcome by fatigue, returned with them in triumph to the city, and presented to the astonished Ernis the head of his haughty antagonist.

Soon after this perilous exploit, Ernis pro-

ceeds with Sir Guy on a circuit through his dominions. During their march they become spectators of a dreadful combat between a lion and a dragon. Guy felt an irresistible impulse to take a share in the conflict; assailed the dragon, and laid him dead at his feet. The lion immediately expressed his gratitude to his ally; licked his feet; fawned on him like a dog; and became, from that moment, his most officious and affectionate attendant.

The good emperor Ernis, more and more astonished at the valour and prudence of Sir Guy, at length formally proposes to him the hand of the accomplished Loret; which was accepted without hesitation, and a day fixed for the wedding. If the reader has not yet forgotten the all-accomplished Felice, the daughter of the earl Rohand, it is probably because the laborious campaigns in Germany and in Turkey have not occupied in the recital quite so much time as they consumed in the acting. Certain it is that the hero of Warwick, banished during so many years from his native country, and constantly busied in the most arduous and important occupations, had lost all recollection of the object for whom he was first induced to sacrifice his time and health and comfort. Ernis, therefore, ta-

king his daughter by the hand, in the presence of all the princes, dukes, earls, barons, archbishops, abbots, and priors of Constantinople, delivered her over to Sir Guy, together with the investiture of half his empire, and the promise of the remainder after his decease.

But the sight of the wedding ring suddenly brought back to the memory of Sir Guy the image of his first mistress.

The wedding ring was forth brought;
Guy then on fair Felice thought.
He had her nigh forgotten clean!
"Alas!" he said, "Felice the sheen!"
And thought in his heart anon,
"Against thee now have I misdone!"
Guy said, "Penance I crave:
"None other maid my love shall have!"

He then fell into a swoon; and, on his recovery, begged to defer the marriage, and retired to his inn, where he remained during a fortnight confined to his bed, in great anguish of mind and body, to the extreme distress of Ernis, of Loret, of Heraud, and of the lion, none of whom were at all able to account for his ill-timed and unexpected malady. At length he reveals the se-

cret of his heart to Heraud, who at first recommends the completion of his marriage with Loret; but at length acquiesces in his determination of sacrificing to the original object of his passion, the possession of a younger and more beautiful woman, together with the richest empire in the universe.

At the fortnight's end Guy returns to court, where he is much embarrassed by the kindness of Ernis and the tender affection of Loret, to which he feels himself unable to make a proper return. From this very awkward situation he was at length relieved by an unexpected accident. The lion, who owed its life to the matchless intrepidity of Sir Guy, had gradually familiarised himself with all the personages at the court of Ernis; and seemed to prefer, no less from taste than gratitude, a life of tranquillity at Constantinople to a series of contests with dragons in the wilderness. One day, while quietly sleeping in an arbour, he was mortally wounded by Sir Morgadour. The blow was so sudden and so well aimed, that the faithful animal was scarcely able to reach the chamber of Sir Guy, where he expired at his master's feet; but Sir Morgadour had been remarked by a damsel of the court, who hastened to report this act of cru-

elty and treachery; and the hero of Warwick, though he had borne his own wrongs with patience, instantly revenged the blood of his favourite by that of the assassin. The death of a person of so much importance as the steward of the German emperor, though certainly merited, was likely to involve the good Ernis in a very disagreeable altercation with a powerful sovereign; and Sir Guy, gladly availing himself of this excuse, determined, notwithstanding the entreaties of Ernis and Loret, to abandon for ever the court of Constantinople.

Having embarked on board of the first ship which he could find, he was carried by accident to the dominions of the emperor Reignier, to whom he paid a short visit, without at all noticing the history of Sir Morgadour, and from thence passed into Lorraine, with the intention of proceeding with all possible haste to England.

One day, travelling through a forest, having sent forward his attendants to the next town for the purpose of making preparations for his reception, he hears a voice of lamentation, and finds a knight dangerously wounded. This appears to be Sir Thierry, who had long served in the armies of the duke of Lorraine, in consequence of an attachment to the fair Osile, the

daughter of that sovereign: but through the treachery of Otho of Pavia, his rival, he had been beset by fifteen soldiers, while carrying off his mistress with her own consent, and had fallen covered with wounds, the anguish of which, however, was less intolerable to him than the loss of his fair and tender Osile, whom the assassins had torn from him, and were then conducting to the arms of the felon Otho. Sir Thierry concludes his relation by requesting that Sir Guy would in due time procure for him the rites of burial; and that he would, in the mean while, spare no pains for the rescue of the lady. Sir Guy is astonished at the propensity of his old enemy Otho to quarrel with all worthy knights: but he has no time for reflection. He snatches up the sword and shield of Sir Thierry; pursues the ravishers; kills them all; takes the lady before him on his horse, and returns with her to the place where he had just left her lover. But her lover had in his turn disappeared. Incapable of resistance, he had been seized and carried off by four knights in the service of Otho. Sir Guy, leaving Osile, follows the trace of these knights, overtakes and vanquishes them, and returns with Sir Thierry. But now Osile was again missing. Fortunately she was no longer

in the power of her ravishers. The attendants of Sir Guy, returning from the town in search of their master, had found her, and carried her in safety to his inn, whither Sir Guy, after a long and fruitless search, carries Sir Thierry, and the lovers are reunited. Sir Guy procures a leech to cure the wounded knight, who vows eternal friendship and allegiance to his deliverer.

So it befell, upon a day,
As Sir Guy at the window lay,
And Sir Thierry lay him by,
In the street they saw a knight weary.
" Sir knight," quoth Guy, " I pray thee,
" What seekest thou in this countree?"
" Sir, I seek Thierry of Gurmoise—"

He was come to tell him that Loyer Duke of Lorraine, and the felon Otho of Pavia, had determined to lay waste the possessions of Aubry, Thierry's father, in revenge of his son's successful passion for Osile. Sir Guy, of course, embraces the cause of his brother in arms; sends into Almayne an invitation to all valiant knights; draws five hundred of them to his standard, and repairs with them and Thierry to the city of Gurmoise.

On the following day the constable of the duke of Lorraine arrives with an army before the town. Sir Guy, having first heard mass, issues the necessary orders for defence. He first sends out Sir Thierry, at the head of an hundred knights, to keep the enemy in check; and when he, after many feats of valour, begins to be distressed, Sir Guy marches to his relief, and, after a severe contest, disperses the army of Lorraine, and returns with a number of prisoners, amongst whom is the general in chief. The next day Duke Otho arrives in person at the head of a second and more powerful army, which is instantly attacked by Sir Guy, Sir Heraud, and Sir Thierry, thrown into confusion, and pursued to a considerable distance. But Sir Heraud, following Otho with too much impetuosity, is surrounded; and, his sword breaking in his hand, is taken prisoner by the enemy. Guy misses his friend; returns with Sir Thierry in search of him; overtakes Sir Otho; wounds him; rescues Sir Heraud, and returns in triumph into the city. Sir Otho has now recourse to treachery. The Duke of Lorraine, unable to resist his importunity, consents to become a party in the most infamous artifice. He sends to Aubry, an archbishop empowered to offer the

most solemn assurances of forgiveness, together with a confirmation of the marriage between Thierry and Osile, provided they will repair to their sovereign at an appointed spot, and there consent to make an apology for their conduct. Sir Guy, who was well acquainted with the dissimulation of Otho, suspects the fraud, but, on the faith of the archbishop, consents at length to accompany his friends. They all set out unarmed. At a day's journey from Gurmoise they meet the Duke of Lorraine, who, after embracing Thierry and Sir Guy, gives them the kiss of friendship and reconciliation. Otho advances, apparently for the same purpose; but suddenly stops, and directs a body of his adherents, whom he has previously placed in ambuscade, to seize the whole company as rebels and traitors to their sovereign. Sir Heraud and Sir Thierry are instantly surrounded and carried off; but Sir Guy, more wary and more active, makes his way through the assailants, many of whom, though unarmed, he strikes dead with his fist; and at last makes his escape with the loss of his mantle, which is torn in pieces during the struggle. Meeting a countryman in his flight, he borrows a staff, with which he quickly destroys the most forward of his pursuers; repays the obligation

by the present of a horse which he takes from one of his vanquished enemies; rides off on another; plunges with it into a rapid river; is borne in safety to the opposite bank, and escapes. In the mean time Sir Heraud is carried off as a prisoner by the Duke of Lorraine; and Otho takes possession of Osile, together with Sir Thierry, whom he transports to Pavia and throws into a dungeon. Osile, unable to resist the power of her ravisher and the orders of her father, is too happy in being permitted to defer for forty days a marriage which is to consign her to endless misery.

Sir Guy, in despair at the loss of his friends, and wandering without design, arrives at a castle, and requests *herborow* (harbour), which is granted. Very fortunately this castle, though situated in an enemy's country, is the property of Sir Amys of the Mountain, a knight of distinguished valour and generosity; who, having often fought and triumphed under the banners of Sir Guy, is rejoiced at this opportunity of repaying the obligation he owes to an old benefactor.

> Then let he lead Guy's steed straight;
> Before his own he let him eat.

By the hand he took Guyon,
And yede to hall, and set him down.
A mantle of silk was brought fast,
And over Guy's shoulder he let it cast.

At dinner they reciprocally relate their adventures. Sir Amys offers an army of 500 knights, 500 squires, and 500 servants, to attack Otho; but Sir Guy observes, with great truth, that the preparations necessary for such an enterprise would require too much time. He determines on a mode of action more suited to his impatience, and to his just confidence in the resources of his own genius and prowess. After refreshing himself, during eight days, in the castle of his friend, and having fully digested his plan, he assumes such a disguise as to secure him against all possibility of detection, tinges his face and eye-brows, and arrives, quite alone, at the court of Otho, to whom he presents a *destrere* (or war-horse) which he declares to be of inestimable value, demanding no other recompense than the means of revenging himself on the perfidious and wicked Sir Thierry. Otho, blinded by his own hatred and by the artifice of Sir Guy, immediately appoints him to be the jailer of the unfortunate prisoner.

on account of its enormous size, he had selected for his prey, being obstinately pursued by him, carries him into Flanders, at that time governed by a king called Florentine. Sir Guy, having at length overtaken and killed the boar, begins, as usual on such occasions, to blow his horn.

Then said king Florentyne,
" What noise is this? 'Fore saint Martyn,
" Some man," he said, " in my franchise,
" Hath slain my deer, and bloweth the prize."

An insult of this importance could not fail of awakening the royal indignation; and Florentine dispatched his own son, with orders to bring the culprit immediately before him. Unluckily, the prince attempted to execute the commission with so little ceremony, that the knight of Warwick was much offended, and testified his displeasure at such an impertinent message by a blow with his horn, which laid the messenger dead at his feet. After this exploit, to which, at the time, he paid little attention, he quietly repairs to the palace, and asks for *harbour*, is honourably received, and is seated at the king's table: but, during dinner, the prince's body is brought in, and Florentine learns, with equal rage

and astonishment, that his new guest is the murderer. The unhappy father seizes an ax from the hand of an attendant, and aims, but without effect, a dreadful blow at Sir Guy, who is at the same time assailed on all sides, but escapes in safety, after having killed fourteen of his assailants. Having at length found his way back to Sir Thierry, he spends a short time with that faithful friend, and then with Sir Heraud, takes his leave, and departs for England, where he arrives without further impediment.

Immediately after his landing he repairs to York, where he is honourably received by King Athelstan: but the King has scarcely time to express his congratulations on his safe return, when a messenger brings him the tidings of a most portentous dragon, who was then desolating the county of Northumberland:

He is as black as any coal:
Rugged as a rough foal:
His body, from the navel upward,
No man can pierce, it is so hard.
His neck is great as any *sommere*;*
He runneth as swift as any destrere.

* Beast of burthen.

Guy found Thierry in a pit;
Forty fathom deep was it!

He seized a moment when he thinks himself unobserved, to make himself known to his friend, and to sooth his distress by the promise of immediate rescue: but these few hasty words are overheard by a "false Lombard," who instantly runs off to acquaint Otho with this important discovery. Fortunately Sir Guy, conscious of his danger, anticipates the purpose of the felon, and, having in vain attempted to bribe him to silence, follows him into the presence of the duke, and with one blow kills him at the foot of the throne. Otho, astonished at this outrage, menaces him with instant death: but Sir Guy, now perfectly at ease with respect to the fatal secret, coolly answers, that the traitor whom he had just slain was detected in carrying food to Sir Thierry; and the indignant Otho is perfectly satisfied with the apology. The knight then goes out to purchase provisions, which he carries to his friend; procures admittance to the presence of Osile; promises her a certain and speedy rescue; at the same time recommending, as a measure necessary to her delivery, that she should no longer attempt to put off her union

with Sir Otho, and then retires to complete his measures for the accomplishment of his purpose.

On the night preceding the wedding day he puts on a suit of armour which Osile had prepared for him; liberates Sir Thierry; helps him to climb over the walls of the town; explains to him the means of reaching the castle of Sir Amys; and, riding at the break of day to meet the marriage procession, kills Otho; carries off Osile from the midst of his knights, and bears her in safety to her lover.

Having thus far satisfied his vengeance, he proposes to Sir Amys and Sir Thierry a new enterprise, for the purpose of punishing the Duke of Lorraine; but that sovereign, sufficiently alarmed by the first notice of their preparations, requests the kind intercession of Sir Heraud, whom, though he still detains at his court, he had honourably treated; and Sir Heraud having consented to become his *borrow* (pledge or security), a reconciliation is effected, and Sir Thierry, with her father's consent, is solemnly united to the fair Osile.

Sir Guy, constantly anxious for his return to England, but as constantly turned aside by fresh adventures, goes with his friends on a party of boar-hunting; and one of these animals, which,

pect a termination of this long-winded story; but, unfortunately, the piety of Sir Guy was neither less capricious, nor less disastrous in its consequences, than the affection of his mistress. He had been taught that other duties were more sacred and more acceptable in the sight of Heaven, than those of husband and father. But the historian shall tell his own story. At the end of forty days after the marriage, it happened that

> As Sir Guy came from play,
> Into a tower he went on high,
> And looked about him, far and nigh;
> Guy stood, and bethought him, tho,
> How he had done many a man wo,
> And slain many a man with his hand,
> Burnt and destroyed many a land,
> And all was for woman's love,
> And not for God's sake above.

Felice, who had observed his reverie, inquired the cause; and learnt, with horror and astonishment, his determination to spend the remainder of his life in a state of penance and mortification. He contented himself with directing her, whenever their child should be of proper age, if it should prove a son, to intrust his education to

Sir Heraud; and quitted her without taking leave of the Earl, and even without communicating to his old companion Heraud the singular resolution he had formed. Felice, unable to detain him, places on his finger a gold ring, requesting him to bestow at least a thought on her whenever he should cast his eyes on that pledge of her affection; and her husband, after promising to obey her instructions, assumes the dress of a palmer, and departs for the Holy Land.

Felice communicates to Rohand the news of this unexpected misfortune; and the good Earl is persuaded, with great appearance of probability, that Sir Guy can mean no more than to put her affection to the test, by a conduct as capricious as her own. She at first is disposed to put an end to her life, but is checked by the thoughts of her child. Sir Heraud, in hopes of diverting his friend from his resolution, takes the habit of a pilgrim, and travels in quest of him, but returns without success.

Guy sought *hallowes* * in many countrè,
And sithe to Jerusalem went he;
And when he to Jerusalem came,
To Antioch his way he *name*.†

* Saints. † Took.

Here occurs a very strange and very tedious episode—

He found,
As he went in his journey,
A fryre well certayne,
One sat thereby in *slavayne.**
A fair body he had, and a long visage,
He seemed to be of high parentage.

This personage was a certain Earl Jonas, who had fifteen sons, at whose head he went to make war against the Saracens; but after a long engagement, in course of which all their swords broke in their hands, they became the captives of a certain Sir Triamour. This petty monarch being summoned, together with his son Fabour, to attend the court of his suzerain the soudan of Persia, is unexpectedly involved in a very dangerous adventure. Fabour is invited by the Prince of Persia to play with him at chess; and being unfortunately better skilled in that game than in the arts of a courtier, has the imprudence to give check-mate to the haughty son of the soudan, who, offended by his presumption, wounds him on the head with the chess-board.

* A pilgrim's robe.

Fabour very humbly, and, it must be confessed, very reasonably, remonstrates against this mode of commenting on the game; but his arguments having no other effect than to inflame the fury of his antagonist, he seizes the chess-board in his turn, and, with one blow, lays the prince dead at his feet. He then communicates the intelligence of what he had done to Jonas, and they immediately retire from court. But the power of the soudan was sufficient to reach them in their retreat. They are summoned to exculpate themselves before an assembly of their peers; and the fact being admitted, Fabour is condemned to fight, either in person or by deputy, the champion of the soudan, the ferocious Amiraunt of Ethiopia, a giant whom no Saracen had yet been able to resist. The only favour they can obtain is the usual respite of a year and a day, for the purpose of obtaining a champion hardy enough to undertake the combat. Triamour, returning to his capital, summons Jonas into his presence, and asks him if he is acquainted with any Christian hero capable of overcoming the giant; and the prisoner having named two, Sir Guy and Sir Heraud, the king dispatches him in search of one or the other; with the promise of liberty and the most ample rewards in case of

success, and the denunciation of death to himself and all his sons in case of his failure.

The reader is aware that the search of Earl Jonas has hitherto been unsuccessful, that the fatal period is nearly expired, and that, in relating his story to Sir Guy, whom he is unable to recognise in the disguise of a palmer, he is guided by courtesy rather than by a hope of deriving benefit by his assistance. The hero of Warwick, of course, offers to undertake the adventure; is accepted, though not without hesitation; is presented to Triamour, properly armed, and introduced into the lists. The combat is long and obstinate; and the giant, after receiving many wounds, requests of his adversary a momentary respite, for the purpose of slaking his thirst in the neighbouring river; and with this request our hero, who was the model of courtesy, readily complies; when the giant, perfectly recovered from his fatigue, recommences the combat with renewed vigour. Sir Guy, growing thirsty in his turn, makes a similar request, meets with a rude refusal, but accomplishes his purpose by superior agility; returns to the attack; cuts off successively both the giant's arms; finally kills him, and then severs his head from his body; Jonas and his sons are delivered from prison; and Sir Guy, after disclo-

sing his name, departs in pursuit of adventures. In the mean time Felice has been brought to bed of a son, the illustrious Raynburn. Having carefully tended him during the first four years, she places him, according to the orders of her husband, under the tuition of the experienced Heraud. But Fate had determined that he should receive an early lesson in the school of adversity.

So, on a day, I understand
Merchants came into England,
Into London out of Russie,
With Englishmen to sell and buy.
They gave King Athelstan silver and gold
To buy and sell where they would.
So, on a day, withouten lie,
The Saracens gan this child espie;
Guy's son, fair Raynbron,
And stole him away with treason.

After this

They sailed with their prey to an haventown,
Into a king's land, as I guess,
That was well far in heathenness.
The king's name was Aragus.

To him Raynburn was presented; and Ara-

gus, pleased with his appearance, clothed him magnificently, caused his education to be completed, made him his chamberlain, and conferred on him the order of knighthood.

Heraud, as soon as he heard that his charge was stolen, set off in pursuit of him: but he was far less fortunate than his ward; he was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, and, after a dreadful conflict with the natives, was finally overpowered and thrown into a dungeon, in which he was suffered to languish, secluded from his friends and forgotten by his enemies, while his pupil was signalizing himself by such feats of early prowess as to excite astonishment in every part of the Saracen empire.

But it is now time to return to Sir Guy, who, solely occupied in devotional pursuits, had travelled to Constantinople, and from thence into Almayne. Here he chances to meet a pilgrim who "made semblaunt sorry." Guy enters into conversation with him, and finds him to be his old friend Sir Thierry, who had been dispossessed by the emperor of all his fiefs, and reduced to the greatest distress, in consequence of a false accusation preferred against him by Barnard, cousin of the famous Duke Otho, the felon Duke of Pavia, who had inherited the estates and the

vices of that treacherous prince, and, unfortunately for the imperial vassals, possessed to the same degree the confidence of his master, together with the dignity of steward to the emperor. Sir Guy, on hearing that the death of Otho, whom he had slain, had been employed to the ruin of his friend Thierry, falls into a swoon; a practice to which, as we have seen, he was much addicted.

" Good man," quoth Thierry, " tell thou me
" How long this evil hath holden thee?"
" Many a day," quoth Sir Guy, " it took me ore!"
" Good love!" quoth Thierry, " do it no more!"

Thierry proceeds to lament the supposed death of Sir Guy, who, though full of compassion for his friend, and already determined to redress his injuries, continues to conceal his name. But Thierry was weak and faint with hunger; and Sir Guy tells him, that as " he has a penny in his purse," it would be expedient to hasten to the nearest town, and employ that sum in the purchase of provisions. Thierry willingly accompanies him, but, feeling sleepy as well as faint, is advised to refresh himself, in the first

instance, with a few moments' repose; and the famished Thierry falls asleep with his head resting on the knees of Sir Guy. During his slumber, a "white weasel" suddenly jumps out of his mouth; takes refuge in the crevice of a neighbouring rock, and after a short space of time returns, and again runs down his throat. Sir Thierry, waking, informs Sir Guy that he had dreamed a dream; that he had seen a "fair bright sword" and a treasure of inestimable value, and that, sleeping on his arm, he had been saved by him from a dreadful calamity. The supposed palmer interprets the dream; goes to the spot indicated by the weasel, and finds the sword and treasure, which he delivers to Sir Thierry, with an injunction to preserve the sword with the greatest possible care, and then takes his leave.

Sir Guy now repairs to the emperor's palace, asks charity, and is admitted into the hall. As his habit bespeaks him a traveller, he is on all sides assailed by inquiries after news; and the emperor, having a very proper opinion of his own importance, anxiously questions him on the reports prevailing among his subjects respecting his character. Guy boldly assures him that he is universally blamed for the flagrant injustice of

his conduct towards the innocent Thierry; and, throwing down his glove, offers to prove, by force of arms, the falsehood of Barnard's accusation. The steward, though not a little surprised by the appearance of such an uncouth adversary, accepts the challenge; the battle is awarded; the palmer is presented with a suit of armour, and then repairs to Thierry for the sword which had been miraculously discovered by the white weasel. Sir Barnard, however, was so stout, that, after a combat which lasted during the whole day, the victory was still undecided: but he had discovered during this trial of the palmer's prowess, that it would be much more convenient to get rid of his adversary by any other means than to abide by the issue of a second conflict. Judging therefore that the palmer would sleep soundly after his fatigue, he dispatches a number of his emissaries, with orders to take him up in his bed in the middle of the night, and to throw him into the sea. Although Sir Guy was lodged in the palace, being under the immediate protection of the justice of the empire, this bold enterprise was successfully executed; and Sir Guy, when he awaked in the morning, was not a little astonished to find him-

self floating in his bed, at some distance from land. But Providence, who had intended that the guilt of Sir Barnard should become completely manifest, directed a fisherman to the spot, who conveyed Sir Guy in safety to the palace, and related this miraculous incident to the emperor. The monarch having determined that the punishment of the steward should be inflicted by the champion whom Heaven had thus marked out for the purpose, the battle recommences, and Sir Barnard, already half vanquished by the reproaches of his own conscience, is overpowered and slain. The victor then demands the reinstatement of Sir Thierry, and, having obtained it, goes in search of his friend, whom he finds in a church, devoutly engaged in prayer, and hastily leads him to the emperor, who weeps at the sight of his distress, and restores him to all his possessions.

The emperor let bathe Thierry,
And clad him in clothes richely,
And gave him both palfrey and steed,
And all things that he had of need.

Sir Thierry, who had hitherto felt little con-

fidence in the assurances of the pilgrim, was now filled with the warmest gratitude towards his deliverer; and his gratitude was exalted to enthusiasm, when, having been invited to accompany him during a part of his journey, he discovered, in this deliverer, his old friend and benefactor. He adjured Sir Guy to share the prosperity he had bestowed; but the hero, only solicitous to become an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, and determined to fulfil his destiny, whatever it might be, tore himself from his embraces, and, pursuing his journey, arrived, without meeting any new adventures, in England.

Athelstan was, at this moment, in the greatest distress. He was besieged in Winchester, by Anlaf, king of Denmark, and had only obtained a temporary respite from the assault, by stipulating to produce a champion who should enter the lists in his defence against the terrible Colbrand. Such a champion, however, he was well aware, could not be found in Winchester, and he seemed destined to fall under the yoke of the Danish monarch; when, after spending some days in prayer and abstinence, he was instructed by a vision to intrust his defence to the first pilgrim whom he should meet at the entrance of his palace. This pilgrim, as the reader

will have foreseen, was Sir Guy; and Athelstan condescended to ask, on his knees, the assistance of the Heaven-directed champion.

" Do 'way, leve sir," said Guy,
" Ich am an old man, of feeble body;
" My strength is fro me fare!"
The king fell on knees to ground,
And cryed him mercy, in that stound,
Gif it his will were.
And the barouns did also;
O' knees they fellen alle tho,
With sorrow and sighing sare.
Sir Guy beheld the lordings all,
And swich sorrow hem was befall';
Sir Guy had of hem care.

Sir Guy took up the king anon,
And bade the lordings, everichon,
That they should up-stond;
And said, " For God in trinitè,
" And for to make England free,
" The battle I nim in hond."
Then was the king full glad and blithe,
And thanked Guy a thousand sithe,
And Jesu Christis sond.

To the king of Denmark he sent than,
And said he had founden a man
To fight for Englelond.

The Danish men busked hem yare
Into the battle for to fare;
To fight they were well faw;
And Guy was armed swithe well,
In a good hauberk of steel,
Wrought of the best law.
An helm he had of mickle might,
With a *secle* * of gold that shone bright,
With precious stones on rawe:
In the front stood a carbuncle stone;
As bright as any sun it shone,
That gleameth *under shaw*.†

On that helm stood a flow'r;
Wrought it was of divers colour:
Merry it was to behold.
Trust and true was his ventayle,
Gloves, and gambeson, and hosen of mail,
As good knight have shold.
Girt he was with a good brond,
Wel kervand; beforen his hond,

* A plate of gold. Sigel. Sax. *mowile*; *bulla*.
† Perhaps "to the sight." Scawian, Sax. *videre*.

A targe listed with gold,
Portrayed with the three kings *corn*,*
That *preunts* † God when he was born;
Merrier was none on mould.

And a swift *ernand* ‡ steed
Alwrin § they did him lead,
His 'tire it was full gay;
Sir Guy upon that steed *wond*,‖
With a good glaive in his hond,
And pricked him forth his way.
And when he came to the place
Where the battle *locked* ¶ was,
Guy 'light withouten delay,
And fell on knees down in that stead,
And to God he bade his *bede*,**
He should ben his help that day.

"Lord!" said Guy, "that reared Lazaroun,
"And for man *tholed* †† passioun,
"And on the rood gan bleed,
"That saved Suzan from the feloun,
"And halp Daniel from the lioun,
"To day, *wiss* me, and *rede*! ‡‡

* Chosen, Sax. † I do not understand this word.
‡ Running. § Probably the horse's name. ‖ Mounted.
¶ Fixed, appointed. ** Prayer. †† Suffered.
‡‡ Instruct and advise.

" As thou art heaven-king,
" To day grant me thy blessing,
" And help me at this need;
" And, Lady Mary! full of might,
" To day save England's right,
" And lene me well to speed!"

When the folk was *samned* * by both side,
And the two kings, with mickle pride,
After the relics they send;
The *corporas*,† and the mass-gear,
On the *handom* ‡ they gun swear,
With wordes free and hend.
The king of Denmark he swore first, ywiss,
Gif that his giant slayen is,
To Denmark he shall wend;
And never more England come within,
Ne none after him of his kin,
Unto the worldis end.

Sithen, swore the king Athelston,
And said among hem everichon,
By God, that all may *weld*; §

* Collected.
† Probably the host. It seems to be a corruption of *corpus*.
‡ Manual of devotion? or joining their hands?
§ Govern.

Gif his man there slayn be,
Or over-comen, that men may see,
  Recreant in the field,
His man he will become on hand,
And all the realm of England,
  Of him, for to weld;
And hold him for lord and king,
With gold and silver, and all thing,
  Great truage him for to yield.

When they had sworn, and hostage found,
Colbrand stert up in that stound;
  To fight he was full fell:
He was so mickle, and *unrede*,*
That none horse might him lead,
  In gest as I you tell;
So many he had of armes-gear,
Unnethe a cart might him bear,
  The English for to quell,
Swiche armour as he had upon,
Ywiss, ne heard ye never none,
  But as it were a fiend of hell.

Of mails was nought his hauberk,
It was all of another work
  That marvel is to hear;

* Unwieldy.

All it were thick splints of steel,
Thick, and joined strong and well,
To keep that *fiendis-fere*.*
Hosen he had also, well ywrought,
Other than splintes was it nought,
From his foot to his *swere* :†
He was so mickle and so strong,
And, thereto, so wonderlich long,
In the world was none his peer.

An helm he had on his heved set,
And ther-under a thick *basinet* ;‡
Unseemly was his weed :
A targe he had ywrought full well,
(Other metal was ther none but steel,)
A mickle, and unrede.
All his armour was black as pitch,
Well foul he was, and loathlich,
A grisly *gome* § to fede.
The high king, that sitteth on high,
That welt this world far and nigh,
Make him well evil to speed !

A dart he bare in his hand *kervand*,‖
And his weapons about him stondand,
Both behind and beforn ;

* Devil's companion. † Neck. ‡ Scull-cap.
§ Man. ‖ Carving, cutting.

Axes, and *gisarmes*,* sharp y-ground,
And glaives, for to give with wound,
Two hundred and mo there *worn*,†
The English beheld him fast;
King Athelstan was sore aghast,
England he should have lorn.
For when Guy saw that wicked hert,
Never he n'as so sore afeard,
Sith then he was born.

Sir Guy lept on his steed full hot,
And with a spear that well *bote*, ‡
To him he gan to ride;
And he shot to Guy dartes three;
Of the tway then failed he,
The third he let to him glide.
Thorough Guy's shield it glode,
And thorough his armour, without abode,
Between his arm and side;
And *quitelich* § into the field it yede,
The *mountaunce* ‖ of an acre brede,
Ere that it would abide.

Sir Guy to him gan to drive,
That his spear *brast-a-five*, ¶

* Battle-axes. † Were. ‡ Bit. § Quite.
‖ Amount. ¶ Burst in five pieces.

On his shield that was so bound;
And Colbrand, with mickle heat,
On Guy's helm he would have smit,
And failed of him that stound.
Between the saddle and the arsoun,
The stroke of that felon glode adown,
Withouten *wem* * or wound,
That saddle and horse *at bo* † he smot,
Into the earth well half a foot,
And Guy fell down to ground.

Sir Guy, as tight, up stert,
As man that was *agremed* ‡ in heart,
His steed he had forlore.
On his helm he would hit him tho,
Ac he no might nought reach therto,
By two foot and yet more.
But on the shoulder the sword fell down,
And *carf* § both plates and haubergeon,
With his grimly gore.
Thorough all his armour stern and strong,
He made him a wound a span long,
That grieved him full sore.

* Hurt. † In two. ‡ Sorrowed. § Carved, cut.

Colbrand was sore ashame,
And smot Guy with mickle grame,
And on his helm he hit him tho;
That his flowers everichon,
And his good carbuncle stone
Well even he carf at bo.
Even a-two he smot his shield,
That it flew into the field:
When Guy saw it was so,
That he had his shield forlorn,
Half behind and half beforn,
In heart him was well wo.

And Guy *hent* * his sword in hand,
And *hetelich* † smot to Colbrand;
As a child he stood him under;
Upon the shield he gave him swich a dent,
Before the stroke the fire out went,
As it were light of thunder.
The bands of steel he carf each one,
And into the shield a foot and half on,
With his sword he smote asunder.
And with the out-gliding his sword brast;
Though Guy were sore aghast,
It was little wonder.

* Caught. † Hotly, eagerly.

Tho was Guy sore dismay'd,
And in his heart well evil apay'd,
For the chance him was befall;
And, for he had lorn his good brand
And his steed upon the sand,
To our Lady he gan call.
Then gan the Danish host
Each pricken other, and maken boast,
And said, among hem all,
" Now shall the English be slain in field;
" Great trewage England shall us yield,
" And evermore be our thrall."

" Now, Sir knight," said Colbrand,
" Thou hast lorn this sword in thine hand,
" Thy shield, and eke thy steed,
" Do now well, yield thee to me,
" And smartlich unarme thee,
" Cry mercy, I thee rede.
" And, for thou art so doughty knight,
" Thou durst again me have fight,
" To my lord I shall thee lead;
" And with him thou shalt accorded be;
" In his court he will hold thee,
" And find that thee is need."

" Do 'way!" said Guy, " therof speak nought!
" By him that all this world hath wrought,

" I had liever thou were *an-hong !* *
" Ac thou hast armés great plentè ;
" I wis thou must lend me
" One of thine axes strong."
Colbrand swore, " By Apolyn,
" Of all the weapons that is mine,
" Here shalt thou none *afong !* †
" Now thou wilt not do by my rede,
" Thou shalt die an evil dede, ‡
" Ere that it be ought long !"

When Guy heard him speak so,
Al soon he gan him turn tho,
And to his weapons he geth,
There his axes stood by hem selve ;
He kept one with a well good *helve,* §
The best, him thought, he seeth.
To Colbrand again he ran,
And said, " Traitour !" to him than,
" Thou shalt have evil death !
" Now Ich have of weapons plentè,
" Wherewith that I may *were* ‖ me,
" Right maugré thine teeth !"

Colbrand, then, with mickle heat
On Guy's helm he would have smit

* Hanged. † Receive. ‡ Death. § Handle, Sax. ‖ Defend.

With well great heart-*tene*;*
Ac he failed of his dent,
And the sword into the earth went
A foot and more, I ween.
And, with Colbrand's out-draught,
Sir Guy, with ax, a stroke him raught
A wound that was well seen;
So smartlich he smot Colbrand,
That his right arm, with all his hand,
He struck off and quite clean.

When Colbrand felt him so smite,
He was well wrath, ye may well wite,
He gan his sword *up-fond*,†
And in his left hand up it *haf*;‡
And Guy in the neck a stroke him gaf,
As he stooped for the brond,
That his heved from the body he smot,
And into the earth half a foot,
Thorough grace of Godis sond,
Dead he felled the glutton there,
The Danes, with sorrow and care,
They dight hem out of lond.

Sir Guy, carried in triumph to Winchester,

* Grief. † *Fond* is, generally, to *attempt*; here it means to *raise with effort*. ‡ Hove, heaved.

seemed to take no share in the general exultation. Scarcely was he disarmed, when he demanded his *sclavain*, and departed without deigning to satisfy the curiosity of the nobles or people concerning the name of their gallant deliverer; nor did Athelstan himself obtain a communication of the secret, till he had given a solemn promise not to reveal it before the expiration of twelve months. Sir Guy, careless of wealth and honour, and even indifferent to the caresses of friendship, disengaged himself from the importunate kindness of his sovereign, and proceeded to Warwick.

The disconsolate Felice, during the long interval of his absence, had passed her whole time in acts of devotion or of charity. Her husband, presenting himself at her gate in his pilgrim's weeds, was invited into the hall; was plentifully entertained; and enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing, unknown and unsuspected, her daily observance of those duties, to which he had, long since, devoted the remainder of his life. Unwilling to withdraw her from these salutary pursuits, he again departed unknown, taking with him a single page as an attendant, and retired to a solitary hermitage in the forest of Ardenne, where he was advertised by an

angel of his approaching dissolution. He then dispatched his page to Felice with the gold ring which he had received from her at parting, and adjured her to come and give directions for his burial. She arrived; found him dying; received his last breath; and, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave.

The author of the romance now thinks, and certainly not without reason, that it is time to take some notice of Heraud. We have left this unfortunate warrior in a dungeon on the coast of Africa, where, during a long series of years, his only occupation or amusement was to bemoan his present misery, or to relate the stories of his former prowess, without being able to awaken the compassion, or even excite the attention, of his gaolers.

But the monarch by whom he was detained in captivity, having incautiously engaged in a war with Aragus, who is already known to the reader as the patron of young Raynburn, was, after many defeats, at length besieged in his capital, and on the point of being forced to surrender. In this extremity, he learned from one of his attendants, who had accidentally overheard the complaints of the unfortunate prison-

er, that his captive was no other than the illustrious Heraud, the second hero of Christendom. Overjoyed at this intelligence, the king instantly ordered him into his presence, requested the aid of his arm, and offered his freedom as the reward. The offer was accepted; and Heraud, though weakened by abstinence, benumbed by inactivity, and probably not much improved by old age, was no sooner bathed and well fed, than he found himself at once restored to all his former vigour. Being presented with a suit of armour, he springs upon his horse, sallies out against the enemy, oversets all who oppose him, and is on the point of killing Aragus himself, when he is suddenly called upon to defend himself against the terrible Raynburn.

To Herhaud that knight gan sayn,
"Thou old coward, turn again!
"Thou shendest my lord with villainy;
"Therefore, churl, thou shalt abye!"

Heraud, unused to such reproaches, advances to meet his haughty assailant, and a dreadful combat ensues; during which the old knight, astonished at the weight of Raynburn's blows, repeatedly adjures him to reveal his name. The

young hero, fearing that this might be construed as a sign of fear, obstinately refuses; but at length, being won by the modesty and courtesy of his reverend antagonist, consents to an explanation, the result of which is, that the champions rush into each other's arms, and amicably depart together, to the great astonishment of their respective sovereigns, who, being equally unfit for the further conduct of the war, are easily induced to a similar reconciliation.

The preceptor and his pupil, after riding till the approach of night without meeting with any city, town, or village, began to grow impatient for a place of shelter, when they very luckily discovered a castle in the midst of a plain. Here they had the good fortune to meet with a very civil and talkative porter; who, after informing them that the castle belonged to a lady, and that she was in great affliction for the loss of her husband, hastened to her with the information of their arrival, and speedily returned with an order for their instant admission.

Then came squires and servance,
And took their swordes and their lance,
The lady them kept with honour,
And unlaced their armour.

That night they had good rest,
And meat and drink of the best.
" Madam," said Herhaud the bold,
" What hight your lord?" and she him told.
She said " Amys of the mountain;
" The best knight of this land, certain.
" Here beside, an elvish knight
" Hath taken my lord in fight,
" And hath him led with him away
" Into the Fairy, sir, par ma fey."

" Was Amys," quod Herhaud, " your husband
" A doughtier knight was none in land!"
Then told Herhaud to Raynbron,
How he loved his father Guyon.
Then said Raynburn, " For thy sake
" Tomorrow I shall the way take,
" And never more come again
" Till I bring Amys of the mountain."
Raynburn rose in the morning early
And armed him full richly.
He said, " Herhaud, here be you;
" To fetch Amys I shall go now."
Raynburn rode till it was noon,
Till he came to a rock of stone;

There he found a strong gate;
He blessed him, and rode in thereat,
He rode half a mile the way;
He saw no light that came of day;
Then came he to a water broad,
Never man over such one rode!
Within he saw a place green;
Such one had he never erst seen.
Within that place there was a palàce,
Closed with walls of heathenness.
The walls thereof was of crystal,
And the sommers of coral.
Raynburn had great doubt to pass
The water, so deep and broad it was.
And, at the last, his steed did leap
Into the broad water deep.
Thirty fathom he sank down:
Then cleped he to God Raynburn.
God him holpe, his steed was good,
And bare him over that hedeous flood.

Raynburn now dismounts, and, after wandering for some time about the palace, finds, in a dungeon, a knight, who proves to be Sir Amys; by whom he is informed that the elfish knight is invulnerable by common weapons, and that it is necessary, as a prelude to his success, to possess

himself of an enchanted sword, which he will find hanging in the great hall. Raynburn, following these directions, seizes the sword, carries off Sir Amys, is pursued by the elfish knight, whom he attacks and wounds, and compels to purchase his life by the surrender of all the captives whom he detained in his enchanted palace. Raynburn restores Sir Amys to his lady, and departs with Heraud.

The travellers meet with no further adventures till they arrive in Burgundy, which they find in a state of desolation, in consequence of the repeated incursions of a certain Earl Sany, who, though not very formidable from his own valour, has the good fortune to retain in his service a wonderful knight, only twenty years old, but hitherto invincible. This paragon of chivalry keeps a pass in the mountains; and Raynburn is, of course, impatient to try his prowess. The combat between these youthful rivals for fame is, as might be expected, long and indecisive. Raynburn repeatedly inquires the name of his opponent—

" Nay," said the knight, " by heaven king,
" I shall thee tell nothing
" Till thy head be from thy body!
" For here passed no man, truly,

" But that I slew him in this place:
" So shall I thee, or thou pass!
" And thine old churl also,
" My sword shall bite his neck a two."

Raynburn, as we have seen, was not very tolerant: the combat therefore recommenced, after this ungracious answer, with redoubled fury; but so equal were the strength and skill of these antagonists that the victory could not be decided. At length Heraud interferes, and advises the young knight to forego the contest, and yield the palm to Raynburn, assuring him that he is equally rich and liberal. The young man then condescends to ask their names, observing, that at the sight and voice of Sir Heraud, he feels an *affray* of which he had never before been conscious. Heraud now, in his turn, refuses, and the young knight consents to speak first. The reader will perhaps hear with some surprise that this was no other than Aslake, Sir Heraud's son, concerning whose birth and education we have no information whatever, and that the *affray* occasioned by the sight of his father was the instinctive voice of filial affection. The young hero falls on his knees, asks forgiveness of his father

and of Raynburn, and accompanies them to England, where they are all joyfully received by Athelstan.

Now is the story brought to an end,
Of Guy, the bold baron of price,
And of the fair maid Felice,
And of Aslake, and Sir Raynbron.—
Fair ensamples men may lere,
Whoso will listen and hear.
True to love, late and early,
As, in his life, did good Sir Guy:
For he forsook worldly honour,
To serve God his creatour;
Wherefore Jesu, that was of a maid born
To buy man's soul that was forlorn,
And rose from death the third day,
And led man's soul from hell away,
On their souls have mercy!
And ye, that have heard this story,
God give you all his blessing,
And of his grace to your ending;
And joy, and bliss, that ever shall be!
Amen, Amen, for charitè!

INTRODUCTION

TO

SIR BEVIS

OF

HAMPTOUN.

"CAMDEN, (to use the words of Mr Ritson,) with singular puerility, says that, *at the coming in of the Normans, one* BOGO, *or* BEAVOSE, *a Saxon, had this title* (of Earl of Winchester); *who, in the battle of Cardiff in Wales, fought against the Normans.* For this, however, in a way too usual with him, he cites no authority; nor does any antient or veracious historian mention either Bogo, Beavose, or the battle of Cardiff," &c. (Dissert. on Romance and Minstrelsy, p. XCIII.) The critic then makes a violent attack on Mr Warton, for representing Bevis as a Saxon chieftain; but Warton probably derived his intelligence from Selden, who, in his notes on the Poly-Olbion (canto 2, p. 702 of the 8vo edit.) gives the following account:

"About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton; Duneton in Wiltshire known for his residence. —His sword is kept as a relique in Arundel Castle; not equalling in length (as it is now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster."

It is presumed that these notices, imperfect as they are, will be thought a sufficient excuse for considering this romance as founded on Saxon tradition.

Sir Bevis, whatever may be his demerits, appears to have enjoyed a high degree of popularity. Three MS. copies of this romance in English verse, are still extant in our public libraries; viz. in the Auchinleck MS. of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; in the public library, Cambridge; and in that of Caius College. A fourth (Dr Monro's) was in the possession of the late Dr Farmer. Of the printed editions, the earliest and most valuable was that of Pynson, of which a copy is possessed by Mr Douce; two were printed by Copland, and one by East. Those of later date are more numerous.

The following abstract was principally taken from the Caius Coll. MS. the omissions in which have been generally supplied by Pynson's printed copy.

SIR BEVIS.

4110 lines.

THE Earls of Southampton, being possessed of territories which it was frequently necessary to defend against foreign invasion, were always distinguished by superior valour and intrepidity; but the most illustrious champion of this warlike house was Sir Guy, father of Sir Bevis, whose adventures we are preparing to relate. Sir Guy, constantly occupied during his youth in enterprises undertaken for the security or enlargement of his dominions, had unfortunately never thought of matrimony, till he was past the prime of life, when he chose a wife many years younger than himself, distinguished by her high birth and unrivalled beauty. Our author remarks, that such a choice was very imprudent; and, as his remarks are not always equally just, we take great pleasure in recording this instance of his sagacity.

In fact, this haughty fair one, who was daughter to the King of Scotland, had long since bestowed her affections on a younger lover, Sir Murdour, brother to the *Emperor of Almayne*: it was therefore with a very bad grace that she submitted to the positive commands of her father, who preferred to this illustrious son-in-law an alliance with the sturdy earl of Southampton. She submitted however: she became the mother of Bevis, for whom she never felt a mother's affection; and continued, during eight years, to share the bed of a husband whom she hated, and whose confidence she studied to acquire for the sole purpose of insuring his destruction.

Having matured her project, and gained over to her interests a number of her husband's vassals, she selected a trusty messenger whom she directed to salute her lover on her part,

" And bid him, on the first day,
" That cometh in the month of May,
" Howso that it be,
" That he be with his *ferde* * *prest*,†
" For to fight in that forèst
" Upon the sea:

* Army. † Ready

" Thider I wol my lord send,
" For his love, for to *schende*,*
" With little meynè.
" And say, that *it be nought bileved*,†
" That he ne smyte off his heved,
" And send it me."

Sir Murdour returned an answer expressive of the warmest gratitude, and joyfully undertook his share of this atrocious project. He assembled a small troop of armed knights, embarked with them, landed near Southampton, and, taking his station in the forest, patiently waited for his victim. In the mean time the lady appeared to be suddenly indisposed; and, sending for her lord, informed him, that " an evil on her was falle," and that she longed to eat of the flesh of a wild boar from his forest, such food being a sovereign remedy for her disease. Sir Guy, without hesitation, undertook to procure the object of her wishes; and, riding into the forest with his hounds, was soon encompassed by the troops of his treacherous rival, who, after bidding him defiance, and avowing his purpose of murder, magnanimously assaulted the defenceless

* To ruin or destroy him.
† That no delay take place. *Byleve*, Sax. is to *stay*.

veteran. A few attendants, who had followed their master to the chace, instantly fled in confusion; but the earl himself, though provided only with a simple boar-spear, evaded the lance of his antagonist, threw him from his horse upon the ground, and, drawing his trusty sword, defended himself with such skill and courage that a hundred of his assailants successively fell beneath his blows. The victory was long doubtful; but, his horse being killed under him, the knight was at length overpowered by numbers, and, kneeling to Sir Murdour, who was now replaced on his horse, earnestly prayed that he might be permitted to seek a more glorious death, and not perish by assassination. His base antagonist replied by a blow which severed the head of the suppliant from his shoulders; and, having fixed it on a spear, sent it to his mistress as the stipulated price of her affection.

Bevis was at this time only seven years old; but so premature were his strength and courage, that this unnatural mother considered herself and her lover as insecure during the life of the infant hero. He had been fostered by his paternal uncle, Saber, an honest but irresolute man, of whom she ferociously demanded the murder of her child as the first proof of his allegiance.

Saber did not risk a direct refusal, but, having killed a pig, sprinkled the garments of Sir Bevis with the blood, and sent them to the countess as an evidence of his submission; while he disguised his foster son in the habit of a peasant, and enjoined him to tend his flocks on the neighbouring common. He however promised his pupil to retire with him, as soon as possible, into Wales, to the court of an earl to whom they were related, and by whose assistance he might hope, when arrived at maturer age, to regain his patrimony, and to revenge the death of Sir Guy on the adulterous couple by whom his earldom was usurped.

Bevis submitted with patience to the necessary change of dress, and quietly followed his sheep to the downs; from whence he surveyed the palace so lately occupied by his noble father, and vainly endeavoured to suppress the rage and indignation which such an object excited. But when he heard the sounds of minstrelsy, which proclaimed the indecent revelries of his mother and of her base paramour, he was seized with a paroxysm of ungovernable fury, and, forgetting the cautious advice of Saber, precipitately ran to the castle, and prepared to make his way into the hall. The porter, calling him "whoreson

harlot," attempted to turn him back from the gate; but Bevis, after telling him that he accepted the first epithet, but utterly disclaimed the second, knocked him down, advanced into the hall, and, after a few opprobrious exclamations against his mother and Sir Murdour, applied his cudgel so successfully to the head of the latter, that at the third blow he laid him senseless on the floor. The countess vainly ordered her attendants to seize the traitor; the knights were all benumbed and motionless with astonishment, and suffered the child to retire without opposition.

Bevis, who at seven years of age had knocked down two stout men in one day with his cudgel, was much better satisfied with his adventure than was his uncle Saber, whom he met on his return, and to whom he related thus laconically what had passed:

" I wol thee telle altogedyr;
" Beaten I have my step-fadyr
" With my mace.
" Thrice I smote him on the heved;
" Lying in swoon I him by-leaved
" On that ilke place."

Saber said, " Thou art to blame;
" The lady wol do me shame
" All for thy sake,
" But thou wilt by counsel do,
" Thou might soon bring us two
" Into mickle *wrake.*"

But Saber was unable to devise any counsel worth following. Scarcely had he reached his dwelling when the angry countess was announced; and the only contrivance which his ingenuity suggested was, to lock his nephew into an adjoining closet. She reproached him with disobedience of orders; and, having easily confuted all his evasions, ordered him instantly to produce her son, on pain of incurring the most terrible effects of her displeasure. Bevis, who overheard her threats, hastened to show himself; when, calling two of her attendant knights, she ordered them to lead the child to the port, and to sell him as a slave to the captain of any ship who might be preparing to sail *into Heathenness.* These instructions were punctually executed; and Bevis, after a long but prosperous voyage, was carried to the court of Ermyn, a Saracen

* Mischief.—At this place the author abandons the stanza measure, and relates the rest of the story in couplets.

king, of whose dominions our author has neglected to ascertain the boundaries, though he has described, pretty accurately, the state of his family.

His wife was dead that hight Marage;
He had a daughter of young age,
Josyan that maiden *hete*;*
The shoon were gold upon her feet.
So white she was, and fair of mood,
So is the snow on red blood.
Wherto should I that maid descrive?
She was the fairest thing on-live;
She was so hend, and so well ytaught:
But of Christian law ne couth she nought.

Ermyn beheld with astonishment the strength and beauty of young Bevis; and, having questioned him concerning his country and parentage, was much delighted with the simplicity and conciseness of his answers. He declared it as his opinion, and even confirmed the declaration by an oath, that a child who was so adroit with a cudgel could not fail of possessing unusual prowess when of age to wield a sword; for which reason he, at the instant, proposed to the boy

* Was called.

the hand of his daughter Josyan, together with the succession to the crown, on condition of his renouncing Christianity. Bevis, who had been inspired with a strong veneration for his religion, and felt no immediate want of a wife, rejected the offer without hesitation, at the same time expressing rather freely his contempt for the Saracen deities. Fortunately, Ermyn was disposed to be pleased, and took this freedom in good part:

And said, "Whiles thou art a swain,
"Thou shalt be my chamberlain;
"And, when thou art dubbed a knight,
"My banner thou shalt bear in fight."

Bevis gratefully accepted these offers, and continued, during seven years, to make a progress in the affections of the Saracen monarch, as well as in those of the beautiful Josyan.

The first exploit of our hero was of a very disagreeable nature. He was now fifteen years old, and considered by all Ermyn's subjects as a miracle of strength and beauty. On Christmas day, he happened to be riding out in company with sixty Saracen knights, one of whom asked him if he was aware what day it was. Bevis re-

plying that he did not know, the other assured him that it was the festival of Christ's nativity; and a second knight added, that it could not but scandalize them, who were accustomed to treat their Gods with due reverence, to observe his inattention to his most sacred duties. Bevis answered, that, having been sold as a slave at seven years old, and since that time surrounded by Heathens, he had no means of information respecting the religious observances attached to his faith; but that if he were then a knight, as his father had been, and properly armed, he would, in honour of the true God, readily undertake to just with the whole company; and trusted that, in such a cause, he could unhorse them all, one after the other. The Saracen knights, incensed at this speech from a young page, instantly determined to punish his insolence; and, being all armed with swords, wounded him very severely before he had the means of making any defence. But at length, having wrested a sword from the hand of one of his assailants, he exerted himself so successfully as to kill them all. The horses ran home to the stables, and excited a general curiosity respecting the fate of their riders; while Bevis, fatigued with his exploit, and smarting under his wounds,

followed at his leisure, tied up his horse, retired into his own room, and, throwing himself on the floor, prepared to wait as patiently as he could till it should please Heaven to diminish the pain which he then suffered.

Ermyn, though long trained to the use of power, had always been accustomed to dispense with the trouble of reflection. He generally acted from the first impulse, and this impulse was, at present, unfavourable to his young chamberlain. It was observed to him, that there would be no end of dubbing knights for the purpose of seeing them killed by Bevis; it was evidently shorter to put him to death; and therefore Ermyn resolved on ordering Bevis to immediate execution. But Josyan having advised that he should exert his royal sagacity in examining the culprit, he came over to this opinion; and the princess, who wished for some previous conversation with her favourite, dispatched two of her knights with orders that they should conduct Bevis into her presence.

He was still lying on the floor, in great pain, and very much out of humour; insomuch that, having barely raised his head on the arrival of the two knights, he told them, that, were it not for the respect he bore to the sacred character

of messengers, he should have punished with instant death their impertinent intrusion; and added,

" I ne will gon a foot on ground
" To speaken with an heathen hound!"

At the same time his eyes flashed with indignation; and the frightened knights, thinking that they saw around him the ghosts of their sixty countrymen, hastened back with this very uncourteous message to Josyan, who only smiled at their terrors, and, promising to be their safeguard, returned with them to Bevis.

Josyan cast her arms abouten his swere;
On her he made a lothly cheer.
She kist him on mouth and on chin,
And began to comfort him.
He said, " Mercy, Josyan, thine ore!
" I am wounded swithe sore."
" Sweet leman," she said, in hast,
" I am a leech with the best!
" No better salve I understond
" Ne is in all Paynim lond,
" Than I have brought with me;
" And I wol thy warrant be!"

But before she undertook the cure, it was necessary that she should conduct him to her father; in whose presence he related, with his usual simplicity, the whole adventure: and such was the effect of his eloquence, or rather of his pallid countenance and numberless wounds, that Ermyn burst into tears, and expressly commanded his daughter to exert all her leech-craft in his behalf. Josyan very willingly re-conducted her patient to his chamber,

> There they kisseden hem full oft,
> And she healed him swythe soft.
> So, within a little stound,
> He was both whole and sound;
> And all so fierce for to fight
> So is the falcon to the flight.

Thus ended this perilous adventure: and the minstrel, unwilling to attempt too rashly the narration of another equally terrible, here interposes the following admonitory couplet—

> For the time that God made,
> Fill the cup and make us glad.

There was in the royal forest a wild boar, who

had long been the terror of Ermyn's court. His size was enormous, his hide so thick as to be invulnerable, and his tusks so sharp that no common armour could withstand them; besides which, he was distinguished from other boars by a contemptuous disregard for beech-mast and acorns, and by an unnatural predilection for human flesh, which he gratified at the expense of all those who ventured to attack him. Bevis, finding his strength restored, began to consider of the best modes of employing it; and one night, whilst he lay in bed, luckily bethought himself of the boar. In the morning he saddled his horse; took a good shield and spear, together with an excellent sword; spurred across the plain with a grace which further captivated the fair Josyan, who beheld him from her window; and, when arrived at the forest, dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and began to blow his horn. The boar, whether from sleepiness, or from a natural indifference to such music, took no notice of the defiance; and Sir Bevis, constantly advancing, blowing his horn, and searching every thicket, began to despair of meeting his enemy, when he was directed to the animal's den by the human bones with which the road was almost wholly covered. He then thus tauntingly addressed his antagonist:

" Rise," he said, " thou foul beast,
" And against me batayle thou hast !"
When the boar of Bevis had an eye,
He set his bristles all on high;
He stared with his eyen hollow,
Right as Bevis he would swallow.
" Of thee," said Bevis, " I have mervail !
" Well have I set my travail."

The hunting-spear which our hero had chosen for this occasion was of unusual strength, but it was shivered at the very first onset. The sword was, fortunately, so well tempered that it did not break in his hand; but he soon perceived that it made no more impression on the boar than it would on a rock of marble. But his ineffectual exertions were very fatiguing; his situation became every moment more discouraging; and in a short prayer, which he uttered with great devotion, the fainting hero confessed that he had no hopes of success but from the merciful interposition of heaven. During this time his antagonist, whose temper was naturally choleric, and perhaps rendered more so by the inflammatory nature of his favourite food, began to be in his turn much distressed by the effects of his own impetuosity; and, being una-

ble to reach his too nimble enemy, became almost blind with fury, and breathless from exhaustion. Bevis, perceiving that the panting animal was unable to close his jaws without risk of suffocation, instantly seized this advantage; and, when the boar attempted to regain his den, met him in his full career, and plunged the sword down his throat. This blow was decisive. The hero, who, from his long education in a royal court, was an adept in carving, now severed the head from the body; and, placing it on the truncheon of his spear, bore it off in triumph.

During the life of this boar, the keepers of the royal forest never ventured to go their rounds except in complete armour and in numerous companies. Twelve of these happening to meet Bevis on his return, and perceiving that he was quite unarmed (his sword having been accidentally left with the body of the animal), resolved to wrest from him the fruits of his victory. He had just emerged from the forest, and arrived within sight of the tender Josyan, who from her tower had been anxiously watching for his return, when he was suddenly assailed by the company of twelve armed foresters. But, though armed, they were not invulnerable; and the truncheon of a spear was by no means an ineffi-

cient weapon in the hands of Bevis. At the first blow it came into contact with the helmets of three of these assailants, and scattered their brains to some distance. A second stroke and a third were repeated with equal success; and the three survivors having made a timely retreat, Bevis quietly resumed the boar's head, and pursued his journey to the palace; where Ermyn, who had already learned from his daughter the news of this astonishing adventure, received him with open arms, and recommended him to all his courtiers as a perfect model of courtesy and valour.

Soon after this, an embassy was received from Bradmond, king of Damascus, whereby that monarch signified his wish of espousing the fair Josyan, at the same time announcing, that a refusal of the princess's hand would excite great indignation in the breast of the aforesaid Bradmond, and induce him to waste with fire and sword the whole territory of Ermyn. This mode of courtship, it must be confessed, was not conciliatory. Ermyn was so furiously incensed, that, after having summoned his barons, he was unable to explain very intelligibly the cause of his indignation; but they took it for granted, and collected their quotas of men, which, when united, amounted to twenty thousand. Josyan now

represented to her father, that he would do well to confer the honour of knighthood on the invincible Bevis, whose single person was worth at least half a dozen armies; and her advice being implicitly followed, the young general prepared for the battle.

Bevis did on his *acquetoun**
That had *aughted*† many a town,
A hauberk Josyan him brought;
Soothly, a better was never ywrought.
A helm she gave him, good and fair,
There might no thing it *apayre*.‡
Then gave him that fair *may*§
A good sword that hight MORGLAY:
There was no better under the sun;
Many a land therewith was won.
Josyan gave him, sith then, a steed
The best that ever on ground yede;
Full well I can his name tell;
Men called him ARUNDEL.
There was no horse in the world so strong
That might him follow a furlong.

* A wadded or quilted waistcoat worn under the coat of mail, but often taken for the coat of mail itself.
† Cost. ‡ Impair, hurt, lessen in value. § Virgin.

Bevis in the saddle 'light,
Josyan smiled that was so bright.
Bevis gan his horn to blow,
That his host should him know, &c.

Bradmond trusted very much to the hitherto unrivalled strength of his standard-bearer, the giant Radyson, and not less to the vast superiority of his numbers; insomuch that, when he discovered Bevis advancing at the head of his small troop, he thought it quite comical, and could not refrain from an immoderate fit of laughter. The battle began by distant skirmishing;

But when that they had broke the 'ray,
Fierce and mortal was that fray!

Bevis began by driving his spear through the huge body of Radyson; after which he made a course of experiments to try the temper of his sword Morglay, and thinned the ranks of the enemy with such astonishing expedition, that Bradmond, quite cured of his mirth, thought only of securing his retreat, and of carrying off two of Ermyn's knights, his prisoners, whom he had taken in the beginning of the action. But in this also he failed. Bevis, borne with the rapidity

of lightning by the incomparable Arundel, quickly overtook the fugitive, felled him, together with his horse, at one blow to the ground, recovered the prisoners, and signified to his prostrate enemy that he could only obtain permission to live, by taking a solemn oath of allegiance and fealty to the once despised Ermyn. Bradmond thought this condition very severe, but frankly confessed that he thought the loss of life still more disagreeable; and, having repeated the formula which constituted him the vassal of king Ermyn, was suffered to depart.

The conqueror being returned to court, and having simply and modestly related his success, and the important consequences which it secured, was received with transports of gratitude by the king, who immediately ordered his daughter to disarm the hero, to clothe him in a magnificent robe, and to serve him while at table.

Then was Josyan right glad,
And to her chamber she him ladde.
She set him soft upon a bed,
Boards * were laid and cloths spread.
When she had unarmed Bevis,
To the board she him led, ywis,

* Tables.

And made him well at ease and fine,
With rich meat and noble wine.
When that they hadde well eaten,
And on her bed together sitten,
Josyan, that was so true,
Thought she would her love renew.
She said, " Bevis, lemman, thine ore!
" Than I can tell I love thee more.
" Certes, Bevis, but thou me rede,
" For pure love I shall be dead!"
" Then said Bevis, " Josyan, be still;
" Thou speakest all against skill.
" Thou mightest have one all unlyche,
" King Bradmond that is so ryche.
" In all the world is no man,
" Prince, king, ne soudan,
" But they would have thee to queen,
" Gif they hadde thee once seen.
" I am a knight of strange land,
" I have no more than I in stand."
" Mercy, Bevis," said Josyan,
" I had thee liever to my lemman,
" Thy body in thy shirt all naked,
" Than all the good that Mahoun maked.
" Bevis," she said, " tell me thy thought!"
Bevis sat still, and spake right nought;

She fell down and wepte sore;
She said, "Thou saydest here before,
"There is no king that me hath seen,
"But that he would have me to queen;
"And thou disdainest of me so?
"See thou out of my chamber go:
"More comely it were thee like
"For to hedge, and make a dyke,
"Than thus to be dubbed a knight,
"And to sit among maidens bright.
"Go, churl! out of my *fare*,*
"And Mahoun give thee mickle care!"
"Damsel," he said, "I am no churl;
"My father was both knight and earl;
"Unto my country I will me hie," &c.

The dispute having now degenerated into a formal quarrel, Bevis restored to the lady all her presents, and, bidding her an eternal farewell, retired to his chamber; while she, supported by the feelings of injured pride, made no effort to detain him. But no sooner was she left alone, than she began to lament most bitterly her foolish precipitation. She had a favourite and confidential chamberlain, named Boniface, whom she immediately dispatched to her lover with a

* Way.

most penitential message, conjuring him to return, and promising to make ample amends for the indiscreet words into which her passion had betrayed her. But the knight, after bestowing on her messenger a magnificent present, sturdily declared that he would not stir a step in quest of her apology: and the tender Josyan, anxious to procure an immediate reconciliation, hastened to the apartment of her lover, met his ill-humour with the most winning complaisance, and finally forced from him the avowal of a mutual passion.

" Mercy," she said, " my lemman sweet!
(She fell down and gan to weep)
" Forgive me that I have mis-said,
" I will that ye be well apayed!
" My false gods I will forsake,
" And Christendom for thy love take."
" On that covenant," said Sir Bevis than,
" I will thee love, fair Josyan!"

Bevis, it seems, had endured a long struggle between his affection and his piety; and though his heart had always done justice to the incomparable charms of Josyan, the reflection that those charms belonged toa *heathen hound* had

constantly checked his passion. That obstacle was now removed; and the happy couple, during a very long interview, gave way to the delight which both derived from their reconciliation, perfectly unconscious that the severest calamity which had ever menaced them was now impending, and would produce a long interruption of their happiness.

It will be remembered that Sir Bevis, in the late action, had liberated two knights captured by Bradmond. Not content with saving them from captivity, he carried them to his own apartment, entertained them magnificently, and admitted them to the most intimate familiarity. They had thus an opportunity of witnessing the interview between Bevis and Josyan; and, hastening to the king, informed him that his daughter was become a renegade, and was preparing to form an indissoluble connection with the Christian knight, the enemy of his majesty's holy religion.

Ermyn was much disturbed by this intelligence. The crime was such as he could not pardon; yet it was neither honourable nor safe to attempt the public punishment of Sir Bevis. But the treacherous knights presently removed this difficulty by proposing that a letter should

be written to king Bradmond, charging him, on his allegiance, to secure the person of his christian rival, and that Sir Bevis should himself be the bearer of this letter. The nefarious project was immediately executed; and the knight readily accepted the embassy, only expressing his wish to take with him his good horse and sword, for the purpose of securing himself against the probable treachery of Bradmond. But this proposal was over-ruled by Ermyn, who observed, that such precautions were contrary to all usage, and that the sacred character with which he was invested was his best protection: he added,

" And, Bevis, thou shalt unto me swear,
" That thou wilt truly my letters bear,
" And, as thou art true man lief,
" *Not undo the print of my brief.*"*

The young envoy, without considering that sealed credentials were much more contrary to usage than the precautions which he had desired to adopt, took the oath without hesitation, and departed, full of confidence, on his disastrous mission.

Bevis was seldom provident. Much of his

* Break not the seal of my letter.

journey lay through an uninhabited country, yet had he taken no measures for his subsistence; so that, after travelling three days with all the speed that his *ambling hackney* could exert, he found himself very sleepy and hungry. He lay down to rest during a few hours, and, awaking with a keener appetite than before, pursued his way through the forest, where he had the good fortune to discover a palmer seated at his dinner, which consisted of a plentiful store of good bread and wine, together with the unusual luxury of *three baked curlews*. The pilgrim, perceiving that the traveller was a knight, *vailed his bonnet* to him, and respectfully entreated him to share his humble repast; to which Bevis thankfully consented, and, after a plentiful meal, entered into conversation with his kind entertainer. He now discovered that this palmer, whose name was Terry, was the son of his uncle and foster-father Saber. That good man, unwilling to bear the tyranny of Sir Murdour, and his wicked wife, had retreated to the Isle of Wight; and, finding the inhabitants full of loyalty to the son of the deceased earl, had, with their assistance, defended the island against all the forces which the usurper could bring against him. But, as the presence of Bevis was necessary to authorize any

offensive measures, he had dispatched his son Terry, under the disguise of a palmer, into *Heathenness*, with orders to discover his lord, and bring him back to the assistance of his subjects. Bevis, unwilling to discover himself, professed to be the confidential friend of the young earl, to whom he promised to relate this important intelligence so soon as he should have finished the business of his present embassy, and directed Terry to return to Saber with assurances of a speedy succour. They now separated, and Bevis pursued his journey towards Damascus.

The description of this famous city seems to deserve insertion:

There was king Bradmond's palàce,
Was never none richer the story says:
For all the windows and the walls
Were painted with gold, both towers and halls;
Pillars and doors all were of brass;
Windows of *latten** were set with glass:
It was so rich in many wise,
That it was like a paradise.
About the palace there was a dyke,
In *brede* † and deepness there was none like;

* A mixed metal of the colour of brass.—Tyrwhit.
† Breadth.

Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beast might pass away:
Under the bridge were sixty bells,
Right as the romance tells,
That there might no man pass in
But all they rang *with a gin.**
At the bridge end stood a tower
Painted with gold and with azure:
Rich was it to behold,
Thereon stood an eagle of gold;
His eyen were of precious stones,
Of great virtue for the nonce;
The stones were so rich and bright,
That all the palace shone of light, &c.

Bevis had never before seen so much magnificence; but he was too impatient to lose time in satisfying his curiosity: he passed on, and presently found himself entangled in a crowd of Saracens, who were preparing a sacrifice to an idol representing Mahomet. This offensive sight suspended in his mind all recollection of his business at Damascus; he pressed through the multitude, forced his way to the idol, seized it by its golden crown, and threw it into the dirt, desiring the people to go and help a god who was

* By a mechanical contrivance.

now evidently incapable of helping them. The sudden act of sacrilege raised a general cry of indignation against the insolent stranger, and a thousand hands were at once raised to seize him; but Bevis, though deprived of Morglay, had by his side a common sword, and began forthwith to cut off the heads of his assailants with a dexterity which was truly marvellous. The crowd ran with precipitation towards the palace, followed by the ambassador, who continued his operations till he reached the king's presence; when, dropping on his knees, he delivered his credentials, accompanying them with an oration expressive of his contempt for his majesty's sacred person, and for the believers in Mahomet of all ranks and conditions.

Bradmond, taking the letter, ordered a *clerk* to read it, and heard its contents with equal surprise and pleasure. After reproaching Bevis with his unprovoked attack on the people of Damascus, and on the wooden Mahomet, whose vengeance had so suddenly overtaken him, the king held a short council, and then ordered that the knight should be seized, and confined in a deep dungeon inhabited only by two dragons, who were in the habit of devouring their fellow-prisoners; and at the same time he remarked to

the culprit, that the generous and grateful Ermyn, for whom he had gained, at the risk of his life, a decisive victory, was the real author of this sentence. Sir Bevis resisted as long as he could, and had destroyed a considerable number of his enemies, when his sword broke in his hand, and he was at length secured, his arms being tied behind him with such violence that the blood burst forth from his fingers' ends. He was now conducted into the great hall of the palace, placed in a knight's stall, and fed, with much appearance of ceremony, by a Saracen knight, the king at the same time recommending to him to eat with a good appetite, as he now saw before him the last luxuries of which he would ever taste. He was next lowered into the dungeon, where his hands were unbound, and he was left to defend himself as well as he could against the two dragons, who shortly after made their appearance and attacked him: but, having luckily found the truncheon of a staff, he fought the monsters during a whole day and night, and ultimately destroyed them; after which he devoutly returned thanks to Heaven for his victory. Some wheat-bran was daily let down into the dungeon for his support: but neither meat nor corn was allowed him; and

Rats and mice, and such small deer,
Was his meat that seven year.

While Bevis was languishing in this miserable captivity, the tender Josyan was in a situation scarcely less pitiable. To her inquiries concerning Sir Bevis, Ermyn answered, that he was returned to England, and married to a lady of high distinction; and to the grief occasioned by this calumny, which, though she did not quite believe, she could not disprove, were added the persecutions of a new lover. INOR, king of MOUNBRAUNT, an empire quite unknown to modern geography, applied for, and obtained from her father, the promise of her hand; and, however unwilling to justify, by her own conduct, the supposed infidelity of Sir Bevis, she was compelled to marry a man whose person she hated, and whose religion she had secretly abjured. She had, however, in reserve, a notable contrivance for preserving her chastity inviolate.

" I shall go make me a writ,
" Thorough a clerk wise of wit,
" That there shall no man have grace,
" While that letter is in place,

" Against my will to lie me by,
" Nor do me shame nor villainy."
She did that letter soon be wrought,
On the manner as she had thought,
About her neck she hanged it,
She would not beguile Bevis yet.

Thus armed, she submitted to the marriage contract in presence of the king of Babylon and of the soudan of Persia, and departed with her husband towards his dominions. Inor had received from Ermyn, amongst other presents, the good sword Morglay and the good steed Arundel, whom he determined to mount on the day of his triumphal entry: but scarcely was he seated in the saddle, when Arundel, perceiving some little symptoms of awkwardness in his new rider, scampered off with him; and, followed by the whole court, who were unwilling to abandon their sovereign, performed so many evolutions amongst the bushes and briers, and so completely disordered the seat of the too presuming bridegroom, that a sudden plunge threw him upon his back with a degree of violence by which the spine was nearly dislocated. Inor was long confined to his bed; and Arundel, strongly suspect-

ed by the grooms of some treasonable design on his majesty's life, would have been starved in the stable, but for the charitable donations of corn which were administered to him by the attention of Josyan.

During the seven years of his imprisonment, Bevis had made so great a proficiency in the Christian virtues, as to deserve to receive a visit from an angel, who condescended to cure him of a wound inflicted by an adder in crawling over him. Encouraged by this miraculous event, he began to pray to Heaven with increased fervour for his deliverance out of the dungeon; when the tremulous tones of his voice attracted the attention of his two gaolers, who, encouraged by his apparent weakness, determined to murder him. The first who descended made a blow at him with his sword, which felled him to the ground; but Bevis, soon rising, returned the compliment with his fist, and killed the assailant: then, assuming a feigned voice, he easily decoyed down the other assassin, whom he instantly dispatched with the sword of his companion. But the victory had nearly proved fatal to the victor. With his gaolers died all hopes of his daily allowance of food; but, after three days of dreadful abstinence, his steadfast piety was rewarde

by a new miracle. The massive chain, by which his middle was fastened to the rock of his dungeon, suddenly gave way; he fell on his knees to thank Heaven for his deliverance; and, seizing the rope by which the gaolers had descended, easily gained the surface of the pit in which he had been so long entombed.

This escape took place rather before the dawn of day; and he soon heard sounds of merriment proceeding from the royal stables, where the grooms were dressing the king's war-horses. Through a hole in the wall he then discovered a pile of armour, and, bursting open the door with a kick of his foot, found little difficulty in killing a dozen of wretches, whom his cadaverous appearance, and his long hair, which trailed upon the ground, had rendered stupid with astonishment. He then armed himself at his leisure; saddled and mounted the best horse in the stable, galloped to the palace gates, and, loudly taxing the porter with negligence for suffering Sir Bevis to escape from prison, commanded the draw-bridge to be instantly lowered; was obeyed without hesitation, set spurs to his horse, and galloped off into the neighbouring forest. Here, however, he soon lost his way, and, after riding till the approach of night, was so overcome by

sleep, that he was obliged to dismount and lie down to rest at a short distance from the city which he had quitted in the morning.

In the mean time, the gaolers being missed, and the dungeon searched, the news of Sir Bevis's escape was conveyed to the king, who, collecting all his knights, immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive. The most formidable of these knights was Sir Graundere, the proprietor of a valuable horse named *Trenchefys;* and such was the speed of this courser, that he overtook Sir Bevis, who had at length discovered the right road; whilst the king and his other vassals, though well mounted, had scarcely advanced a few miles in their pursuit. Bevis, thus compelled to defend himself, turned upon his adversary, pierced him through the heart with the first thrust of his spear, took possession of Trenchefys, and continued his flight; but, having again mistaken his way, he at length came in sight of the *sea*, constantly followed by king Bradmond and his army of knights. In this desperate situation, our hero, recommending himself to God, spurred his steed into the water, and the indefatigable Trenchefys swam with him to the opposite shore.

So much, however, was he enfeebled by want

of food, that when his horse, on reaching the dry ground, began to shake himself, he fell out of the saddle; but speedily remounted, and, continuing his journey, soon arrived at a fair castle, on the walls of which stood a lady, whom he eagerly besought, for the love of God, to give him a *meal's meat*. The lady answered, that her lord was a giant and an infidel, and therefore conjured the christian stranger to seek a more hospitable mansion. But Bevis was inflexible; he declared that, having no wish to die of hunger, he was resolved to dine in that castle, either as a guest or by force. This being announced to the giant, he seized an iron door-bar in his hand, and thus addressed Sir Bevis:

" What art thou, *Sir swyse?**
" Where stalest thou Trenchefyse
" That thou sittest upon here?
" He was my brother's, Sir Graundere."
" God wot," then said Bevys,
" I *shope*† Sir Graundere a crown, ywis,
" When we last met in batáile;
" I made him deacon, without fail;
" And, if thou wilt orders take,
" A priest," said Bevys, " I shall thee make."

* Perhaps " sweet Sir," *swæs*, dulcis.— † Sax. shaped.

This elegant conversation ended by a terrible combat. The giant aimed a blow at his adversary, which missed the rider, but killed the unfortunate Trenchefys; he also threw a javelin with such force and skill that it transfixed the shoulder of Sir Bevis, who, however, revenged himself by cutting off the giant's head; and rushed into the castle, still calling on the lady for something to eat. She instantly set before him a plentiful dinner, which he dispatched with much rapidity, after ordering her, in the first instance, to taste of every dish and of every kind of wine which was successively set before him. She then with a kerchief bound up his wounds, and stopped the effusion of blood; after which he felt such an impatience to be gone, that he instantly ordered out the giant's best horse, and

> Into the saddle so he lept
> That on no stirrup he ne stept.

He now ardently wished, whilst he rode over a beautiful green plain, that he could meet king Bradmond's army, and cut it in pieces to accelerate his digestion; but, as no army happened to meet him, he continued his journey to Jerusalem, where he confessed his sins to the patri-

arch, and received his absolution, accompanied by a strict injunction that he should never unite himself in matrimony with any but a *clean maid;* an injunction to which the penitent readily promised a constant obedience.

On quitting Jerusalem, his wishes naturally led him to take the road to Ermony; but he had not advanced far, when he met a gentle knight, who had been in his service at the court of king Ermyn, and who related to him all the circumstances of Josyan's marriage to Inor, king of Mounbraunt. To this country, therefore, he pointed his steps, after receiving from the knight an exact description of the road: and, having reached the principal city, determined to enter it in disguise; for which purpose he exchanged dresses with a poor palmer. The king, he was told, was then hunting, but the queen was in her tower: to this tower therefore he proceeded. At the gate stood a crowd of pilgrims, waiting for their share of the food which the charitable Josyan was in the habit of daily distributing to poor Christians; but as the hour of dinner was not arrived, Sir Bevis proceeded to examine the exterior of the palace, and had the satisfaction, in passing under the windows of her turret, to hear the voice of his mistress, who was praying

to heaven with great fervency; and he was sufficiently near to distinguish that he was not forgotten in her devotions. He then returned to the gate; was welcomed by her as an indigent stranger; was placed by her, *at the head of the board* plentifully fed; and was then requested to relate whether, in the course of his travels, he had ever seen or heard of Sir Bevis. He professed to be the most intimate friend of that knight, by whom he had been sent into various countries in search of a steed called Arundel. The queen, on this assurance, led the disguised stranger to Arundel's stable; and that faithful horse no sooner heard the voice of his master, than he burst asunder *seven chains* by which he was fastened to the stall, and ran out of the stable door. She now expressed her fears lest the mischievous animal should escape, and throw the whole town into consternation; but Bevis, laughing at her fears, approached the steed, who seemed to expect with anxiety the commands of his well-known rider.

Bevis himself in the saddle threw,
And thereby Josyan anon him knew.
She said, " Bevis, my lemman dear,
" Ride not fro me in no manere!

" Thou promised me for wife to take,
" When I my false gods did forsake:
" Help me, Bevis, now at this need!
" For thou hast Arundel thine own steed;
" I shall thee fetch thy sword Morglay;
" And lead me, Bevis, with thee away!"
Sir Bevis answered, " By Saint Jame
" If I thee love I were to blame!
" For thee I lay in prison strong
" Seven year, and that was long!
" Also the patriarch, on my life,
" Charged me never to take wife
" But if she were a maiden clean;
" And seven year hast thou been queen,
" And every night a knight by thee:
" How shouldest thou then a maiden be?"
" Mercy, Sir Bevis," then said she,
" Have me home to thy countrée;
" But ye find me a true womàn,
" In all that ever ye say can,
" Send me hither to my foe,
" Myself naked, and no mo!"
" I grant," said Bevis, " that thou with me go,
" On that covenant that it be so.
" *Hie** thee fast, and make thee prest,
" If that thou with me go *lest*."†

* Hasten. † List, choose.

It will be remembered that Josyan had a confidential chamberlain named Boniface. This prudent personage was fortunately present during this conversation, and, whilst his mistress was gone in search of the sword, stated to Sir Bevis the danger of such a hurried departure, and suggested to him a much more rational project. "The king," said he, "is now hunting in the forest, but he will return immediately. Should you carry off the queen thus publicly, you will meet with obstacles on every side, and be closely pursued. But take my advice:—Your disguise conceals you effectually; the king will notice you as a traveller, and naturally ask you for news. Tell him that you are just come from Syria; that Bradwin, who is his brother, has been totally defeated by king Syrak; that the avenues to the country are possessed by the enemy, and all means of sending intelligence of his situation effectually cut off. The king will instantly hasten, with all his forces, to the relief of his brother; and during his absence we may take our measures at our leisure, and escape with perfect security." Bevis was convinced by this reasoning; led back Arundel to the stable; and, having told his story to the king, had the satisfaction to see him depart on the next day for Syria.

The city of Mounbraunt was, in the mean time, committed to the care of the king's steward, named Sir Grassy, an active and vigilant officer: but Boniface contrived to give him a sleeping-potion; during the operation of which Sir Bevis, arrayed in the best armour which the king's treasury could furnish, accompanied by Josyan on the peerless Arundel, and attended by the trusty Boniface, departed without meeting any opposition from the inhabitants of Mounbraunt. The governor indeed awaked at last, issued his orders for stopping the fugitives on the frontier, and followed them into a forest, where Sir Bevis, having reconnoitred the army of his pursuers, felt a great desire to amuse his mistress by killing a few thousands of them with his good sword Morglay; but Josyan insisted on taking refuge in a cave which was pointed out to her by the sagacious Boniface, and where they effectually disappointed all the measures taken by the governor for their discovery.

But Josyan, after a strict abstinence of twenty-four hours, began to feel herself very hungry; and Sir Bevis, leaving her in the cave with Boniface, undertook to kill some venison for her support. During his absence, two huge lions came into the cave; and Boniface, who, in ad-

dition to his other merits, had great dispositions to heroism, valiantly attacked them; but in spite of his efforts the lions proceeded to devour him and his horse: and

> When they had eaten of that man
> They went both unto Josyan,
> And laid their heads upon her *barme*:*
> But they would do her no harme;
> For it is the lion's *kind*,† ywis,
> A king's daughter that maid is
> Hurt nor harm none to do:
> Therefore lay these lions so.

Bevis on his return found Josyan perfectly familiarised with the lions, whom however she could not forgive for eating her chamberlain: she therefore proposed to hold one of them by the neck whilst her lover attacked the other: but he insisted on fighting the two together; and such was the comfort which he derived from the presence of his mistress, and from the conviction of her perfect chastity, that he cut off both their heads at one stroke. The lovers now dined, and, after duly bewailing the loss of the faithful Bo-

* Lap. † Nature.

niface, mounted on Arundel, and pursued their journey.

They had not proceeded far when they met a most portentous and formidable giant, with whom the reader will soon become better acquainted, and whom we will therefore permit the author to describe:

This géaunt was mighty and strong,
And full thirty foot was long.
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside;
His eyen were hollow; his mouth was wide:
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man.
His staff was a young oak,
Hard and heavy was his stroke.
Bevis wondred on him right,
And him inquired what he hight?
And if all the men in his cuntree
Were as mighty and great as he?
"My name," he said, "is ASCAPARD;
"Sir Grassy sent me hitherward
"For to bring you home again, &c."

But this could not be accomplished without a

battle; and such was the activity of Sir Bevis, that Ascapard was never once able to touch him, while he himself was covered with wounds from head to foot, and at length fell down, after aiming a terrible but ineffectual blow at his adversary, quite exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. His life was spared, at the particular intercession of Josyan, and the unwieldy monster became, from this time, the page of Sir Bevis.

After this accession to their household, the lovers proceeded till they reached the sea, where they found a *dromound* (merchant-ship) ready to sail for Germany, but already occupied by some Saracens, who refused to admit Sir Bevis and his companions into their vessel. Ascapard immediately drove them all out; took up Arundel with Bevis, and Josyan under his arm; embarked with them; and, drawing up the sail, arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at Cologne.

The bishop of Cologne happened to be the brother of Sir Guy and Sir Saber, and consequently the uncle of Sir Bevis, whom therefore the good prelate received with every mark of affection. Having inquired the names of the beautiful lady and ugly giant, his travelling companions, he learnt from his nephew their former adventures, and Josyan's earnest desire to be

solemnly christened; to which Sir Bevis added, that he should be glad if his unwieldy page could be cleansed from his pagan propensities on the same occasion. Accordingly,

The bishop christened Josyan,
That was white as any swan.
For Ascapard was made a tun;
And when he should therein be done,
He lept out upon the *brench*,*
And said, "Churl! wilt thou me *drench*?"†
The devil of hell mot fetche thee;
I am *too much*‡ christened to be!"

The author adds, that this indecent spectacle, though it sorely grieved the bishop, afforded infinite amusement to the good people of Cologne.

It was near this city that Sir Bevis had the honour to achieve the most perilous adventure of his whole life; it is true that

——Sir Launcelot du Lake
Fought with the *brenning drake*;§
Guy of Warwick, I understand,
Slew a dragon in Northumberland;

* Brink. † Drown. ‡ Too big.

§ Burning dragon. See an account of this adventure in Malory's Morte Arthur, lib. xi. cap. i.

But such a dragon was never seen
As Sir Bevis slew, I wene.

It seems that there had been two of these monsters in Calabria, who completely ravaged that country, but were at length expelled by the prayers of a holy man. They then flew to Tuscany, and thence to Lombardy, where they separated. The one flew to the court of Rome; but in that land of devotion became immoveable.

Men say he is there yit,
Enclosed round with clerkes' wit.

The other came to the territory of Cologne; and Sir Bevis, moved with compassion by the groans of a knight who had been touched by the poison of this monster, determined to attack him, though assured by all the inhabitants of the country that *no one but St Michael* was able to maintain a contest with such a serpent.

Ascapard, in the first instance, readily undertook to attend his master on this occasion; but the mere dissonance of the dragon's voice, which he heard at a great distance, had such an effect on his ears, that he declared his resolution to return, avowing that he would not undertake,

"for all the realms of heathenness," to look into the throat from which such a voice had issued. Sir Bevis therefore was left alone: yet he proceeded, in spite of the monster's hideous yell, to attack him with his good sword Morglay; and, though the first lash of the dragon's tail broke one of his ribs and felled him to the ground, whilst his sword made no impression on the impenetrable scales of his enemy, continued the battle with great obstinacy, until, in retreating to avoid the poisonous breath of the dragon, he fell backwards into a well full of water. Luckily for him, a female saint had bathed in this water; and had thereby imparted to it such marvellous efficacy, that, whilst it healed the wound and restored the almost exhausted strength of the Christian hero, it effectually impeded the attack of the dragon. Sir Bevis now renewed the combat; but the serpent spouting on him about a gallon of venom, he instantly fell senseless to the ground, where his enemy continued to whip him with his tail, till he whipped him a second time into the miraculous well. Here he again recovered his senses, and began to say his prayers with much devotion; after which he adjusted at his leisure the several pieces of his armour which had been discomposed by the rough treatment

which they had met with whilst he lay on the ground; and finally issued again from the well, and wielded the good sword Morglay with a degree of vigour which his wearied enemy was no longer willing to encounter. The dragon now began to retreat in his turn; but Bevis, following him, had the good fortune to cut off about five feet of that wicked tail from which he had suffered such dreadful bruises; after which, he had little difficulty in severing the monster's head from the body. Having then returned thanks to heaven for this signal victory, he returned in triumph to Cologne with the dragon's head, and was received by the people and by the good bishop as the deliverer of the country.

Having acquired such claims to the bishop's gratitude, Sir Bevis applied to him for advice and assistance in promoting his long-meditated project to revenge the death of his father. The prelate readily promised him a hundred knights, all men of approved valour, who, he said, would rejoice to serve under the banners of such a distinguished leader; and this little troop, requiring no time for preparation, the knight took leave of his dear Josyan, whom he intrusted during his absence to the care of Ascapard, and, embarking for England, arrived, shortly after, at

a port within a few miles of Southampton. He landed, and marched towards that town preceded by a messenger, whom he sent to Sir Murdour, with orders to say that "a knight of Britany, with a hundred companions from different parts of France, was just arrived in quest of service, which they offered to him in the first instance, but should, if refused, transfer to his competitor." Sir Murdour was overjoyed at this offer, which he readily accepted; and, advancing to meet the strangers, ushered Sir Bevis with great ceremony into the hall, and paid him during supper the most marked attentions, in which he was faithfully imitated by the countess.

The assumed name of Bevis was Sir Jarrard; and under this name he had the amusement of hearing a most curious account of his own adventures. Sir Murdour told him that Sir Guy, the first husband of the countess, was a man of ignoble blood; that, perhaps for this reason, his son Bevis became a mere vulgar spendthrift, sold to him his heritage, and then for shame quitted the country; that Sir Saber, without any legal claim, attempted to wrest from him his purchase; and that this was the quarrel in which he required the services of his noble guests. Bevis, during this relation, was much tempted to punish

on the spot the shameless effrontery of his step-father; but he concealed his emotions, and determined to meet fraud with fraud. Addressing himself to Sir Murdour, he said, "Such being your quarrel, myself and my company, had we been able to come properly equipped, might have easily settled it. Indeed, if you will lend us arms and horses, and provide us a ship for our conveyance, we will depart this very night, and will promise not to lose sight of Saber till your disagreement shall be finally adjusted." This offer was thankfully accepted; Bevis carried off to the Isle of Wight the choicest armour and the finest horses that his enemy could furnish; and, having joined Saber, instantly ordered a messenger to return to Southampton,—

"And tell to Sir Murdour, right,
"That I am no Frenche knight;
"Nor he hight not Sir Jarrard
"That made with him that *foreward*;*
"But say it was Bevis of renown,
"The right heir of South-Hamptoùn.
"And say, his countess is my dame;
"The Devil give them both shame!

* Promise, contract.

" And say I will avenged be,
" Of that they did to my father and me," &c.

This being faithfully reported to Sir Murdour, who was then at table, he snatched up a knife and threw it at the ambassador of Sir Bevis, but had the misfortune to aim the blow so ill that it missed the intended object and pierced the heart of his own son; a circumstance which, being immediately related to Sir Bevis, was considered by him as a proof of divine interposition, and as a most fortunate omen of his future success.

We must now return with our author to the beautiful Josyan, whom we left at Cologne. There lived in the neighbourhood of that city a powerful earl named Sir Mile, who saw, became enamoured of her, and resolved to enjoy her. Josyan, to whom he communicated without ceremony both his wishes and his determination to gratify them, only laughed at him, and frankly told him that if he attempted violence he would meet with a very serious resistance from her, and not less from Ascapard. But the crafty German was aware that nothing was so easy as to over-reach the giant. He forged a letter to him from Sir Bevis, ordering his immediate attendance in an island which he described, and to

which the obedient page readily followed the bearer of the letter: after this, the gates of the castle into which he was decoyed being locked, a circumstance to which he paid little attention, he patiently expected the arrival of his master. Sir Mile, no longer apprehensive from this quarter, sent an account of his success to Josyan, who now, justly alarmed, dispatched a messenger to Bevis imploring his immediate assistance, and then, after devising a variety of stratagems to escape her hated lover, at length fixed on the most extraordinary that perhaps ever entered into the head of woman. She calmly told Sir Mile, at his next visit, that she had sworn never to surrender her person to a lover, and that his power, great as it might be, should never compel her to break her oath; but that a husband had rights which she could not with reason oppose, and that he might, if he pleased, become that husband. Sir Mile, overjoyed and astonished at this declaration, thanked her with transport, and gave orders for the immediate solemnization of the wedding. They were married.

> There lacked nothing, verily,
> Of rich meats, and minstrelsy.

When it drew towarde night,
A riche souper there was dight,
And after that, verament,
The knight and she to chamber went.
Within her bed when that she was,
The earl came and did rejoice,
With barons, and great company,
And possets made with spicery.
When that they had drunken wine,
" Sir," said Josyan, " and love mine,
" Let no person near us be
" This night, to hear our privity,
" Neither knight, maiden nor swain ;
" Myself shall be your chamberlain !"
He said, " Leman, it shall be so ;"
Man and maid he bade out go :
He shut the door well and fast,
And sat him down at the last.

Josyan was waiting for this moment. She had made a slip-knot in her girdle, and suddenly passing it round his neck, and pulling at it with her whole strength, most effectually strangled him, and, hanging him up over the beam of the roof, quietly resigned herself to sleep. Her rest indeed was so profound, that it was protracted much beyond her usual hour of rising.

The barons gan for to arise,
Some for hunting, some for kirk,
And workmen rose to do their work.
The sun shone; it drew to *under*;*
The barons thereof hadde wonder,
Why the earl lay so long in bed.
Tho† they all wondred had,
Some saiden, " Let him lygge still:
Of Josyan let him han his will."
Mid-day came; it drew to noon:
The boldest said, " How may this gon?
" Wend I wol myself, and see
" How it may thereof ibee."
He smote the door with his hond,
That all wide open soon it wond.
" Awake, awake," he said, " Sir Mile,
" Thou hast islepen a long while!
" Thine head aketh, I wot right wel:
" Dame, make him a cawdèl!"
Josyan said, " At that sake
" Never eft wol his head ake;
" I have eased him of that sore,
" His head wol ake never more.
" All night he hath ridden idle,
" Withouten halter, withouten bridle.

* Under time; *i. e.* nine o'clock. † When.

" Yesterday he wedded me with wrong,
" And at night I did him hong.
" Never eft shall he woman spill:
" Now, doeth with me all your will!"

As it was notorious that she had been married to Sir Mile, and no less so that she had murdered him, the law condemned her to the flames; and the barons in his interest, who were not a little offended by the haughty language of her confession, exerted themselves with great zeal, in hastening the preparation for her execution. Ascapard, from the walls of his castle, happened to descry these preparations, and, suspecting some mischief, instantly burst open the gates of his prison; plunged into the water; swam towards a fisherman's boat, which its proprietor, wisely deeming him to be the devil, hastily abandoned on his approach; paddled to the opposite shore; and advanced with hasty strides towards the city. He was overtaken by Sir Bevis, who taxed him with treachery; from which however he easily exculpated himself. The two champions then hastened forward; exterminated all who opposed them; rescued Josyan from the stake to which she was already bound; and, placing her behind her lover on Arundel, short-

ly returned to the Isle of Wight, where the princess and the giant were duly welcomed by Sir Saber.

Both parties now began their preparations for war. Sir Bevis and Sir Saber collected a moderate number of knights, with whose valour they were well acquainted, while Sir Murdour summoned a large army from Germany, and was joined, in consequence of an application from the countess, by the king of Scotland. In the month of May, " when leaves and grass ginneth spring," Sir Murdour embarked his troops, landed without opposition, and encamped close to a castle in which Saber had collected all his forces. The old man, disdaining to be besieged, had no sooner descried the enemy than he prepared to give them battle; and heading one third of his troops, whilst the two other divisions were led on by Sir Bevis and by Ascapard, began the attack with great fury.

Sir Menes, the *mouncheer so feer*,*
His steed he pricked again Sabere.
His spear was long, and some-deal keen;
Sabere him met; and that was seen!

* Monsieur si fier. Fr.

And though his spear were sharply ground,
Sir Sabere him gave a deadly wound.

In the mean time Sir Bevis had solely attached himself to Sir Murdour; had thrown him to the ground; but, being enveloped by numbers, had been unable to make him captive. He therefore called loudly on Ascapard—

——————and to him said,
" Ascapard! now take good heed!
" The emperor rideth on a white steed.
" Thine hire I wol yield right well
" Giff thou him bring to the castel."

Ascapard tho forth him dight,
And both he slew horse and knight,
And soon he took that emperour,
And brought him swithe to the tower.

Sir Bevis rode swithe, great randoun;
" Let boilen," he said, " a great caldroun,
" Full of pitch and of brimstone,
" And hot lead cast thereupon!"
Tho it did *seethe*,* and played fast,
The emperor therein he cast.

*Boil.

There he died and made his end.
His soul to hell so mot it wend!
Houndes gnaw him to the bone!
So *wreak* * us, God, of all our foen!

By the capture and death of the chief the battle was of course decided; and, that nothing might be wanting to Sir Bevis's vengeance, the countess, unwilling to survive her husband, threw herself from the top of a lofty tower, and was killed on the spot. The burgesses of Southampton, now at liberty to express their real feelings, rushed out in crowds to hail the approach of their natural lord. Sir Bevis dispatched a messenger to the bishop of Cologne, who joyfully obeyed the summons,

And wedded Bevis and Josyan
With mirth and joy of many a man.
Right great feast there was hold,
Of earls, barouns, and knightys bold;
Of ladies and maidens, I understond,
All the fairest of that lond,
That all the castle dinned and rong
Of her mirth and of her song.

* Revenge.

The reader will now be disposed to flatter himself that this prodigious and eventful history is terminated; that Sir Bevis will in future sleep quietly in his bed, Arundel in his stable, and Morglay in its scabbard. But though the principal interest of the piece is at an end, the author is not yet prepared to part with his hero, who is still young and vigorous. He has also upon his hands two Saracen kingdoms, those of Ermony and Mounbraunt, which, according to all the laws of romance-writing, he is bound to convert to Christianity; and a giant, whose native propensities to wickedness it is necessary to develop.

Sir Bevis had now avenged the death and regained the territories of his father, but he did not yet possess his hereditary honours; and it was requisite that he should receive, at London, from the hands of his sovereign, the investiture of the earldom. This was readily conferred by king Edgar, on a vassal whose heroic deeds were already celebrated through the country; and the monarch at the same time conferred on the knight the dignity of earl marshal, which had been also enjoyed by Sir Guy. But merit, though it may sometimes command court-favour, is very seldom found to retain it.

In summer it was, at Whitsuntide,
When knight must on horse ride,
The king a course he *did grede*,*
For to assayen the best steed,
Which weren both stiff and strong.

Sir Bevis would not lose such an opportunity of proving the incomparable speed of Arundel; and though, by some mistake, he did not start till two knights, his competitors, had already advanced two miles out of seven, of which the course consisted, he persevered, and won the race. Edgar's son, desirous of possessing the best horse in the world, begged him as a boon from Sir Bevis; and when the knight refused to part with his old favourite, the mean-spirited prince determined to steal him. But we have seen that Arundel was not easily compelled to change his masters. When the prince, having gained admittance into the stable, approached the steed with the intention of leading him away, the indignant Arundel gave him a sudden kick, and scattered his brains about the stable. Edgar, inconsolable for the loss of his son, swore to be revenged on Sir Bevis, and ordered him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the

* Caused to be cried or proclaimed.

barons refused to ratify this unjust sentence, observing, that Arundel alone being guilty of the murder, must suffer punishment. Sir Bevis, however, proposed, as an expiation of the horse's crime, to banish himself from England, and to make over all his estates to his uncle Saber; and this commutation being accepted, he immediately departed with Arundel for Southampton.

Josyan was far advanced in her pregnancy when she learnt the necessity of her immediate departure; yet she obeyed without a murmur; and set off, accompanied only by Bevis and his nephew Terry. Meanwhile, this change in the fortunes of Sir Bevis produced a considerable alteration in the mind of Ascapard. By betraying a master whom he had served rather from the habit of obedience than from gratitude, he hoped to obtain the most important favours from his former sovereign; and, having learned exactly the route which Bevis intended to take, he hastened to Mounbraunt, and promising king Inor to replace Josyan in his hands, obtained from him a company of sixty Saracens, to assist in carrying her off, together with the assurance of a princely reward in the event of his success.

The exiled travellers advanced but slowly.

Josyan was seized, in the midst of a forest, with the pains of child-birth; and Bevis and Terry, having constructed a hut for her reception, together with a couch of leaves, received her commands to absent themselves for a few hours, and then return to her assistance. Scarcely were they departed, when she was delivered of two *knave* children, and almost at the same instant she beheld the ferocious Ascapard, who, well aware of the absence of her protectors, carried her off, without paying the least regard to her tears or entreaties. Bevis, returning with Terry to the hut, and finding the two children naked, and unaccompanied by their mother, easily guessed what had happened, and swooned with grief; but soon recovering himself, cut in two the ermine mantle of Josyan, which had fortunately been left behind; carefully wrapped up the children; and, mounting his horse, pursued his journey. A forester, whom he met shortly after, readily undertook the charge of one of the children, promising to christen it by the name of Guy, and to educate it with great care till it should be reclaimed: and the other was consigned to a fisherman, together with *ten marks*, with directions to christen it by the name of Mile, and the ceremony was duly performed at *the church-stile* in his vil-

lage. The knight and his young squire now emerged from the forest, and arrived at a considerable town, where they determined to stay some time, in the hope of hearing intelligence concerning Ascapard and Josyan.

On a *soleer*,* as Bevis looke out,
At a window all about,
Helms he saw and brynnys bright:
He had great wonder of that sight.

He learnt from his host, that a tournament had been proclaimed at the request of a young lady, the daughter and heiress of a duke, who meant to give her hand to the victor knight. Though indifferent about the prize, Sir Bevis was by no means indifferent about an opportunity of justing, and Terry was still more anxious to prove his valour.

Sir Bevis disguised all his weed,
Of black cendal and of rede,
Flourished with roses of silver bright,
And that was thing of full great sight.
They comen riding in the way,
Bevis and Terry together, they tway,

* An upper room: solier, Fr. solarium, Lat.

A knight was ready in that grene,
And Bevis pricked to him as I wene, &c.

In short, Bevis and Terry overcame all their antagonists, and the former was selected by the fair lady as her intended husband: but as she found that he was already married, and as Heaven had blessed her with an accommodating disposition, she proposed that he should be her lord only *in clean manere*; and that, if, after seven years of this Platonic apprenticeship, his real wife should appear, she would then accept Terry as her husband. These terms were accepted by Bevis and by his companion.

But we must now hasten to Sir Saber, who, though rather an insignificant character in the prime of life, is become very interesting in his old age, and increases in activity, as he approaches towards decrepitude. Saber was a great dreamer; and his wife, whose name was Erneborugh, was a great expounder of dreams; so that no sooner had Ascapard carried off Josyan, than this couple discovered, by going to sleep, that some great misfortune had befallen Sir Bevis, and that he had lost either his wife, or his children, or his horse, or his sword. Saber instantly summoned twelve of his best

knights, cased them in complete armour concealed under pilgrim's robes, gave them *burdons*, or staves headed with the sharpest steel, and, assuming the same disguise, put himself at their head, and took the road to Mounbraunt. He even travelled with such expedition that he overtook Ascapard, killed him with the first thrust of his burdon, and, as soon as his companions had destroyed the sixty Saracens, which was very speedily effected, sent them home to his wife to announce the accomplishment of his dream. Josyan made an ointment; and

Her skin, that was both bright and shene,
Therewith she made both yellow and grene;

and, being thus completely disguised, accompanied Saber during near seven years, till Providence led them to the town where Sir Bevis resided. Here her faithful guide, having discovered his son Terry, delivered her into the arms of her husband; and her children being sent for, she was restored to tranquillity and happiness, after her long and disastrous wanderings.

We are now summoned to the country of Ermony, which king Inor, having lost all traces of Ascapard and Josyan, and thinking it necessary to vent his rage on that princess's father,

had determined to lay waste with fire and sword. This news was brought to Sir Bevis, who, sending his summons to all the warriors whom he had formerly commanded, soon collected a respectable army for the defence of king Ermyn, and, putting himself at their head, together with Josyan, Saber, and the children Guy and Mile, marched to the capital. Ermyn was scarcely less frightened by the approach of his son-in-law than by that of his enemy; he threw himself on his knees, implored forgiveness, and finally proposed to embrace Christianity. The last article insured him a complete reconciliation with his son and daughter; and his subjects, being easily persuaded that the true religion was that which placed Sir Bevis at their head, and insured them from being plundered, the baptism of the monarch was soon followed by that of the whole country.

The fortune of war was not propitious to king Inor, who was taken prisoner in the first engagement, and sent to Ermyn, with whom it was agreed,

That his ransom ben shold
Sixty hundred pounds of gold,
With four hundred beds, of silk each one,
With quiltys of gold fair begone,

Four hundred cuppys of gold fine,
And all so many of *masclyn.**

The venerable Ermyn did not long survive this good fortune. Finding his end approaching, he sent for Guy, placed the crown on his head, and expired. The good Saber, seeing the family of Sir Bevis so well established, now became desirous of visiting his wife Erneborugh, and, taking leave of his friends, returned to England.

Guy being firmly settled on the throne of Ermony, Sir Bevis and Josyan might have enjoyed a long interval of tranquillity, but for the machinations of a wicked thief called Rabone, at the court of king Inor, who, being tolerably versed in the black art, contrived to spirit away the faithful Arundel. This was a constant subject of regret to his disconsolate master; but fortunately Sir Saber, being now returned to his wife, had resumed the habit of dreaming, and found out that something of value had been lost, which it was his business to discover and restore. He therefore set off without hesitation

* A word of very uncertain origin. They were drinking-cups, but how composed is doubtful. See Du Cange in voce.

for Mounbraunt, and, arriving in his pilgrim's garb at a river near the town to which the horses were usually led to water, discovered the perfidious Rabone mounted on Arundel. He immediately addressed the thief:

" Fellow," he said, " so God me speed,
" This may well be called a steed.
" He is well breasted without doubt;
" Good fellow, turn thee about."
And as he turned him there,
Up behind lept Sabere.
He smote to death the thief Rabone,
With the end of his truncheon.

He now set off at full speed for Ermony, and, as the news of Arundel's escape had been instantly carried to king Inor, was shortly followed by a little army of the best-mounted Saracens. But Josyan, who was standing on a turret, recognized the horse at a great distance. She spread the alarm; and Sir Bevis, putting himself at the head of a few followers, soon rescued his friend, and cut off the heads of all his impertinent pursuers.

Inor, much disturbed by this ill success, requested the advice of his brother Bradwin, king

of Syria. Bradwin observed to him, that he was a knight of great prowess; that Bevis was not invulnerable; that the event of battles was in the hand of Mahomet; and that he would do well to say his prayers with great earnestness and solemnity, and then to propose a single combat with Bevis. Inor, who was not at all deficient in courage, took the advice, and, leading an army into Ermony, thus addressed his adversary:

" Bevis, thou shalt understonde
" Why we come into this londe.
" First, thou ravished my wife,
" And sithen reft my men their life.
" Therefore have I taken counsayl
" Between us two to hold batayl.
" And if thou slay me, by Termagaunt,
" I give thee the londe of Mounbraunt;
" And if I slay thee, *nat forthy*,*
" I will thou graunt me Ermony."

These conditions were joyfully accepted; and the two combatants rode, in the sight of their respective armies, towards a small island en-

* The construction seems to be, " and if *on the other hand* I slay thee:" *nat forthy* is *nevertheless*.

compassed by a deep and rapid river. Inor had the honour of disputing the victory much longer than could have been expected, but sunk at last under the blows of the terrible Morglay. His troops were cut off to a man; after which Bevis, having put on the "conysaunce," or coat-armour of his adversary, rapidly marched his army to Mounbraunt, and, being mistaken by the garrison for their sovereign, was admitted without hesitation. Thus was he invested with a second empire, which he had the skill or good fortune to reclaim from Mahometanism by the usual methods; enriching all early proselytes to Christianity, and cutting to pieces without mercy those who persisted in their errors.

One day, whilst Sir Bevis and Josyan were taking the pleasures of the chace, they met a messenger dispatched to Saber by his good old wife, to announce that Edgar king of England had deprived their son Robert of all his estates, for the purpose of enriching a wicked favourite, Sir Bryant of Cornwall. Bevis, who had bestowed these estates on Saber, considered such an act as a personal insult, and determined to accompany his friend to England at the head of a formidable army. They landed in safety at Southampton, and, marching rapidly towards

London, encamped at Putney. Here Sir Bevis left his troops, together with Josyan, Saber, Terry, Guy, and Mile, and, taking with him only twelve knights, repaired to the king, whom he found at Westminster, and, falling on his knees, humbly requested the restoration of his estates.

Edgar, always inclined to peace, would have been glad to consent; but his steward Sir Bryant observed to him, that Sir Bevis was a traitor, who trained up his horses in the habit of kicking out the brains of princes, and that he was still an outlaw, whose death it was the duty of all good subjects to procure by every possible device. The king, listening to this secret enemy, gave no answer, and Sir Bevis, with his attendants, took up their lodgings in the city to await his determination. But scarcely were they arrived at their inn, when they heard that a proclamation had been issued, enjoining the citizens to shut their gates, to barricade every street, and to seize Sir Bevis alive or dead. The knight now found it necessary to provide for his defence. Having armed himself and his followers, he sallied forth, in hopes of forcing his way out of the city before the measures of security should be complete; but he immediately

met the steward Sir Bryant, at the head of two hundred soldiers—

A stroke he set upon his crown
That to the saddle he clave him down.
So, within a little stound,
All two hundred he slew to ground.
Thorough GOOSE-LANE Bevis went tho;
There was him done right mickle wo!
That lane was so narrow ywrought,
That Sir Bevis might defend him nought.
He had wunnen into his honde
Many a batayle in sundry londe;
But he was never so careful man,
*For siker of sooth,** as he was than.
When Bevis saw his men were dead,
For sorrow *couthe* he *no rede*! †
But Morglay his sword he drew,
And many he felled, and many he slew.
Many a man he slew tho,
And out he went with mickle wo!

The destruction of our hero appeared inevitable, after the disastrous adventure of Goose-lane, where his twelve companions were ingloriously murdered; but to Sir Bevis, when armed

* For certain truth. † Could think of no counsel.

with Morglay and mounted on Arundel, nothing was wanting but a theatre sufficiently spacious for the display of his valour; and this he found in the *Cheap*, or market-place. He was beset by innumerable crowds; but Arundel, indignant at the insolence of the plebeian assailants, by kicking on one side and biting on another, dispersed them in all directions to a distance of forty feet, while his master cut off the heads of all such as were driven, by the pressure of those behind, within reach of the terrible Morglay.

In the mean time, the news of the knight's distress was spread from mouth to mouth, and it was reported to Josyan that he was actually dead. After swooning with terror, she related the circumstance to her sons, and, blinded by fear, proposed an immediate retreat. But they answered, that they were resolved to seek their father, alive or dead, and hastily requesting her benediction, collected four thousand knights, and departed at full speed from Putney.

Sir Guy bestrode a *Rabyte*,*
That was mickle, and nought *light*, †
That Sir Bevis, in Paynim lond,
Hadde iwunnen with his honde.

* An Arabian horse. † Weak.

A sword he took of mickle might,
That was ycleped Aroundight;
It was Launcelot's du Lake,
Therwith he slew the *fire-drake.* *
The pomel was of *charbocle* † stone;
(A better sword was never none,
The Romauns tellyth as I you say,
Ne none shall till Doomesday.)
And Sir Mylys there bestrid
Adromounday, ‡ and forth he rid.
That horse was swift as any swallow,
No man might that horse *begallowe.* §

They crossed the river without opposition, under cover of the night, and having set fire to Ludgate, which was closed against them, forced their way into the city, and proceeded in search of Sir Bevis. They found him untouched by any wound, but quite exhausted by the fatigue of a battle which had now lasted during great part of the day and the whole of the night. Arundel, too, stood motionless, bathed to his fetlocks in blood, and surrounded by dead bodies. The day had just dawned, and a burgher of some note, well armed and mounted, made a

* Fiery dragon. † Carbuncle. ‡ Probably the name of the horse. § Out-gallop.

blow at Sir Bevis, under which the hero drooped to his saddle-bow; but at the same instant Sir Guy rushed forward:

To that burgess a stroke he sent,
Thorough helm and hauberk, down it went;
Both man and horse, in that stound,
He cleaved down to the ground.
His swordys point to the earth went,
That fire sprang out of the pavement.

The fatigued and disheartened Sir Bevis immediately recovered new life at the sight of his son's valour. Arundel, too, resumed his wonted vivacity; and when Sir Miles, who rivalled his brother in gallantry, came up with the rest of the reinforcement, the discomfiture of the assailants was soon decided.

The blood fell on that pavement,
Right down to the Temple-bar it went,
As it is said in French romaunce,
Both in Ynglonde and in Fraunce.
So many men at once were never seen dead,
For the water of Thames for blood wax red.
Fro St Mary Bowe to London stone,
That ilke time was housing none.

In short, sixty thousand men were slain in this battle; after which Sir Bevis and his sons returned, crowned with victory, to their camp at Putney.

King Edgar, alarmed by this dreadful slaughter, of which Sir Bryant had been the sole author, and was fortunately the first victim, convened his council, represented to them his own wish for peace, and suggested, as the most effectual means of obtaining it, the offer of his only daughter and heiress to Mile, son of Bevis. The barons acceding to this proposal, the marriage took place; and Sir Mile, in right of his wife, was crowned king of England. Bevis, with Josyan and his other son, repaired to Ermony, where Sir Guy resumed the reins of government, and then continued his journey to Mounbraunt, of which he had reserved the sovereignty to himself. Here the amiable Josyan was seized with a mortal disease, and expired in the arms of her husband. At the same moment he received information that his faithful Arundel had died suddenly in the stable; and in a few minutes the hero himself breathed his last on the lips of his deceased wife. Their remains were interred under the high altar of a church, erected by their subjects in honour of

their memory, and dedicated to St Laurence, where they continue to work frequent miracles.

God on their souls have now pitỳ,
And on Arundel his good steed,
Giff men for horse shoulden sing or read!
Thus endeth Sir Bevis of Hamptoun,
That was so noble a baroun.

Anglo-Norman Romance.

INTRODUCTION

TO

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

This romance, according to Mr Warton, has been thrice printed; first in 8vo, by W. de Worde, in 1509; again by the same, in 4to, 1528; and a third time, without date, by W. C. Mr Ritson doubted the existence of any other edition than that of 1528, of which there is a copy in the Bodleian library, 4to, C. 39. art. Seld.

Of the MS. copies now known to exist, the most antient is a fragment in the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' library at Edinburgh: this, however, contains only two leaves; a second fragment is amongst the Harleian MSS. No. 4690; and a third, which belonged to the late Dr Farmer, is now in the possession of Mr

Douce. The most perfect copy extant is in the library of Caius college, Cambridge; but even in this several leaves are wanting.

The following abstract is principally taken from the Caius college MS., the omissions of which were supplied in one place from Mr Douce's MS., and in all the others from the printed copy; which, upon collation, was found to differ from it only by the occasional substitution of a more modern phraseology, where that of the MS. was probably considered by the printer as too antiquated to be intelligible.

The English version of this romance (for it is professedly a translation), if merely considered as a poem, possesses considerable merit. The verse, it is true, is generally rough and inharmonious; but the expression is often forcible, and unusually free from the drawling expletives which so frequently annoy the reader in the compositions of the minstrels. As recording many particulars of the dress, food, and manners of our ancestors, it possesses rather more claims on our curiosity than other romances of the same period, because it was compiled within a very few years of the events which it professes to describe: indeed, there are strong reasons for believing that the first French original, and even

the earliest English version, contained an authentic history of Richard's reign, compiled from contemporary documents, although that history was afterwards enlarged and disfigured by numerous and most absurd interpolations.

Robert of Gloucester, and Robert de Brunne, frequently refer their readers to the *romance* of Richard for a variety of circumstances which could not properly find a place in a mere historical abridgment: it is therefore certain that such a work, probably composed by some of the French poets who attended the monarch in his expedition to Acres, was known to these historians, and considered by them as a document of unquestionable authority. On the other hand, it is quite impossible that the many absurd fables introduced into the following narrative should have found credit with two sober and accurate historians, one of whom wrote before the close of the thirteenth century. We must therefore suppose that the work in question, though written on a most popular subject, has by some accident been totally lost; or that, in passing from hand to hand, it has gradually received the strange and unnatural ornaments by which we now see it encumbered.

The latter supposition is confirmed by the fol-

lowing strong evidence:—The Auchinleck MS. was unquestionably transcribed in the minority of Edward III., and is probably earlier, by at least a century, than any other copy of Richard Cœur de Lion. It consists, indeed, of no more than two leaves; yet the first of these contains, together with the prologue, the commencement of Richard's reign, which it relates in perfect conformity to our regular historians, totally omitting all the nonsense about Henry II. and his Pagan wife, and Richard's amours in Germany, and his battle with the lion, &c. &c. At the same time, if we compare that fragment with the correspondent passages in the more modern copies, we find them to agree line for line. It seems, therefore, that the poem in the Auchinleck MS. was translated from some early French copy, before the introduction of those fictions which have given an air of fable to the whole narrative.

If we possessed the French original, we should probably be able, by an examination of the style, to ascertain pretty nearly the date of the fabulous additions. That they were introduced by some Norman minstrel into the French copy is nearly certain, because such liberties were habitual to them all; whereas there is perhaps no one instance in which our early translators have

ventured to alter any material circumstances in the story which they undertook to give in English. Besides, from the frequent mention of the Templars in the romance, in appears to have been written when that order were at the height of their splendour. Now they were suppressed at the very commencement of the reign of Edward II., and probably before the first English translation was completed. It may therefore be assumed that such an event, which occupied the attention and interested the passions of all Europe, would not have passed without some notice or comment, had not the translator felt it his duty to give an exact and faithful copy of his original.

From the internal evidence of the fictions themselves, the reign of Edward I. seems the most likely period which can be assigned for their invention. During the life of king John the remembrance of his heroic brother was probably too fresh to permit any material alteration of the real story; but seventeen years of misery and of civil dissention, which elapsed before the death of Henry III., are likely to have diminished the recollection so far as to encourage the minstrels in making any changes in the poem which might render it more astonishing and

more agreeable to their hearers, or which might afford them an opportunity of indirectly flattering the reigning prince, whose character did in fact bear some resemblance to that of his lion-hearted ancestor.

Richard, we know, never visited the Holy Land till he appeared there at the head of a most formidable army; but Edward, having taken the cross before his accession, fought there as an adventurous knight, and, though almost without troops, greatly signalised himself by his personal valour against the infidels. Richard had no leisure for tournaments, but Edward had an opportunity of gaining all the laurels of chivalry in the famous lists of Chalons. Possibly these coincidences may account for the perversion of some parts of the story: but it must be owned that the strange fable of the fair Cassodorien is equally inapplicable to Edward and to Richard; unless we suppose that the author, being embarrassed by the positive assertion of the Scots, "that the kings of England are descended from the devil by the mother's side," hoped to gratify Edward by this ingenious compromise.

Be this as it may, the most curious incident in this fable is certainly anterior to the reign of Richard I., because it is preserved in the "Otia

Imperialia" of Gervase of Tilbury, whence it is quoted by Mr Scott, (Minst. of Scot. Border, vol. ii. p. 184, note.) It is there said that "the lord of a certain castle called Espervel, having observed that his wife, for several years, always left the chapel before mass was concluded, once ordered his guard to detain her by force. The consequence was, that, unable to support the elevation of the host, she retreated through the air, carrying with her one side of the chapel." The passage is in the edition of the Brunswick Historians published by Leibnitz. Hanov. 1707. tom. 1. p. 978.

Fordun, after dwelling on the atrocious profligacy of king John, applies the same story to one of that prince's female ancestors. He says, "A certain countess of Anjou, from whom was descended Geoffrey Plantagenet, was married solely on account of her uncommon beauty. She seldom went to church, and even then avoided staying for the celebration of the holy mysteries. This being observed by the count her husband, he one day caused her to be held by four of his guards; but she, abandoning the mantle by which they tried to detain her, as well as her four children, two of whom she had covered on each side with her cloak, suddenly flew through the win-

dow of the church, before the whole congregation, and was never more seen. *Richard I., brother of John, used frequently to relate this anecdote, in explanation of the perverseness of disposition inherent in himself and all his brothers.*"—Scotichron. curâ Goodall, tom 2. p. 9.

The *certain countess of Anjou* mentioned by Fordun was probably the celebrated Bertrade de Montfort, whose uncommon beauty recommended her to Fulk, sur-named Rechin, earl of Anjou, and who, for the same reason, was again carried off and married by Philip I., king of France. Philip being excommunicated on her account, she returned to Anjou to her former husband, and caused his son by a former wife to be murdered; but being again received by Philip, over whom her charms had procured her a most absolute sway, she continued to fill the throne of France till near the time of her death. It would not be surprising if a woman so envied for her power, so odious from her vices, so long the object of papal excommunication, had been made the heroine of many such tales as this of Gervase and Fordun. She had, by her husband Fulk of Anjou, a son of the same name; and this son married Sibilla, only daughter and heiress of the comte du Maine, and had issue four

sons; one of whom was Geoffroi le Bel, earl of Anjou, second husband of the empress Matilda, and father of Henry II. Fordun's authority, it must be confessed, is not worth much, where the character of our Norman princes is concerned; and it is not very probable that Richard used to relate the anecdote attributed to him. That impetuosity of temper which led him into rebellion against his father, would rather induce him to glory in the crime, than to excuse it on the score of an hereditary disposition derived from his great-great-grandmother.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

LORD, King of Glory, what favours didst thou bestow on king Richard! How edifying is it to read the history of his conquests! Many acts of chivalry are familiarly known; the deeds of Charlemagne and Turpin, and of their knights Ogier le Danois, Rowland, and Oliver; those of Alexander; those of Arthur and Gawain; and even the antient wars of Troy and the exploits of Hector and Achilles, are already current in rhyme. But the glory of Richard and of the peerless knights of England, his companions, is at present exhibited only in French books, which not more than one in a hundred of unlearned men can understand. This story, lordings, I propose to tell you; and may the blessing of God be on those who will listen to me with attention!

The father of Richard was king Henry; in whose reign, as I find in my original, Saint

Thomas was slain at the altar of the cathedral at Canterbury, where miracles are wrought to this day. King Henry, when twenty years of age, was a prince of great valour; but, having a dislike to matrimony, could not be induced to take a wife on account of her wealth or power; and only acceded to the entreaties of his barons, on the condition of their providing for his consort the most beautiful woman in the universe.

Ambassadors were immediately dispatched in every direction to search for this paragon. One party of them was carried, by a fair wind, into the midst of the ocean, where they were suddenly arrested by a calm which threatened to prevent the further prosecution of their voyage. Fortunately, the breeze had already brought them nearly in contact with another vessel, which by its astonishing magnificence engrossed their whole attention. Every nail seemed to be headed with gold; the deck was painted with azure and inlaid with ivory; the rudder appeared to be of pure gold; the mast was of ivory; the sails of satin; the ropes of silk; an awning of cloth of gold was spread above the deck; and under this awning were assembled divers knights and ladies most superbly dressed, appearing to form the court of a princess whose beauty was "bright

as the sun through the glass." Our ambassadors were hailed by this splendid company, and questioned about the object of their voyage; which being explained, they were conducted on board, and received with proper ceremony by the stranger king, who rose from his chair, composed of a single carbuncle stone, to salute them. Trestles were immediately set; a table covered with a silken cloth was laid; a rich repast, ushered in by the sound of trumpets and shalms, was served up; and the English knights had full leisure during dinner to contemplate the charms of the incomparable princess, who was seated near her father. The king then informed them that he had been instructed by a vision to set sail for England with his daughter; and the ambassadors, delighted at finding the success of their search confirmed by this preternatural authority, proposed to accompany him without loss of time to their master. A north-easterly wind springing up at the moment, they set sail, entered the Thames, and soon cast anchor off the Tower; where king Henry happened to be lodged, and was informed by his ambassadors of their safe arrival.

Henry made immediate preparations for the reception of the royal visitors. Attended by his

whole court, he went to meet and welcome them at the water-side; from whence the whole company, preceded by bands of minstrels, marched in procession to the royal palace at Westminster, the streets through which they passed being hung with cloth of gold. A magnificen entertainment was provided; after which Henry, having thus fulfilled the duties of hospitality, addressed the stranger king:

" Lief Sire, what is thy name?"
" My name," he said, " is CORBARING;
" Of Antioch I am king."
And told him, in his *resoun*,*
He came thither thorough a vision.
" For, sothe, Sire, I telle thee,
" I had else brought more meynie;
" Many mo, withouten fail,
" And mo shippes with vitail."
Then asked he that lady bright,
" What hightest thou, my sweet wight?"
" CASSODORIEN, withouten leasing."
Thus answered she the king.
" Damsel," he said, " bright and sheen,
" Wilt thou dwell and be my queen?"

* Speech, *oraison*. Fr.

She answered, with words still,
" Sire, I am at my father's will."

After this courtship the king of Antioch, who was no friend to unnecessary delays, proposed that they should be betrothed on that night; and that the nuptials, which he wished to be private, should be celebrated on the following morning.

These conditions were readily accepted, and the fair Cassodorien received the nuptial benediction; but the ceremony was attended with an untoward accident. At the elevation of the host, the young queen fainted away; and her swoon continued so long that it became necessary to carry her out of church into an adjoining chamber. The spectators were much alarmed at this unlucky omen; and she was herself so disturbed by it, that she made a vow never more to assist at any of the sacraments: but it does not seem to have much interrupted the happiness of the royal couple, because the queen became successively the mother of three children, Richard, John, and a daughter named TOPYAS.

During fifteen years, Cassodorien was permitted to persevere in her resolution without any remonstrance from king Henry; but unluckily, after this period, one of his principal barons re-

marked to him that her conduct gave general scandal, and requested his permission to detain her in church from the commencement of the mass till its termination. Henry consented; and when the queen, on hearing the bell which announced the celebration of the sacrament, prepared to leave the church, the baron opposed her departure, and attempted to detain her by force. The event of the experiment was rather extraordinary. Cassodorien, seizing her daughter with one hand, and prince John with the other,

> Out of the roof she gan her *dight*,*
> Openly, before all their sight!
> John fell from the air, in that stound,
> And brake his thigh on the ground;
> And with her daughter she fled away,
> That never after she was *yseye*.†

Henry repented, when it was too late, of his deference to the advice of his courtiers. Inconsolable for the loss of the beautiful Cassodorien, he languished for a short time, and then died, leaving his dominions to his eldest son Richard, who now was in his fifteenth year, and was al-

* Made ready to go. † Seen.

ready distinguished by his premature excellence in all the exercises of chivalry.

In the first year of his reign the young king caused a solemn tournament to be proclaimed at Salisbury, for the purpose of ascertaining, by experiment, the stoutest knights in his dominions. With this view he prepared three several disguises, in which he meant to appear as a *knight adventurous*, and to challenge all comers. His first suit of armour was black; his horse was of the same colour; and the only device by which he could be distinguished was a raven on the crest of his helmet, which had its beak open, as if panting from fatigue, and had a bell suspended from its neck. The bird, it seems, was an emblem of patience under labour and pain; and the bell signified the Christian church, the protection of which is the principal aim of chivalry. Thus accoutred, he issued from a neighbouring wood, entered the lists, and proclaimed a general challenge. The invitation was not tempting, because the enormous size of his spear, which was fourteen feet long, and one-and-twenty inches round, intimated no common strength in the arm by which it was wielded. Accordingly, the first knight who ventured to encounter it was instantly overset, together with his horse; a second

was borne down with such violence, that horse and man were killed by the fall; and a third was punished for his temerity by a dislocated shoulder, and various other bruises. No other champion thought fit to accept the defiance; and the black knight, having waited for some time to no purpose, set spurs to his horse, plunged into the forest, and disappeared. He now mounted a bay horse; assumed a suit of armour painted red; and a helmet, the crest of which was a red hound with a long tail which reached to the earth; an emblem intended to convey his indignation against the heathen hounds who defiled the Holy Land, and his determination to attempt their destruction. Having sufficiently signalised himself in his new disguise, he rode into the ranks for the purpose of selecting a more formidable adversary; and, delivering his spear to his squire, took his mace, and assaulted Sir Thomas de Multon, a knight whose prowess was deservedly held in the highest estimation. Sir Thomas, apparently not at all disordered by a blow which would have felled a common adversary, calmly advised him to go and amuse himself elsewhere; but Richard, having aimed at him a second and more violent stroke, by which his helmet was nearly crushed, he returned it with such vigour

that the king lost his stirrups, and, recovering himself with some difficulty, rode off with all speed into the forest. Here, after refreshing himself with a large draught of water, he assumed his third disguise, which was a suit of white armour, with a red cross painted on his right shoulder. His crest was a white dove, an emblem of the Holy Ghost, and he was mounted on a snow-white charger. Not finding any knight disposed to just with him, he rode round the ring in search of a worthy antagonist; and, espying Sir Fulk Doyley, instantly attacked him with all his might. But Sir Fulk was no less phlegmatic than Sir Thomas. The stroke of Richard's mace, though it struck fire from his helmet, seemed to make no impression on the head contained in it, and the stout knight contented himself with remonstrating against a repetition of the attack. But a second blow, still more vigorous than the former, having awakened him from his lethargy, he exerted all his strength, and struck the king with such violence, that he lost not only his stirrups but the saddle also, and, being unable to guide his horse, was borne away by him, almost senseless, to the palace.

The tournament being concluded, he sum-

moned the two knights whose powers he had so feelingly witnessed, and interrogated them respecting the merits of the several combatants. Both agreed in assigning the honour of the day to three unknown knights in black, red, and white armour, though each complained of his respective adversary for his unprovoked attack, and for his subsequent retreat, which deprived them of the victory they had hoped to acquire. Sir Fulk, unable to reconcile the strength and apparent bravery of the white knight with such strange conduct, firmly believed him to be some preternatural personage:

"Ywis,* Sire King," quoth Sir Fouk,
"I wene that knight was a *pouk*." †

Richard, with a smile, explained to them the apparent mystery. He informed them that it was his wish to visit the Holy Land in the habit of a pilgrim, for the double purpose of satisfying his devotion, and of reconnoitring the military positions in that country; and that, having selected them as the intended companions of his expedition, he had previously wished to

* Certainly. † A puck, a fairy.

ascertain, by his own experience, whether they were fit for such an arduous enterprise. He then proposed that they should all three take the oath of secrecy and of inviolable attachment to each other; and the two knights having joyfully entered into his views, and contracted the sacred engagement by which they all became *brothers in arms*, they embraced each other, and parted, after a short repast, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for the journey.

At the end of twenty days they set sail, accoutred

> With pike, and with sclavyn,
> As palmers wear in Paynim,—

and landed in Flanders; from whence they proceeded by land till they arrived at *Braundys*, where they again took shipping for Cyprus.

> At Famagos they came to land;
> There they dwelled forty dawes,
> For to learn land's laws,
> And sith did them on the sea,
> Toward Acres, that citè.
> And so forth, to *Massedoyne*,
> And tot he cité of *Babyloyne*,

And fro thence to *Cesare;*
Of *Ninivé* they were ware,
And the cité of Jerusalem,
And of the cité of Bedlem,
And of the cité of *Soudan Turry*
And eke also of *Abedy.*
And to the *castel Orglyous,*
And to the cité *Aperrous;*
To *Jaffe,* and to *Saffrane,*
To *Tabaret* and *Archane.*
Thus they visited the Holy Land—

On their return they unfortunately determined to pass through Germany, where they met with the following sinister adventure:

A *goose** they dight totheir dinnèr
In a tavern where they were.

* This strange story is alluded to by Petrus d'Ebulo, a writer of the twelfth century, in his historical poem "De motibus Siculis, et rebus inter Henricum VI. et Tancredum gestis." It is edited in quarto (Basle 1746,) by Samuel Engel, from a MS. in the library of Berne, which seems to have been presented to the emperor Henry VI. in the year 1196. The following lines are from page 110 of the printed copy:

Cæsaris ut fugeret leges, tuus Anglia princeps,
Turpis, ad obsequium turpe, minister erat.

King Richard the fire bet;
Thomas to the spit him set;
Fouk Doyley tempered the wood:
Dear abought they that good!
When they had drunken well, a fin,
A minstralle com therein,
And said, "Gentlemen, wittily,
"Will ye have any minstrelsy?"
Richard bade that she should go;
That turned him to mickle woe!
The minstralle *took in mind*,*
And said, "Ye are men unkind;
"And, if I may, ye shall *for-think* †
"Ye gave me neither meat ne drink.

Quid prodest versare dapes? servire culinæ?
Omnia quæ fiunt Cæsar in orbe videt.

Engel, the editor of the Work, in a note on this passage, quotes Otto de S. Blasio (a continuator of the Chronicle of Otho Frisigensis, published by Urstitius,) for the same story. Otto says (cap. 38,) that Richard "in quoddam diversorium, apud Viennam civitatem necessitate prandii divertit, sociis præter paucos à se dimissis. Itaque servili opere ne agnoscentur, in coctione pulmentorum per se dans operam, altile, ligno affixum propriâ manu sistens assabat, annulum egregium digito oblitus." This ring being observed by one of the duke of Austria's servants, produced the discovery.

* Was offended. † Repent.

" For gentlemen should bede
" To minstrels that abouten yede,
" Of their meat, wine, and ale;
" For *los* * rises of minstrale."
She was English, and well true,
By speech, and sight, and hide, and hue.

Having recognised the pretended palmers, she hastened to denounce them to the king of Almain, who immediately ordered them into his presence, and, accosting king Richard, "called him *taylard*, and said him shame;" and finally ordered that the pilgrims should be thrown into a dungeon, for having entered his dominions without leave, and with a treasonable intention. It was in vain that Richard and his companions called Heaven to witness the purity of their conduct, remonstrated against the tyranny which doomed them to punishment, and invoked the laws universally prevalent in Christian countries for the protection of pilgrims returning from the Holy Land. Their complaints only produced fresh orders for their more strict and severe confinement.

The king of Almain had a son named Ardour, much distinguished for his bodily strength,

* Reputation, glory.

which he never missed an opportunity of displaying. He repaired to the prison, ordered the English knights to be brought forth, and, accosting Richard, asked if he would consent to stand a buffet from his hand, on the condition of being allowed to return it. This strange challenge was accepted; and the blow was so violent that Richard reeled under it, but recovered himself; and, indignant at having exhibited a proof of weakness, which he attributed to hunger (for he had been debarred from food since his arrival in prison), sternly asked leave to defer his vengeance till the morrow. Ardour generously consented, and took his leave, after ordering a liberal supply of meat and wine for his hungry antagonist. The English monarch, having dined plentifully, passed the evening in *waxing his hand before the fire*, and retired to rest. Ardour was true to his appointment, and, presenting his face to the blow, fiercely exclaimed,

" Smite, Richard, with all thy might,
" As thou art a true knight!
" And, if ever I stoop or *held*,
" I hope never to bear shield."

But unfortunately his powers of endurance were not equal to his courage. His cheek-bone was crushed by the blow: he sunk to the ground, and instantly expired.

When this fatal intelligence was conveyed to the king of Almain, he swooned with grief; and, on his recovery, gave way to such loud and clamorous lamentation, that the queen was alarmed by the outcry, and hastened to his presence, where she was immediately apprised of her misfortune.

When the queen it understood,
For sorrow, certes, she was nigh *wood.*
She gashed herself in the visage,
As a woman that would be rage:
The face foamed all of blood;
She rent the robe that she in stood;
Wrung her hands that she was born:
"In what manner is my son y-lorn?"
The king said, "I tell thee,
"The knight here stands, he told it me."

The sad story was now circumstantially repeated; and the king, awakened to fresh transports of fury, gave strict orders that the prisoners should be closely fettered, and debarred from

all food till the day of trial, when he hoped that the life of Richard would be sacrificed to his vengeance. But Providence had decreed that his obstinate injustice should continue to involve him in fresh calamity.

His daughter Margery, a princess of uncommon beauty, happened to resemble her brother Ardour in decision and impetuosity of character. Curious to behold the illustrious prisoner, she repaired, with three of her maidens, to the dungeon, and ordered that the English palmers should be brought before her. The jailor obeyed:

Forth he *fette* Richard anon-right.
Fair he grette that lady bright;
And said to her with heart free,
"What is thy will, lady, with me?"
When she saw him with eyen two,
Her love she cast upon him tho;
And said, "Richard! save God above,
"Of all thing most I thee love!"
"Alas!" he said, in that stound,
"With wrong am I brought to ground!
"What might my love do to thee?
"A poor prisoner, as thou may see;

" This is that other day y-gone,
" That meat ne drink ne had I none!"
The lady had of him pitè.

Her pity, indeed, was most extensive. Not satisfied with ordering that the three victims of her father's cruelty should be abundantly supplied with all necessaries, she enjoined the jailor to bring Richard every evening to her chamber, in the disguise of a squire. The complaisant officer faithfully obeyed her instructions, and Richard was left with the beautiful Margery to meditate on the singularity of his destiny, which, after conducting him safely through all the perils of the Holy Land, had consigned him to a dungeon for neglecting to offer a piece of roasted goose to a minstrel; and had now transported him from his dungeon into the arms of a princess, to whose affections he was unconscious of having any claim, except that of killing her brother by a great blow on the cheek-bone.

As the secret of this amour had only been confided to three maidens and a jailor, Margery felt no apprehension of a discovery; but a week had scarcely elapsed, when Richard, on leaving the apartment of his mistress, was recognized

by a knight, who immediately conveyed the intelligence to the king. The offended monarch now sent in haste for his great council,

> Earls, barons, and wise clerks,
> To tell of these woeful werks—

and explaining to them his reasons for desiring the death of Richard, requested them, if possible, to set aside the general law of Europe, by which the persons of kings were declared inviolable, and to order the immediate punishment of the traitor. The council took the matter into their serious consideration, debated during three days, and concluded by declaring themselves incompetent to pass judgment; but one of them complaisantly recommended to the king a certain judge named Sir Eldrys, whose ingenuity in condemning prisoners was thought to be unparalleled, and who would probably suggest to his majesty the means of vengeance.

Sir Eldrys, recollecting that he had seen in the royal menagerie a lion of prodigious size and fierceness, advised that the animal should be kept during some days without food, and then introduced to the prisoner, whom he would be very likely to devour; so that his majesty,

who could not be suspected of a secret intelligence with the lion, would obtain the gratification of his just revenge without having infringed the law, by passing sentence on a free and independent sovereign. This equitable project was of course adopted by the king; and immediate orders were issued for carrying it into execution.

Margery, who had her spies in the council, being apprised of what had passed, instantly sent for her lover, warned him of his danger, proposed to him the means of escape from her father's territories, and offered to accompany him in his flight,

With gold and silver, and great tresore,
Enough to have for evermore.
Richard said, "I understand
"That were again the law of land,
"Away to wend withouten leave:
"The king ne will I nought so grieve.
"Of the lion ne give I nought;
"Him to slay now have I thought.
"By *prime*,* on the third day,
"I give thee his heart to prey."

* The first quarter of the artificial day.

He then directed her to repair to the prison, with forty handkerchiefs of white silk, on the evening before the combat, to order her supper in his cell, to invite his two friends and the jailor to the entertainment, and afterwards to pass the night with him: and the princess, without staying to inquire how far this conduct was compatible with that scrupulous regard for her father's peace of mind, by which Richard professed to be actuated, punctually obeyed all his directions.

In the morning, the tender Margery, ever trembling for her lover's safety, and always fearless for her own, was with great difficulty persuaded to tear herself from the prison: but having at length returned to her apartment, Richard bound round his arm the silken handkerchiefs, and, recommending himself to God, calmly awaited the arrival of the lion.

The animal, attended by two keepers, and followed by the jailor, was then led in; and, as soon as he was loosed, sprang forwards to seize his prey. Richard, starting aside, evaded the attack, and at the same time gave the monster such a blow on the breast with his fist, as nearly felled him to the ground. The lion, lashing himself with his tail, and extending his dreadful

paws, now uttered a most hideous roar, and prepared for a more violent assault; but the hero, seizing his opportunity, when the monster's jaws were extended, suddenly darted on him, drove his arm down the throat, and, grasping the heart, forcibly tore it out through the mouth, together with a part of the entrails. Then, after piously returning thanks to Heaven for his miraculous victory, he snatched up the bleeding heart, and, without meeting with any obstacle, marched with his trophy into the great hall of the palace.

The king at meat sat on dee,
With dukes and earls proud in press.
The *saler** on the table stood:
Richard pressed out all the blood,
And wet the heart in the salt;
(The king and all his men behalt,)
Withouten bread the heart he ate.
The king wonder'd, and said *skeet*,†
"Ywis, as I understand can,
"This is a devil, and no man,
"That has my strong lion y-slawe,
"The heart out of his body drawe,

* Salt-cellar; *salière*, Fr. † Immediately, quickly.

" And has it eaten with good will !
" He may be called, by right skill,
" King y-christened of most renown,
" Strong Richard Cœur de Liòn !"

The disappointment of his hopes of vengeance afflicted the king of Almain even beyond the loss of his son and the disgrace of his daughter; but, as it was no longer possible to detain a prisoner, who seemed to enjoy the particular favour of Providence, he determined to exact, for his release, a most exorbitant ransom. This was no less than the half of all the church plate contained in Richard's dominions; and as he deemed it impossible for any sovereign to levy a tribute of this nature, he was much surprised when the hard conditions were accepted without hesitation. Richard only asked for a clerk who should undertake to write a letter to his chancellor and the two archbishops, and for a trusty messenger who should convey it to England. His orders were received with the utmost submission, and executed with punctuality; and the king of Almain, after receiving the ransom, being summoned to release his prisoners, replied,

" ——I give them leave;
" I ne shall them no more grieve."
He took his daughter by the hand,
And bade her swithe devoid his land.
The queen saw what should fall;
Her daughter she gan to her chamber call,
And said, " Thou shalt dwell with me,
" Till king Richard send after thee,
" As a king does after his queen,
" So, I rede that it shall bene."

Margery, therefore, being unable to withstand the reasons and authority of her mother, took a mournful leave of Richard, who, we hope, was equally affected at this separation from his mistress.

The English monarch and his two companions were received with transports of joy, and the first six months which followed their arrival presented one constant scene of festivity. At the end of this time, Richard summoned a parliament, to which he invited not only his nobility and clergy, but also deputies from all the towns, and representatives of all the freeholds in his dominions, for the purpose of communicating and recommending to them a bull which he had received from pope Urban. He stated

to them that the whole country of Surry (Syria) and all which had been gained in former crusades, was now betrayed to the Saracens by two renegades, the earl Joyce and the marquis of Montferrand; that Milon, the son and successor of earl Baldwin, was expelled; that the Christian pilgrims were prevented from visiting the Holy Land; that the pope had therefore recommended a general crusade against the infidels; that the king of France and the emperor of Germany, with all their vassals, had already obeyed the summons; and that he was resolved to follow their example, and hoped that his piety would be seconded by that of his faithful subjects.

Richard's exhortation was completely successful: the assembly were unanimous in promising their assistance; and he was soon enabled to equip a formidable navy of two hundred large ships, laden with troops, stores, and military engines. Amongst the instruments of offence little known to modern warfare were *beehives*, which were so numerous as to occupy no less than thirteen vessels. The fleet being assembled, the king gave his instructions to master Alain Trenchemer, the admiral, that he should protect, to the utmost of his power, the persons and property of all Christians; that he should

give no quarter to the Saracens; and that he should proceed with all possible dispatch to Marseilles, where he would wait the arrival of the land forces.

" For I, and my knights of main,
" Will hastily wend through Almain,
" To speak with Modard the king,
" To wete why, and for what thing,
" That he me in prison held.
" But he me treasure again yield,
" That he of me took with falsehede,
" I shall quiten him his meed !"

As the various objects which he had in view could not but occasion some delay, Richard dispatched, in the first instance, Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, with a part of his army, with orders to take the route of Brindisi and Constantinople, and to join, if possible, the Christian powers in Palestine. He then provided the necessary measures for securing the tranquillity of his dominions during his absence, appointed the chancellor archbishop of York his immediate representative, caused the officers of justice to take the oaths of allegiance to that prelate, and having received the sacrament, and

requested the prayers of his subjects for the success of the expedition, passed with 120,000 men into Flanders.

This vast army was formed into three divisions, one of which was commanded by Sir Fulk Doyley, another by Sir Thomas de Moulton, and the third by Richard in person. The strictest orders were issued that all the articles wanted by the army should be fairly purchased; and, for the better prevention of plunder, and the greater ease of the countries through which they passed, the three divisions were directed to march at the distance of ten miles asunder, the king taking charge of the centre. In this order he arrived at Cologne, a city belonging to his enemy, the inhabitants of which had been enjoined by their sovereign not to furnish at any price a single article of food to the invaders. Richard, unwilling to use violence, determined that his troops should be fed with such provisions as could be supplied from his own magazines:

" Now, steward, I warné thee,
" Buy us *vessel** great plentè,

* *Vaisselle*, Fr. all the appurtenances of the table.

" Dishes, cuppes, and saucers,
" Bowls, trays, and platters,
" Vats, tuns, and *costret*; †
" Maketh our meat withouten let,
" Whether ye will *seeth* or *brede*. ‡
" And the poor men all, so God you spede,
" That ye find in the town,
" That they come at my summoùn."

He also invited the mayor to dinner; and, inquiring after the king, was informed that he was then at a place called *Gumery*, together with his queen and the fair Margery, from whom some tidings might be soon expected.

Then, as it was law of land,
A messenger there com ridànd
Upon a steed white so milk;
His trappings were of *tuely* § silk,
With five hundred bells ringànd,
Well fair of sight I understand.
Down off his steed he 'light,
And grette king Richard fair, I plight.
" The king's daughter, that is so free,
" She greets thee well by me;

* *Vaisselle*, Fr. all the appurtenances of the table.
† The same as *costrell*; a drinking vessel. ‡ Boil or roast.
§ Perhaps a corruption of *toile*, Fr. a cloth of silk.

" With an hundred knights, and mo,
" She comes, ere you to bed go."

Richard, full of confidence in the fair Margery's punctuality, rewarded the messenger for his good news with the present of a cloth of gold, and was soon gratified by the arrival of his mistress. In the morning, the lovers again parted, and the army proceeded on its march to a city called *Marburette*, where they found a renewal of their difficulties with respect to provisions.

His marshal swithe com him to;
" Sire," he said, " how shall we do?
" Swilk *fowaile* * as we bought yesterday
" For no *catel* † get I ne may!"
Richard answered with heart free,
" Of fruit here is great plentè.
" Figges, raisins *in frayel*,‡
" And nuts, may serven us full well,
" And wax, some deal, cast thereto;
" Tallow and grease *menge* § also;
" And thus ye may our meat make,
" Sithe ye may none other take."

* Fuel, *i. e.* provisions. † Money. ‡ *Fraiau*, Fr. the baskets in which figs and raisins are packed. La Combe.
§ Mix.

King Modard, who was well acquainted with Richard's inviolable attachment to his word, and his respect for the laws and customs of foreign countries, but was totally ignorant of his resources in the art of cookery, had hoped that the precautions he had taken in stopping the supply of the markets would infallibly arrest the progress of the English army, and had neglected to adopt any further measures for his safety. He therefore learnt with astonishment and dismay that his enemy was arrived at *Carpentras*, and had taken his lodging at the very inn which, a few years before, had exhibited the fatal adventure of the roasted goose. No resource now remained but to implore the mediation of his daughter; and the good-natured Margery readily undertook to procure the forgiveness of Richard, in return for her father's absolute and unconditional submission. The conqueror required nothing more than the restoration of the ransom so unjustly extorted from him; and these terms being thankfully accepted, the two monarchs exchanged the kiss of peace, and their reconciliation was followed, as usual, by a magnificent entertainment.

The enjoyment of perfect security, after the horrible fright which he had lately experienced,

aided perhaps by the effect of a plentiful dinner, produced in Modard such a paroxysm of valour, that, on Richard's requesting the loan of a hundred knights to join the crusade, he proposed to take the cross in person, and to contribute his own heroism to the success of the expedition: and his guest having declined to accept an offer attended with so much risk to his sacred person, he insisted on proving his generosity, not only by the magnificent equipment of a hundred knights, but by a further present of inestimable value:

Another thing I shall thee give,
That may thee help while that thou live.
Two riche rings of gold;
The stones therein be full bold.
Hence, to the land of Ind,
Better than they shalt thou none find.
For, whoso hath that one stone,
Water ne shall him drench none.
That other stone whoso that bear,
Fire ne shall him never dere.*

The rings, of course, were thankfully accepted; and Richard, after taking an affectionate

* Hurt.

leave of Modard and of the tender Margery, departed with his army to Marseilles.

Here he found his fleet in readiness; and, embarking with a fair wind, arrived, after a short voyage, at Messina, where he disembarked his troops, and found the king of France encamped with his forces. The two monarchs embraced with mutual expressions of regard, and even contracted the engagement of brotherhood in arms; but Philip, already jealous of a competitor by whom he was far surpassed in military glory, meditated treachery. He wrote to Tancred, then king of Apulia, to insinuate that Richard, under pretence of joining the crusade, was contriving an attack upon his dominions; and though Tancred, having communicated this letter to his son Roger, was persuaded by him to have an interview with Richard, in which his suspicions were finally removed, the fiery temper of the English monarch, who was highly indignant at such an unjust charge, was scarcely restrained from producing the rupture which it had been Philip's object to insure. At length the French king's treachery being made manifest, Tancred and Richard parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

The English army was encamped without the

walls of Messina. The French took up their quarters in the town, and, artfully awakening the suspicion of the inhabitants (whom the author calls *Griffons*, i. e. Greeks), at length incited them, by the promise of protection, to frequent acts of hostility against the English. Richard, after complaining to Philip, who gave him no other answer than that he was at liberty to seek such redress as he thought fit, determined on revenge. While he was eating his Christmas dinner, he received information that the wicked Griffons had renewed their insults; and, kicking down the table with his foot, a practice by which he usually expressed his displeasure, gave orders for an immediate attack on the town, and put himself at the head of his troops. A short but severe conflict ensued, in which the earl of Salisbury acquired the distinguished title of *Longueespée*. But though the inhabitants were driven back, the town was too strong to be taken by such a summary process. Richard, determined to punish the Griffons, summoned all his officers, ordered his fleet to co-operate with the land forces, and directed his most formidable engines of war to be directed against the walls——

" I have a castel, I understond,
" Is made of timber of Englond,
" With six stages full of tourelles,
" Well flourished with cornelles;
" Therein I and many a knight
" Against the French shall take the fight;
" That castel shall have a sorry nom;
" It shall be hight the MATE-GRIFFON."

The assault was irresistible: under a general discharge of arrows and *quarelles*, one of the gates was forced by Richard in person; the town was for a short time given up to pillage; and its total destruction was only averted by the humblest submissions on the part of Philip, and by the intercession of an archbishop. The author however informs us that two French justices, called *Margaryte* and *Sir Hugh Impetyte*, took an opportunity, during the parley, of reviling Richard, whom they called a *taylard*; and that the choleric monarch instantly clove the skull of the first, and nearly killed the second; after which he calmly returned to his camp.

Philip left Messina in the month of March, and Richard prepared to follow him to Acres at the end of Lent: but four of his ships, princi-

pally loaded with treasure, were wrecked on the coast of Cyprus; and the king, arriving three days afterwards, was informed that the *emperor* of the island had unjustly seized all the treasure, and committed the crews of his ships to prison. On this intelligence he sent three of his barons with a most haughty message, to demand the instant restitution of men and money, and to denounce the most signal vengeance if the compliance with his demands should be delayed for a moment. The emperor, scarcely less choleric than Richard himself, began his reply by throwing a knife at Sir Robert Turnham, which he with some difficulty avoided, and concluded it by ordering them to carry to "their tayled king" his refusal and defiance.

The emperor's steward, who was present at the audience, was of opinion that this mode of treating ambassadors was highly indecorous; and, though probably well acquainted with the violence of his master's temper, very unguardedly ventured to express his disapprobation. The monarch, forcing a smile, while his eyes sparkled with rage, made a signal to his steward that he wished to communicate something to him in secret; and, while the unsuspecting minister wait-

ed on his knees the expected revelation, drew suddenly a knife from its sheath and cut off his nose.*

> The steward his nose hent;
> (Iwys, his visage was yshent!)
> Quickly out of the castel ran;
> Leave he took of no man;

and having overtaken the ambassadors, he begged that they would represent his case to the king, and induce him to come on shore that very night; promising to deliver into their hands the keys of all the principal forts in the island; to aid their enterprise with a body of 100 knights; and to bring to Richard the young and beautiful daughter of the uncourteous emperor.

Richard was playing at chess with the earl of Richmond in his galley, when he received all this good news. Without loss of time, he gave

* Roger de Hoveden almost confirms this anecdote.—He says, that while the emperor was sitting at dinner, together with his barons, one of them advised him, in the name of all, to make peace with Richard. "Iratus vero Imperator propter hunc sermonem, percussit eum cum cultello quem tenebat, et *amputavit nasum* ejus qui consilium illud dederat. Post prandium, ille qui percussus fuerat abiit ad regem Angliæ et adhæsit illi." Script. post Bedam, p. 691.

orders for the disembarkation; put on his armour; took in his hands the formidable battle-ax which he had caused to be made for the destruction of the Saracens; took the town of Lymasour by assault; broke down with his own hand the doors of the prison where his men were confined; and made himself ample amends, by the pillage of the citizens, for the loss of his treasure.

This success was so sudden, that the emperor, who was at some distance from the town, had only time to collect the few troops which were within reach, and to encamp them for the night, after sending in all directions for succours, with which he hoped to face the enemy on the following day. In the mean while the punctual steward repaired to Richard with the keys, the hundred knights, and the young lady; at the same time promising to conduct the English army by an unsuspected road into the midst of the emperor's camp; and the king, after suitable acknowledgments for his various services,

—— swore by God, our savioùr,
His nose should be bought well sour.

As the success of his enterprise depended

solely on dispatch, he selected from his army one thousand well-mounted knights, put himself at their head, and, marching rapidly by moonlight under the guidance of the steward, arrived before day-break so near the enemy as to discover the position of the emperor's tent, which was very conspicuous from the rich silks of which it was formed, as well as from its being surmounted by a heron of burnished gold. The invaders being now discovered, and the alarm rapidly spreading through the camp, they rushed forward towards this tent; overset all who attempted to oppose them; made a slaughter of twenty thousand vile Griffons; but arrived too late to seize the emperor, who had made his escape on the first alarm. But the booty taken in the field was immense; the imperial pavilion, which was immediately embarked and carried to Acres as a trophy, was itself a treasure; the plate alone was a full indemnification for all that the English had lost; besides which, Richard became master of two beautiful steeds, which he considered as invaluable, the celebrated Favel and Lyard——

> In the world was not their peer;
> Dromedary, nor Destrere,

Steed Rabyte, ne Camayl
That ran so swift sans fail.
For a thousand pounds of gold
Should not that one be sold.

The emperor now found, on reviewing the events of the last twenty-four hours, that, by cutting off his steward's nose, he had lost his daughter, his capital, his army, and his treasure; and very wisely concluded that he could only hope to save what remained of his territory by unconditional submission. He therefore sent an embassy to the English monarch, offering to become his vassal, and to do him homage, on the sole condition of being left in peace and quiet; and Richard, considering that the restoration of the steward's face was quite hopeless, graciously condescended to accept the terms, after the full restitution of the pillage committed on his ships. Accordingly the emperor, publicly falling on his knees before the king, embraced his feet, humbly asked for mercy, and received assurances of future protection. The remainder of the day was dedicated to festivity, and the vassal emperor was magnificently entertained at the table of his sovereign. But, on his return to the palace, it unfortunately occurred to him, that if his

former violence had made him hateful, his late meanness and cowardice had rendered him contemptible: he therefore once more changed his mind, and, regardless of the oaths which he had just taken, summoned his barons, and requested their assistance to rescue his dominions from the indignity of being subject to a foreign tyrant. This act of treachery was immediately communicated to the conqueror, by whom the emperor, after being abandoned by his subjects, was now ordered into irons, and transported on board a galley for the purpose of being conveyed as a prisoner to Acres.

Richard now prepared for his grand expedition, and, having confided the government of Cyprus to the earl of Leicester, set sail for Syria with a fleet of two hundred transports under convoy of fifteen well-armed galleys. For the first ten days the weather was perfectly favourable; but on the eleventh they met with a violent storm, during which it was difficult to prevent the dispersion of the armament. At length the sky cleared, and they discovered in the offing a *dromound*, or ship of burthen of vast size, and laden nearly to the water's edge. Alain Trenchemer was dispatched, in a light vessel, to inquire whither she was bound, whose property she was,

and what was her cargo? and was answered by a *latimer* (an interpreter) that she came from Apulia, was laden with provisions for the use of the French army, and was bound to Acres. But Alain, perceiving only one man on deck, who answered his questions, insisted on seeing the rest of the crew, whom he suspected to be Saracens; and, after a few evasions on the part of the latimer, the whole ship's company suddenly came upon deck, and answered him by a general shout of defiance. Alain hastily returned with this report to the king; who, arming himself with all expedition, threw himself into a galley, and ordered his rowers to make every possible exertion.

"Roweth on fast! Who that is faint,
"In evil water may he be dreynt!"
They rowed hard, and sung thereto
"With hevelow and rumbeloo."

Richard's impatience being thus seconded by the zeal of the men, the galley flew like an arrow from a cross-bow; and Alain steered the vessel with such skill, that, encountering the stern of the dromound, it cut off a considerable part of her quarter. The king made every effort to board; but the deck was covered with well-

armed Saracens; and others from the "top castles" assaulted the galleys with such showers of heavy stones, that Richard was in the most imminent danger. At length, seven more galleys being detached to his assistance, and the enemies attacked in every direction, he sprang on board of the dromound, and, setting his back against the mast, clove many of the Saracens to the middle, cut off the heads of others, and amputated arms and legs in every direction, till the unbelievers, who at first consisted of 1600 men, were reduced to 30.

The king found in the dromound, sans fail,
Mickle store, and great vitail,
Many barrels full of fire-gregeys;
And many thousand bow Turkeis;
Hooked arrows, and quarelles.
They found there full many barrels
Of wheat, and wine great plentè;
Gold and silver, and ilke daintey.
Of treasure he had not half the mound
That in the dromound was yfound,
For it drowned in the flood,
Ere half uncharged were that good.

After this important capture, which greatly

contributed to decide the fate of Acres, the English fleet proceeded on their voyage to Syria; but were met off the coast by a spy, who reported that the harbour had lately been rendered inaccessible, by means of a vast chain of iron which the Saracens had stretched across the entrance. Richard immediately resolved to begin his career of glory by overcoming this unexpected obstacle. Selecting the largest and strongest galley in the fleet, he filled it with his stoutest rowers; took his station on the bows of the vessel, which was urged by the united force of sails and oars; ordered Trenchemer to direct it against the centre of the chain; and, watching the moment of its utmost extension, struck it so violently with his battle-ax that it gave way, and yielded a passage to the whole fleet, which passed into the harbour amidst the acclamations of the sailors.

The first night of their arrival was passed in rejoicings. Wine, piment, and claré, were circulated in abundance; trumpets, tabours, and Saracen horns sounded continually; wild fire was thrown up into the sky; Greek fire scattered over the sea; various illuminations were exhibited; and the mangonels and other military engines, among which was a very extraordinary

wind-mill, were displayed for the purpose of striking terror into the enemy.

On the following morning Richard received the congratulations of the king of France, of the emperor, and of all the Christian princes assembled at the siege; after which the archbishop of Pisa paid him a private visit in his tent, and related to him very circumstantially all the military operations which had taken place during the preceding seven years. By this it appeared that, the Saracens being in possession of all the strong posts in the country, it had been necessary for the Christians in the first instance to fortify their camp; which they did with great labour, digging a wide and deep ditch, protected at intervals by barbicans of solid masonry: that Saladin, with a vast army, had immediately besieged them in this intrenchment: that the Christians had made a sally, in which, after an obstinate conflict, they appeared to have the advantage, till, a number of their knights being engaged in the pursuit of a horse magnificently caparisoned, the Saracens turned and defeated them, with the loss of the emperor of Germany, earl Janin of *Playnspagne*, earl Ferrers of England, and eleven thousand men: that Saladin, having cast the dead bodies into the reservoir from which the

Christians drew their supply of water, had occasioned a pestilence in their camp, which carried off no less than forty thousand: that twelve hundred of their best knights had lost their lives in a naval enterprise, intended to surprise a vessel laden with wheat and other necessaries for the supply of the Saracen army: that fifteen thousand had fallen through a stratagem of the garrison of Acres, who, affecting to despise the Christians, had established a camp at some distance from the town, which they filled with articles of value, and thus decoyed the Christians to an attack; but, returning to the charge as soon as the assailants were encumbered with the booty, defeated them with great slaughter: that after this the Christians had again recovered a temporary superiority by the arrival of the earls of Champagne and Bretagne with their forces, and afterwards by that of Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, with his nephew Hubert Gauter, together with Randolph de Glanville, John the Neal, his brother Miles, and other English knights; but that even these succours had barely supplied the vacancy occasioned by the inclemency of the seasons, and by a dreadful famine, in which sixty thousand Christians had perished.

King Richard wept with his eyen both,
And thus he said to him for sooth:
" Sir Bishop, bid thou for us,
" That might me send sweet Jesùs
" His foes all to destroy,
" That they no more us annoy!"
King Richard took leave, and lept on steed—

He rode round the intrenchment, and, having carefully surveyed the ground, made choice of an eminence near St Thomas's hospital for the position of his " *Mate-Griffon.*" This was a wooden tower of great magnitude, the frame-work of which had occupied thirteen ships. From its top he was enabled to discover all the defences of the garrison; and, having fixed a mangonel in a proper direction, he ordered his music to sound the signal of assault, and caused his bee-hives to be thrown from the mangonel among the besieged. At the same time he set up his " Robinet," a more powerful species of mangonel, which continued to discharge stones of enormous size against the works, and instructed his miners to direct their mines against " *Maudit-Coloun,*" a fortification which protected one side of the city; while, from the summit of the Mate-Griffon, he watched the motions of the besieged,

and gave a proper direction to the showers of darts which were incessantly discharged by his archers. The Saracens were particularly annoyed by the bees, which molested them on every side.

And said, "King Richard was full fell
"When his flies biten so well!"

The confusion was such that they knew not on which side to turn their attention. Great numbers were slaughtered; much of the outward wall was ruined by the miners; and the danger became so pressing, that the garrison were employed during great part of the night in making fires in the highest parts of the town as signals of distress.

Saladin, who was encamped at ten miles distance, immediately marched to their succour. His cavalry was formed in four divisions, marshalled under their respective standards. The first was red, bearing three griffons, and a bend azure; the second green, exhibiting a contest between a dragon and a lion; the third blue, without any device; the fourth white, with three Saracens' heads sable. This last was commanded by *Sir Saladin* in person, accompanied by

his nephew *Mirayn-Momelyn*. The four divisions of knights or horsemen amounted to three hundred and six thousand, and they were attended by sixty thousand infantry, bearing rushes and hay in bundles, for the purpose of filling up the ditch of the Christian camp.

Richard was at this time confined to his tent by a fever, in consequence of the fatigue to which he devoted himself in that dangerous climate; and the want of such a leader was near being fatal to the Christians. But Philip, though surprised by the suddenness of the attack, which menaced him on every quarter, conducted the defence with such ability, that the Saracens, after an obstinate conflict, in which many men were killed on both sides, were ultimately compelled to retire. Some of their number, who, by the impetuosity of the first assault, had penetrated within the intrenchments, were taken prisoners, and instantly put to death.

The best leeches in the camp were unable to effect the cure of Richard's ague; but the prayers of the army were more successful. He became convalescent, and the first symptom of his recovery was a violent longing for pork. But pork was not likely to be plentiful in a country whose inhabitants had an abhorrence for swine's-flesh; and

—— though his men should be hanged,
They ne might, in that countrèy,
For gold, ne silver, ne no monèy,
No pork find, take, ne get,
That king Richard might aught of eat.
An old knight, with Richard biding,
When he heard of that tiding,
That the kingis wants were swyche,
To the steward he spake privyliche.
" Our lord the king sore is sick, I wis,
" After pork he alonged is;
" Ye may none find to selle:
" No man be hardy him so to telle!
" If he did, he might die.
" Now behoves to done as I shall say,
" That he wete nought of that.
" Takes a Saracen, young and fat;
" In haste let the thief be slain,
" Opened, and his skin off flayn;
" And sodden, full hastily,
" With powder, and with spicery,
" And with saffron of good colour.
" When the king feels thereof savour,
" Out of ague if he be went,
" He shall have thereto good talènt.
" When he has a good taste,
" And eaten well a good repast,

" And supped of the *brewis* * a sup,
" Slept after, and swet a drop,
" Through Godis help, and my counsail,
" Soon he shall be fresh and hail."
The sooth to say, at wordes few,
Slain and sodden was the heathen shrew.
Before the king it was forth brought:
Quod his men, "Lord, we have pork sought;
" Eates and suppes of the brewis *soote*,†
" Thorough grace of God it shall be your boot."
Before king Richard carff a knight,
He ate faster than he carve might.
The king ate the flesh, and *gnew*‡ the bones,
And drank well after for the nonce.
And when he had eaten enough,
His folk hem turned away, and *lough*.§
He lay still, and drew in his arm;
His chamberlain him wrapped warm.
He lay and slept, and swet a stound,
And became whole and sound.
King Richard clad him, and arose,
And walked abouten in the close.

In the mean time the Christians had continued to act on the defensive, and Saladin to harass

* Broth. † Sweet. ‡ Gnawed. § Laughed.

them by daily assaults; so that Richard heard with astonishment and indignation the cries of the enemy at no great distance from his tent. He instantly called for his armour, sprang upon his horse, grasped his battle-ax, rushed upon the Saracens, and killed with his own hands all who ventured to oppose him; while his troops, confident of victory under his direction, closely followed him through the ranks of the enemies, and spread slaughter and desolation round them. Saladin, astonished at the impetuosity of an attack, which he had not foreseen, from a dispirited and nearly vanquished enemy, was at length compelled to sound a retreat; and, with the loss of his whole rear-guard, to resume his old position near the town of Gage, at ten miles distance from the field of battle. The Christians, wearied with slaughter, returned to their camp; and Richard, though fully aware of the extent of his success, stationed his guards with the same exactness as if the enemy had still menaced his intrenchments.

When king Richard had rested a whyle,
A knight his arms gan unlace,
Him to comfort and solàce.

Him was brought a sop in wine.
" The head of that ilke swine,
" That I of ate! (the cook he bade)
" For feeble I am, and faint, and mad.
" Of mine evil now I am fear;
" Serve me therewith at my soupere!"
Quod the cook, " That head I ne have."
Then said the king, " So God me save,
" But I see the head of that swine,
" For sooth, thou shalt lesen thine!"
The cook saw none other might be;
He fet the head, and let him see.
He fell on knees, and made a cry,
" Lo here the head! my lord, mercy!"

The cook had certainly some reason to fear that his master would be struck with horror at the recollection of the dreadful banquet to which he owed his recovery, but his fears were soon dissipated.

The *swarte vis* * when the king seeth,
His black beard, and white teeth,
How his lippes grinned wide,
" What devil is this?" the king cried,

* Black face.

And gan to laugh as he were wode.
" What? is Saracen's flesh thus good?
" That, never erst, I nought wist!
" By Godes death, and his up-rist,
" Shall we never die for default,
" While we may, in any assault,
" Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,
" And seethen, and rosten, and do hem bake,
" [And] Gnawen her flesh to the bones!
" Now I have it proved once,
" For hunger ere I be wo,
" I and my folk shall eat mo!

On the following day, Richard renewed the assault on the city; and the besieged, having no further hope of succour, humbly demanded a parley. A latimer was dispatched to the kings of France and England, with instructions to offer on the part of Saladin the surrender of Acres, with the whole of Syria, as far as the river Jordan, on condition that the Christians should pay to the sultan a yearly tribute of ten thousand bezants; or that they should consent, in lieu of this tribute, to invest the marquis of Montferrand with the sovereignty of the ceded countries. Richard could no longer repress his fury. The marquis, he said, was a traitor, who had

robbed the knights hospitalers of sixty thousand pounds, the present of his father Henry; that he was a renegade, whose treachery had occasioned the loss of Acres; and he concluded by a solemn oath, that he would cause him to be drawn to pieces by wild horses, if he should ever venture to pollute the Christian camp by his presence. Philip attempted to intercede in favour of the marquis, and, throwing down his glove, offered to become a pledge for his fidelity to the Christians; but his offer was rejected, and he was obliged to give way to Richard's impetuosity. The latimer then proposed the surrender of the town, on the sole condition of safety and immunity to the inhabitants; that all the public treasure, arms, and military machines should become the property of the victors, together with a further ransom of one hundred thousand bezants; and that the holy cross should be immediately restored; the garrison remaining prisoners of war till the full performance of these conditions. Richard having declared himself satisfied, the capitulation received the assent of the other Christian princes, and they took possession of the town. The booty shared by the victors was enormous; numbers of Christian captives were liberated; and among the rest fifteen

knights of distinction, whom Richard immediately took into his pay, after liberally supplying them with arms, clothing, and money, from his share of the plunder.

Though the garrison had faithfully performed the other articles of their contract, they were unable to restore the cross, which was not in their possession, and were therefore treated by the Christians with great cruelty. Daily reports of their sufferings were carried to Saladin; and, as many of them were persons of the highest distinction, that monarch, at the solicitation of their friends, dispatched an embassy to king Richard, with magnificent presents, which he offered for the ransom of the captives. The ambassadors were persons the most respectable from their age, their rank, and their eloquence. They delivered their message in terms of the utmost humility; and, without arraigning the justice of the conqueror in his severe treatment of their countrymen, only solicited a period to that severity; laying at his feet the treasures with which they were entrusted, and pledging themselves and their master for the payment of any further sums which he might demand as the price of mercy.

King Richard spake with wordes mild,
" The gold to take God me shield!
" Among you *partes** every charge.
" I brought, in shippes and in barge,
" More gold and silver with me,
" Than has your lord, and swilke three.
" To his treasure have I no need!
" But, for my love, I you bid,
" To meat with me that ye dwell;
" And afterward I shall you tell.
" Thorough counsel I shall you answèr,
" What *bode*† ye shall to your lord bear."

The invitation was gratefully accepted. Richard, in the mean time, gave secret orders to his marshal that he should repair to the prison, select a certain number of the most distinguished captives, and, after carefully noting their names on a roll of parchment, cause their heads to be instantly struck off: that these heads should be delivered to the cook, with instructions to clear away the hair, and, after boiling them in a cauldron, to distribute them on several platters, one to each guest, observing to fasten on the forehead of each the piece of parchment expressing the name and family of the victim:

* Divide. † Message.

" An hot head bring me beforn,
" As I were well apayed withall,
" Eat thereof fast I shall;
" As it were a tender chick,
" To see how the others will like."

This horrible order was punctually executed. At noon the guests were summoned to wash by the music of the waits; the king took his seat, attended by the principal officers of his court, at the high table, and the rest of the company were marshalled at a long table below him. On the cloth were placed portions of salt at the usual distances, but neither bread, wine, nor water. The ambassadors, rather surprised at this omission, but still free from apprehension, awaited in silence the arrival of the dinner, which was announced by the sound of pipes, trumpets, and tabours; and beheld, with horror and dismay, the unnatural banquet introduced by the steward and his officers. Yet their sentiments of disgust and abhorrence, and even their fears, were for a time suspended by their curiosity. Their eyes were fixed on the king, who, without the slightest change of countenance, swallowed the morsels as fast as they could be supplied by the knight who carved them.

Every man then poked other;[1]
They said, "This is the devil's brother,
"That slays our men, and thus hem eats!"

Their attention was then involuntarily fixed on the smoking heads before them: they traced in the swoln and distorted features the resemblance of a friend or near relation; and received from the fatal scroll which accompanied each dish the sad assurance that this resemblance was not imaginary. They sat in torpid silence, anticipating their own fate in that of their countrymen; while their ferocious entertainer, with fury in his eyes, but with courtesy on his lips, insulted them by frequent invitations to merriment. At length this first course was removed, and its place supplied by venison, cranes, and other dainties, accompanied by the richest wines. The king then apologized to them for what had passed, which he attributed to his ignorance of their taste; and assured them of his religious respect for their character as ambassadors, and of his readiness to grant them a safe conduct for their return. This boon was all that they now wished to claim; and,

King Richard spake to an old man,
"Wendes home to your soudan!

" His melancholy that ye abate;
" And sayes that ye came too late.
" Too slowly was your time y-guessed;
" Ere ye came, the flesh was dressed,
" That men shoulden serve with me,
" Thus at noon, and my meynie.
" Say him, it shall him nought avail,
" Though he for-bar us our vitail,
" Bread, wine, fish, flesh, salmon, and conger;
" Of us none shall die with hunger,
" While we may wenden to fight,
" And slay the Saracens downright,
" Wash the flesh and roast the head.
" With *oo** Saracen, I may well feed.
" Well a nine or a ten
" Of my good Christian men.
" King Richard shall warrant,
" There is no flesh so nourissant
" Unto an English man,
" Partridge, plover, heron, ne swan,
" Cow ne ox, sheep ne swine,
" As the head of a Sarezyn.
" There he is fat, and thereto tender;
" And my men be lean and slender.
" While any Saracen quick be,
" Livand now in this Syrie,

* One.

" For meat will we nothing care.
" Abouten fast we shall fare,
" And every day we shall eat
" All so many as we may get.
" To England will we nought gon,
" Till they be eaten every one."

The ambassadors returned with this answer to Saladin, and repeated very exactly every circumstance of the dreadful scene which they had so lately witnessed; adding, that the heads which they had been enabled to examine belonged to the princes of Damascus, Nineveh, Persia, Samaria, Egypt, and Africa. Saladin heard the recital with indignation; but his council were struck with terror, and besought their sultan to procure, if possible, by fresh solicitations and more splendid offers, the restoration of the captives who still remained in the hands of the Christians. A second embassy was therefore dispatched to Richard, with the offer of a fair partition of the sovereignty in all the empire subject to Saladin, on condition of his renouncing the Christian faith, and embracing that of Mahomet. But Richard disdained to accept as a favour what he hoped to extort by force; and, being incensed beyond measure at the condition

annexed to the offer, sternly replied, that if the holy cross were not brought to him on the following day, every prisoner taken at Acres should then be sacrificed. The ambassador answered, that a compliance with this article was impossible, because the cross could not be found; and Richard gave orders for the immediate execution of sixty thousand captives.

They were led into the place full even.
There they heard angels of heaven;
They said, "Seigneurs, tuez, tuez!
"Spares hem nought, and beheadeth these!"
King Richard heard the angels' voice,
And thanked God, and the holy cross.

The author of the romance, considering that murder, conducted on so grand a scale, at the expence of unbelievers, and expressly enjoined by angels, could not fail of communicating great pleasure to the reader, has here introduced the following episodical description of spring:

Merry is, in time of May,
When fowlis sing in her lay.
Floweres on apple-trees and perry;
Small fowlis sing merry.

Ladies strew her bowers
With red roses and lilly flowers.
Great joy is in frith and lake;
Beast and bird plays with his make;
The damiseles lead dance;
Knights play with shield and lance;
In justs and tournaments they ride;
Many a case hem betide!
Many chances and strokes hard!
So befell to king Richard.

These "many chances" were the result of an unfortunate misunderstanding with the king of France. Richard, it seems, at an entertainment which he gave to the Christian princes, in honour of the capture of Acres, had distributed among the heralds *disours*, *tabourers*, and *trompours*, who accompanied him, the greater part of the money, jewels, horses, and fine robes, which had fallen to his share; and had bestowed allotments of land on his earls and barons, after which he strongly urged to Philip the necessity of following his example. The advice was, perhaps, very good; but good advice is an article whose value is not fixed by any known rate of exchange; and Philip, whose parsimony was not at all ostentatious, was offended by this pub-

lic discussion of his character. Richard, however, no less prodigal of his instruction than of his money, continued to give him a variety of lessons for his guidance during the campaign which was about to recommence; insisting, above all, that he should never be tempted by any ransom to spare the life of an unbeliever, but should put to the sword, without hesitation, all the Saracens whom he should not be able to convert to Christianity. The result was, that Philip promised implicit obedience; but left the dinner with a fixed determination of acting, on every occasion, in direct opposition to the wishes of the king of England.

Such, indeed, is, in the opinion of our author, the general character of Frenchmen.

The Frenche men be covetous.
When they sit at a tavèrne,
There they be stout and stern
Boastful wordes for to crack,
And of her deeds *yelping** make.
Little worth they are, and mickle proud.
Fight they can, with wordes loud,
And tell, no man is her peer;
But, when they come to the *myster*, †

* Boasting. † Work, *métier*, Fr.

And see men begin strokes deal,
Anon they *gunne** to turn her heel;
And gunne to drawen in her horns,
As a snail among the thorns.

Philip's first expedition was against the city of *Taburette*, of which he formed the blockade. The Saracens immediately offered terms of capitulation, and Philip consented to accept a ransom of one bezant per head for the inhabitants and garrison, on condition that they should take the oath of fealty to him, and display his banners on the high tower of the citadel. His stay in this town was no longer than was necessary to receive the stipulated tribute, after which he marched to *Archane*, and, having collected a similar ransom from its inhabitants, returned with great military pomp to Acres.

Richard, having reviewed the remainder of the Christian army, found it to consist of 100,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry, besides the usual attendants on a camp. Among the warriors who composed it were

—His *eme* † Henry of Champagne
And his master Robert of Leycettre,

* Begin. † Uncle.

Robert de Tourneham, Sir Fulk Doyley, Sir Thomas Moulton, and Sir Bertram, a valiant baron of Brindisi. The king harangued the army, explaining to them the object and motives of the war, and strictly enjoined them not to be satisfied with the apparent submission of an insidious enemy, but to put to the sword, without mercy, all who should refuse to embrace Christianity. He divided the forces into three parts, for the purpose of undertaking, at the same time, the sieges of *Sudan Surry*, *Orglyous*, and *Ebedy*; and, having taken to himself the direction of the first, entrusted the second to Moulton, and the third to Doyley.

Richard, being arrived before the city of Sudan, made every apparent preparation for a regular siege, took possession of all the avenues to the gates, brought his battering engines to bear on the walls, and discharged from his cross-bows large flights of arrows upon the garrison. But a nearer survey soon convinced him that the walls might be safely attempted by escalade. He therefore dispatched a body of three thousand picked men, provided with scaling-ladders of an enormous size, to attempt a distant and unguarded part of the works, while he, by a feigned attack on the principal gate, attracted

the whole attention of the garrison. The stratagem succeeded. The Christians made their way into the town unperceived, pressed forward towards the principal gate, overpowered the detached bodies of the enemy who successively opposed them, and let down the draw-bridge, over which Richard, who had learned the success of his contrivance by the confusion observed among the besieged, instantly made his way, attended by Sir Robert de Tourneham, Robert of Leycester, and Sir Bertram. The whole army followed, and put the entire garrison, together with the inhabitants, to the sword.

Sir Thomas de Moulton was indebted for his success against Castel Orglyous to the sagacity with which he discovered and circumvented a stratagem of the enemy. A Christian renegade arrived in the English camp, with the plausible story of his having escaped from prison, to which he had been confined on account of his faith, and with an offer of introducing the assailants, by a secure and unsuspected avenue, into the town. Sir Thomas, suspecting his treachery, gave instant orders that his ears should be slit, and that he should be hanged up by the heels in sight of the enemy; when the renegade, falling on his knees, confessed his intention, and ex-

plained the project contrived for the destruction of the Christians. It seems, that under the draw-bridge of the town was a pit of great depth, and a trap-door, in the bridge itself, was so contrived as to open with the weight of a man, and to close again by a spring, after having precipitated the assailants into the abyss. The renegade added, that the Saracens were much afraid of the English military engines, the dreadful effect of which had been fully proved at the siege of Acres. He therefore recommended that Sir Thomas should order some great stones to be discharged against the principal buildings, and pledged himself, if he might be permitted to re-enter the town, he would procure its immediate surrender. Lastly, he humbly petitioned that, if the English should become, through his means, masters of the town, Sir Thomas would be pleased to *grant him a boon*; which the general graciously promised. The renegade was now dismissed, the discharge of the *mangonels* was ordered, and the success of these measures was soon evinced by the arrival of deputies from the town, with offers of unconditional surrender. Sir Thomas insisted that the treacherous pit should be immediately filled, and the draw-bridge removed; and his orders being

readily obeyed, he took possession of the citadel. The renegade now came forward to claim his *boon;* which extended no further than to a request of mere subsistence during the remainder of his life, which he proposed to spend in acts of penance and contrition. He then received absolution from a priest; and Sir Thomas, much edified by his piety, from that moment retained him near his person.

In the mean time the Saracens, being well aware that they should speedily be compelled to renounce their religion, had laid a plot to murder Sir Thomas and all his officers during the night; and the English, having indulged too freely in the use

> —— of bread and wine,
> Piment, clarry, good and fine,
> Of cranes, and swans, and venison,
> Partridges, plovers, and heròn,
> Of larks and small volatile,—

were on the point of being sacrificed to the treachery of the infidels. But the new convert, suspecting the design of his former associates, fortunately detected the plot at the moment of its intended execution, and carried the information

to Sir Thomas, who revenged the attempt by the indiscriminate slaughter of all the inhabitants.

The siege of Ebedy, which had been intrusted to Sir Fulk Doyley, presented far greater difficulties, the garrison being at least equal in number to the attacking army. The English mangonels, however, were so well served, that the principal towers were nearly ruined; and the breach appearing practicable, Sir Fulk ordered his army to the assault. But it was now discovered that the depth of the ditch, and the height of the walls, still presented an insuperable obstacle; the assailants were slaughtered in great numbers, and it became necessary to sound a retreat. Sir Fulk then collected a number of fascines, with which, and rubbish, the ditch was partly filled; the military engines were brought nearly to the feet of the wall; stones, arrows, and wild fire were discharged into the town; and the besieged were so effectually harassed, that they at length resolved to attempt their deliverance by a battle in the open field, rather than encounter the risk of being buried under the ruins of their city. They therefore sallied out in such numbers as to astonish the English commander—

There they rode, all the earth
Under their horse' feet it quoke:
Sir Fulk beheld, and gan to look.

His little army looked also with much attention, and some alarm, at the military pomp of sixty amirals, and a far-stretched body of brilliant cavalry, whose numbers, when computed by their fear, amounted to at least 80,000. But Sir Fulk, having represented to them that victory is in the hands of Heaven, fell on his knees, and after a short prayer, in which he was joined by the troops, seizing the moment of their enthusiasm, led them on to battle. The Saracens, whose general, Sir Arcade, was killed by Sir Fulk, were at length routed; their retreat towards the town was intercepted; and such as escaped the swords of the soldiers were knocked down and killed by the "foot-folk and simple knaves" of the English camp, who displayed great activity in destroying and stripping the fugitives.

No man would the dogs bury;
Christian men rested, and made hem merry;
Of good wine ilk man drank a draught,
And when that they heart had caught,

Cooled hem, and keeped her state,
Anon they broke the town gate.

Here, of course, the slaughter recommenced. Men, women, and children, were indiscriminately put to death, and the town given up to pillage; after which Sir Fulk, having left a garrison in the place, marched to join Sir Thomas at Castel Orglyous, and proceeded with him to the royal army at Sudan Surry, from whence they returned with Richard to the general rendezvous at Acres.

It was requisite to spend some time in this city for the purpose of curing the wounded, and of recruiting the strength of the army after their fatigues; and the interval was employed in feasts in honour of their victories. At one of these entertainments Richard proposed that each general should relate the events of the expedition he commanded; and set the example by reciting the slaughter of the infidels at Sudan Surry. Sir Thomas and Sir Fulk no less successfully vindicated themselves from any imputation of remorse or pity for the vanquished Saracens; the latter observing,

" *Gayned* hem* no mercy cry:
" What should dogges do but die?
" All the folk hopped head-less:
" In this manner I made peace."

The king of France next told of his having reduced the towns of Taburette and Archane; but when he was forced to confess that both places were still inhabited by infidels, he was severely rebuked by Richard, who represented to him that his newly-acquired subjects would soon be seen among the foremost of his enemies; and that, for the gratification of his own avarice, he had, by his pretended mercy, endangered the success of the common cause. A new expedition was now undertaken against both towns; and at both Philip was received, as Richard had predicted, with contempt and defiance: but the French army was now accompanied by that of the English, and of all the Christian powers; and the resistance of the Saracen garrisons only led to their utter destruction.

Philip, though he partook largely of the profit, had little share in the glory of this expedition; and his wounded pride led him to thwart, on every future occasion, the measures of his too

* It availed them.

illustrious rival. This disunion of the chiefs was soon manifested by its consequences.

The united army next proceeded towards Cayphas, following the sea-coast, for the purpose of receiving the necessary supplies by water.

> Against hem comen her navey,
> *Cogges*,* and dromounds, many galley,
> Barges, *schoutes*, *trayeres fele*,†
> That were charged with all weal,
> With armour, and with other vitail,
> That nothing in the host should fail.

The weather was intensely hot; their march, it should seem, rather disorderly; and this disorder was much increased by an accident,

> Thorough a cart, that was Hubert's Gautire,
> That was set al in a mire.

Saladin, always watchful and enterprising, had followed the Christians at no great distance with a chosen body of cavalry, and, being informed by his spies of their temporary confusion,

* A vessel of which the name still may be traced in the term *cock-boat*. Bailey's Dict. † Schuyts, and many long boats resembling *trays* or *troughs*.

instantly fell like lightning on their rear-guard, routed it with great slaughter, and nearly accomplished the defeat of the whole army. Richard, with the gallant *Longuespée*, hastened to the spot, and, after performing prodigies of valour, rallied the fugitives, and enabled them to make head against the enemy. But the heat of the weather, and the clouds of dust which a scorching wind drove full in their faces, was more destructive than the sword of the Saracens. The king, almost exhausted by fatigue, began to despair of success.

On his knees he gan down fall;
" Help ! (to Jesu he gan call)
" For love of thy mother Mary !"
And, as I find in his story,
He saw come St George the knight,
Upon a steed good and light,
In arms white as the flour,
With a cross of red colour.
All that he met in that stound,
Horse and man, went to ground.
And the wind gan wax lythe—

A succour so miraculous and opportune instantly restored the strength and spirits of the

Christians. Richard, Longue-épée, Sir Bertram, and Sir Robert Turneham united their efforts: the Saracens were forced to give way, and ultimately fled in confusion, and with the loss of their best troops, to the mountains of Nazareth; and the allied army, resuming their march, arrived in safety at Cayphas, where they celebrated a solemn thanksgiving in honour of their victory.

On the following day the Christians pursued their route to the city of *Palestine*, where they encamped to wait for their provisions. The fleet was most unfortunately delayed by various accidents; and Saladin took advantage of this interval to dismantle all the fortified places in the district, for the purpose of confining them to the coast, from the want of secure magazines. The romance enumerates the castles of Mirabel, Calaphyne, Seracye, Arsour, Jaffa, Touroun, Castle-Pilgrim, La Fere, St George de Reyne, together with the walls of Bethlem and Jerusalem: the only places spared being Maiden-castle, and the castle of Aukesland. After these measures the sultan dispatched messengers to Richard, inviting him to decide the campaign by a decisive battle in the plain of Arsour; and the challenge was accepted without hesitation.

This important conflict is described more circumstantially than intelligibly. The Saracen forces drawn from all parts of Saladin's extensive empire,

> Of mo lands than any can tell,
> Save he that made heaven and hell,

were seen to descend in three divisions from the mountains, and to overspread a vast extent of country. Each division contained 60,000 men:

> Her armour fared al as it brent!
> Three thousand Turks came at the last
> With bow-Turkeys, and arrowblast.
> A thousand tabours, and yet mo,
> All at once they smiten tho.
> All the earth *donied* * hem under!

Richard, in imitation of Saladin, formed his army also in three divisions; the first, consisting of the Knights Templars and Hospitalers, being led by *Jaques Devayns*, and John de Neles; the second by the duke of Burgundy and the earl of Boulogne; and the third by himself, with

* Dinned, sounded.

Doyley, Tourneham, and the earls of Salisbury and Leycester.

The battle commenced by a furious charge of the Knights Templars; but Jaques Devayns, attended only by his two sons, being carried too far by his impetuosity, was suddenly surrounded, and cut off from the possibility of retreat. The gallant veteran, being ably seconded by his sons, fought with so much desperation, that the bodies were found after the battle surrounded by those of nine-and-twenty Saracens. Richard no sooner learnt the danger of the Christian chief than he hastened to his rescue, broke through the ranks of the enemy, and, finding that he had arrived too late, was animated with such a desire of vengeance as seemed to double his usual prowess.

Of my tale be not a-wonder'd!
The French says he slew an hundred
(Whereof is made this English saw)
Or he rested him any *thraw*.*
Him followed many an English knight,
That eagerly holp him for to fight;
And laid on, as they were wode,
Till valleys rannen all of blood.—

* Time.

Many a man there slew other;
Many a Saracen lost there his brother;
And many of the Heathen hounds
With her teeth gnew on the grounds.
By the blood upon the grass
Men might see where Richard was!—
Six thousand and seven score,
At once, he drove him before,
Up against an high cliff;
They fled as deer that had be drive;
And, for dread of king Richard,
Off the cliff they flew downward,
And all *to-brast*,* horse and men,
That never none come to life of hem.

The rout now became general. Saladin himself fled from the field in despair, and was pursued by Richard; who, finding his horse unequal to the speed of his enemy, seized a bow from a foot soldier, and, directing an arrow against the sultan, wounded him in the shoulder. Sixty thousand Saracens fell in this battle, and their camp was pillaged by the Christians.

King Richard took the pavillouns,
Of sendal, and of cyclatoun.

* Burst, perished.

They were shape of castels;
Of gold and silver the pencels.
Many were the fair gest
Thereon were written, and wild beast,
Tigers, dragons, lions, leopard;
All this wan the king Richard.
Bouden coffers, and great *mails*,*
He had there withouten tales.
Of treasure they had so mickle *wone*,†
They wist no where their good to done.

After the battle the army rested at Arsour, and Richard's first care was to discover the body of the heroic Devayns, which he immediately sent off, under the care of Sir Gautier, chief of the Hospitalers, to be interred with all due honours at Jerusalem.

It was now determined to attempt, without further delay, the siege of Nineveh; but intelligence being received that the Saracens were assembling in great numbers in the plain of Odoh, it became necessary to defeat them in the first instance. Richard, dividing the Christians into four parts, directed them to take different routes, so as to arrive on the field and make their attack on four opposite points: he also ordered them

* Boxes, packages, Fr. † Plenty.

to display only the Saracen standards which they had captured in the field of Arsour. By this stratagem the enemy were completely surprised and routed, excepting a small body, which, not being pressed with sufficient vigour by Philip's division, retreated in good order to Nineveh.

The siege of that city was next undertaken; and the military engines being brought up to the walls, the mangonels began to cast stones, and at the same time

> *Arrowblast of vys,** with quarrell,
> With staff-slings that smite well,
> With *trepeyettes* † they slungen also;
> That wrought hem full mickle wo!
> And blew wild fire in trumpes of gin
> To mickle sorrow to hem within.

But these tardy operations were soon suspended by a proposal from the garrison, to which king Richard most joyfully consented; viz. that the fate of the place and of its dependencies should be decided by a combat between three

* Arbalête à vis, Fr. a cross-bow, the string of which was drawn by a screw. † A species of catapulta: trebuchetum. See Du Cange in voce.

Saracen and three Christian champions. Sir Archelyn, Sir Condyrbras, and Sir Calabre were respectively opposed to Richard, Sir Thomas Tourneham, and Sir Fulk Doyley, and had the honour of contesting, for a short time, the victory with the three bravest knights in the world. The issue of the combat, however, proved fatal to the Mahometan champions; the city was surrendered; and the garrison and inhabitants, who had been spectators of the battle, being convinced that the best religion was that which conferred military superiority, came in crowds to be baptized, and to follow the standard of the conquerors.

Saladin, in the mean time, had retreated to Babylon, where he again assembled a vast army; but, being surprised by the sudden march of his enemies, was unexpectedly besieged by them in his capital. The Christians, well aware of the advantage of attacking him in a position where his cavalry was perfectly useless, lost no time in completing the blockade. Richard, always indefatigable, harassed the besieged by constant night attacks, in which the flights of quarrells and arrows from his engines did great execution; and during the day employed his mangonels to beat down the outworks and approaches to the

city. In short, the romancer assures us that the destruction of Saladin and his whole army would have been unavoidable, had not Philip been bribed by the vast treasures sent by the besieged, to withdraw his forces, under pretence of wanting provisions, and thus to prevent the continuation of the blockade.

Saladin, being thus enabled to meet the enemy once more in the field, sent a messenger to offer battle; and at the same time a challenge to king Richard, to meet him in single combat in front of the two armies, for the purpose of deciding their respective pretensions, and of ascertaining whether "Jesus or Jupiter" was the more powerful divinity. The challenge was accompanied by the offer of a war-horse, far superior in strength and activity to Favel of Cyprus or Lyard of Prys, (the favourite horses of Richard,) which it was proposed that he should ride on the occasion.

It seems that a necromancer, a "noble clerk," had conjured two "strong fiends of the air" into the likeness of a mare and her colt; and that the younger devil had received instructions to kneel down and suck his dam, as often as she, by neighing, should give him a signal for the purpose. Such an attitude could not but prove

very inconvenient to his rider, who would thus be nearly at the mercy of his antagonist; and it was hoped that Saladin, being mounted on the mare, would obtain an easy victory. Richard, ignorant of this conspiracy against his life and honour, readily accepted all the conditions; the horse was sent on the morning of the battle to the Christian camp; and the hopes of the fiend and of the sultan seemed on the point of being realized.

But, during the preceding night, an angel had appeared to the Christian hero; had related the machinations of the Saracens; had given him full instructions for the management of his diabolical steed; and had presented to him a spear-head, which no armour, however enchanted, was able to resist. At the first dawn of day the hostile armies began to form in order of battle. That of the Saracens, occupying an extent of ten miles in front, threatened to surround the inferior forces of the Christians;

As snow ligges on the mountains,
*Be-helied** were hills and plains,
With hauberk bright and helmes clear.
Of trumpes and of tabourèr

* Covered. Sax.

To hear the noise it was wonder:
As though the earth above and under
Should fallen, so fared the sound!

Richard, however, perfectly indifferent about the numbers of the infidels, pointed them out to his troops as a multitude of victims whom Heaven had destined to sacrifice; and, calling for his arms and horse, immediately prepared for battle.

The fiend-horse being led forth, the king, in conformity to the angel's instructions, conjured him, in the name of the Trinity, to submit to his guidance in the battle; and the fiend having shaken his head in token of acquiescence, he ordered that the creature's ears should be closely stopped with wax, and that he should be caparisoned in the manner prescribed by the messenger of Heaven.

The reins of his bridle, the crupper, the girths, and the *peytrel*,* were of steel chain; the saddle-bows were of iron, and supported two hooks, by which was fixed a ponderous beam of wood, forty feet in length, lying across the horse's mane, and intended to bear down, at every evolution of the animal, whatever body of enemies

* *Poitrail*, Fr. breast-plate.

might attempt to oppose his progress. From the lower part of the saddle-bows were suspended on one side the formidable battle-ax always so fatal to the Saracens, and on the other a brazen club. The king, arrayed in splints of steel, which were again covered by a complete coat of mail; his helmet surmounted by the dove perching on a cross, the symbol of the Holy Ghost; his shield, emblazoned with three leopards, on his shoulder; and bearing in his hand the spear, on whose point was engraven the holy name of God, only waited till the terms of the battle between himself and Saladin should be publicly read, and assented to by both parties; and then, springing into the saddle, set spurs to his steed, and flew with the rapidity of lightning to the encounter.

Saladin, throwing his shield before him, rushed to the charge with equal impetuosity; but, as he trusted principally to his mare, he was unwilling to encumber himself with a spear, and only bore in his hand a broad scymitar, with which he proposed to cut off the head of his prostrate enemy. The mare, indeed, exerted herself to the utmost: she shook with violence the numberless bells with which her bridle and housings were completely covered, and neighed with all

her might; but the colt-fiend, whose ears were closely stopped, was insensible to a noise which almost deafened both armies. Far from relaxing, he seemed to increase his speed, and met his unfortunate dam with a shock which she was not at all prepared to resist.

Her girth and bridle instantly burst; she rolled on the plain: at the same time the spear of Richard passed through the serpent painted on the sultan's shield, penetrated his armour and part of the shoulder, and threw him, with his heels in the air, to a distance on the plain. Richard, without further troubling himself about the sultan or his mare, rode at full speed into the midst of the Saracen phalanx; overset with his beam twenty unbelievers on each side of his saddle; and, whirling his battle-ax, beheaded or clove to the chine every enemy within his reach. The earl of Salisbury, Doyley, Tourneham, and his other brave knights closely followed, and assisted in dissipating such of the enemy as ventured to resist; and Philip, with his Frenchmen, valiantly assailed the fugitives.

The rout soon became general:

> To tell the sooth in all things,
> In the Gest as we find,
> That mo than sixty thousind

Of empty steeds abouten yode,
Up the fetlockes in blood.

In the mean time the citizens of Babylon, seeing from their walls the defeat of their countrymen, opened their gates to the victors; and Saladin, when recovered from his fall, seeing that all was lost, set spurs to his mare, and escaped into a thick wood, where Richard, encumbered by his beam, was unable to follow him.

Of the inhabitants of Babylon the greater number consented to be baptized: those who refused were, as usual, put to the sword; and the riches found in the town were distributed among the conquerors, who, after a fortnight spent in feasts and rejoicing, proceeded on their march towards Jerusalem, the reduction of which seemed to promise no considerable difficulty.

But the jealousy subsisting between the rival monarchs of France and England broke out at this time into an open and irreconcileable quarrel. Philip haughtily insisted that the city of Jerusalem, by whomsoever it might be taken, should be delivered to him, as chief of the Christian army. Richard tauntingly replied, that he must, in that case, undertake the siege with his own army. The dispute was continued in public, and in terms of mutual insult; and Philip ulti-

mately put an end to it by withdrawing from the confederacy. The different Christian chiefs took part in the dissension; and Richard, at the head of a discontented and divided army, proceeded to Jaffa; which, considering it as the key of Palestine, he fortified with the utmost care, and provided with a numerous and select garrison.

From hence the army proceeded to *Chaloyn*, which also it was judged expedient to fortify. Here, for the purpose of hastening the works, Richard and the most zealous chiefs of the Christians took their share of the common labour, by carrying to the works the supply of stone and mortar required by the masons; while the adherents of Philip expressed their regret for his absence by a studied indifference to the progress of the work, and by a refusal of all co-operation. One of these, the duke of Austria, being one day met by king Richard, and reproached for his sloth, tauntingly replied,—

" My father n'as mason ne carpenter;
" And, though your walls should all to-shake,
" I shall never help hem to make!"

The English monarch, never very enduring, was now incensed to the utmost pitch of fury.

The duke with his foot he smot,
Against the breast, God it wot,
That on a stone he him overthrew;
It was evil done, by Saint Mathew!

He at the same time ordered him to depart instantly, with his vassals, from the Christian camp, threatening to break his standard and throw it into the river; and while the duke retired, muttering projects of vengeance which he afterwards too successfully executed, Richard continued to follow him with imprecations, exclaiming—

——— with voice full steep,
"Home! shrew! coward! and sleep!
"Come no more, in no wise,
"Never eft in God's service!"

The duke of Burgundy, the earl of Boulogne, and all the "folk of France," having withdrawn themselves with the duke of Austria, the Christian army was much reduced in numbers: but this diminution was in some measure compensated by greater zeal and unanimity; and Richard was still able to persevere with success in his plan of offensive operations. He surprised, at

Castle Albary, a considerable magazine belonging to the Saracens. He then assaulted Castle Daroun; the garrison of which, after an obstinate defence, set fire to their stores and retreated into the citadel. Richard, not wishing to preserve the place, completed the conflagration; so that the enemy, being surrounded by flames, were compelled to surrender at discretion.

His next expedition was against *Gatrys;* his entry into which was marked by a very singular adventure. The governor, it seems, had been in his youth distinguished for his military prowess, but was now incapacitated by age and infirmity from conducting the defence of the place against such an adversary as was preparing to attack him. He therefore had recourse to the following stratagem, founded on a perfect knowledge of Richard's character:—He ordered the citizens to erect, in the most conspicuous part of the town, a colossal statue of marble; to put a crown on its head; to salute it with all the honours usually paid to himself; and, if questioned concerning their governor, to declare that they had no other than Mahoun, Apolyn, and the statue. At the same time he directed that the gates of the town should be opened at the first summons of the Christians.

The event was such as he had, probably, foreseen. Richard, astonished at the immediate surrender of a place where he had expected a long resistance, immediately inquired after the governor, and, finding that it was a statue, felt an irresistible propensity to fight with that statue.

" O Saracens," said Richard, " without fail,
" Of your lord I have mervail!
" If I may, thorough my Lord so good,
" That bought us all upon the rood,
" With a shaft break his neck asunder,
" And ye may see that great wonder,
" Will ye leve all upon my Lord?"
" Yea!" they saiden at one word.

He then took his strongest spear, which, as a further precaution, was strengthened with plates of iron, leaped upon Favel of Cyprus, took his distance, charged his marble antagonist at full speed, struck him in the midst of the face, and beat off his head, which crushed two Saracens by its fall. The citizens were all baptized: the real governor was produced, and rewarded for the joke by the restoration of his office.

The Christians now returned to Chaloyn,

from whence they marched against Castle *Lesfunyde*, the garrison of which abandoned it on their approach, and then won by assault the post of *Gybelin*, formerly occupied by the templars and hospitalers, and distinguished by the birth of St Anne. Here Richard was met by messengers from England, who informed him that his brother John, having expelled the chancellor from the government, was preparing to seize the crown; but he disbelieved the intelligence, and continued his progress to Bethany, where, as usual, he exterminated a number of unbelievers. A confirmation of the former news having met him at this place, he began to think seriously of returning to his dominions. Being informed, however, by a Saracen captive, that a convoy of two thousand camels, laden with treasure, and escorted by a large body of troops, were passing to Saladin's camp, he put himself at the head of a few chosen knights, and overtook the enemy before day-break; but, disdaining to take advantage of a surprise, waited for them in battle array, attacked and dispersed the escort, and carried off the whole convoy to Bethany.

Here he was met by the bishop of Chester and the abbot of St Albans, who had been de-

puted by the barons to state to him the rebellion of his brother, and the irruption of Philip into Normandy. Richard, therefore, was compelled to prepare for his departure; but, being anxious for the future success of the Christians, left at Jaffa a chosen garrison of fifteen thousand men, commanded by officers on whom he could safely rely, together with provisions sufficient to secure them against all danger from a blockade; after which he repaired to Acres, where he meant to station the remainder of his army until his return, when he hoped to achieve the original object of the enterprise.

The news of his intended departure was carried to Saladin at a moment when that monarch, incensed at the loss of his treasure, had collected an almost innumerable army, for the purpose of revenging his loss and crushing the enemy at one blow. He might have insured the success of his operations, by waiting for the absence of his formidable antagonist; but Jaffa, already well fortified, and garrisoned by a little army, might in a short time be rendered almost impregnable; whereas, if it were now recovered, all the future efforts of the Christians to obtain possession of Palestine would be rendered nugatory.

The author of the romance has exerted all his powers in giving importance to this great and final conflict. He has ushered in his description by a separate prologue, in which he introduces all the heroes of real and fabulous history, for the sole purpose of asserting the superiority of his favourite Richard. The Saracens, he says, occupied a space of twenty miles in length by five in depth; the whole horizon gleamed with the blaze of their weapons, and it appeared,

> As it had fro heaven light
> Among the swords that were so bright.

The Christians in Jaffa, though assailed by such a countless multitude, defended themselves with vigour and effect. They made a dreadful carnage among the besiegers; but, "it fared," says the romance, "as they out of the ground were *waxen*," and the traces of slaughter were instantly effaced by the influx of fresh combatants. The garrison, covered with the blood of their enemies, and exhausted by fatigue, were at length compelled to retire into the citadel, from whence, under cover of the night, they dispatched messengers to Richard with an account of their situation. The king, conceiv-

ing the report of the messengers to be much exaggerated, contented himself with sending a strong detachment to their relief, under the command of his nephew, Henry of Champagne; but the duke had no sooner beheld the numbers of the Saracens' army, than he returned with precipitation,

> And said, "he ne saw never, ne heard,
> "In all this wide *middel-erd*,*
> "*Halfin-deal* † the people of men,
> "That Saladin has, by down and den.
> "No tongue, he said, may hem tell!
> "I ween they comen out of hell!"
> Then answered king Richard,
> "Fy! *a debles!* ‡ vile coward!
> "Shall I never, by God above,
> "Trusten unto French-man's love!"

After making the duke responsible for all the inconveniences that might arise in consequence of the delay, Richard hastily ordered out his gallies, embarked a chosen body of troops with all possible expedition, steered to Jaffa, and, after a short and prosperous navigation, cast anchor under the walls of the citadel.

* Earth, Sax. † Half. ‡ *Au diable!* Fr.

It was before the high mid-night,
(The moon and the stars shone bright,)
King Kichard into Jaffé was come,
With his galleys, all and some.
They looked up to the castel;
They heard no pipe, no flagel!
They drew hem nigh to the land,
If they mighten understand,
And they ne could nought espie,
Ne by no voice of minstralcie,
That quick man in the castel were:
King Richard then becom full of care.
" Alas," he said, " that I was born!
" My good barons ben forlorn!
" Slain is Robert of Leycester,
" That was mine own courteous maister!
" Ilk limb of him was worth a knight!
" And Robert Tourneham, that was so wight,
" And Sir Bertram, and Sir Pipard,
" In battle that were wise and hard,
" And also mine other barons,
" The best in all Christendom,
" They ben slain and forlore,
" How may I longer live therefore!
" Had I been [in] time comen hither,
" I might have saved altogether.

" Till I be wreken of Saladine,
" Certes, my joy shall I *tyne* !" *
Thus wailed king Richard aye,
Till it were spring of the day.
A *wait* † there come, in a *kernel*, ‡
And piped a *mott* § in a flagel.
He ne piped but one *sythe*, ‖
He made many an heart blithe !
He looked down and saw the gallèy
Of king Richard, and his navèy ;
Ships and galleys well he knew.
Then, a merrier note he blew,
And piped, " Seigneurs, or sus ! or sus !
" King Richard is comen to us !"

The joyful tidings were soon spread through the citadel ; the besieged greeted the return of their sovereign with shouts of welcome, which were answered from the fleet ; and Richard, leaping on shore, followed by the crews of the nearest vessels, instantly attacked the enemy, who were utterly unprepared for such an assault.

" We have," he said, " life but one !
" Sell we it, both flesh and bone,
" For to claim our heritage !"

* Lose. † Musician. ‡ Battlement. § Movement. ‖ Time.

The avenues of the town being all unguarded, the Saracens were attacked on every side, and slaughtered without opposition. They fled in confusion through the gates; and, when these were choked by the crowd of fugitives, precipitated themselves in numbers from the walls, exclaiming—

" *Malcan staran nayre arbru*
" *Lor fermoir toir me moru.*"
This is to say, in English,
" The English devil yeoman is.
" Giff he us meet, we shall die;
" Flee we fast out of his way."

Richard, as soon as he could collect and marshal his troops, and take the necessary measures for the security of the town, sallied forth in pursuit of the enemy, whom he overtook before they could recover from their confusion, and again routed with dreadful slaughter; the Christians, says the romance, slaying the enemy

——— all so swythe
As grass falleth fro the scythe.

The pursuit had now lasted till the approach

of night; and Richard, weary with slaughter, ordered his tents to be pitched, intending to attack, in the morning, the main army of Saladin, which, being weakened by the loss of thirty thousand men, would, he hoped, be easily dispersed. He was therefore not a little surprised when, being at supper with his barons, he was saluted by two ambassadors from Saladin, who, alighting from their mules, and marching hand in hand into his tent, gravely advised him to shorten his meal, and to retreat, while it was yet time, within the walls of Jaffa. They assured him that their king was at hand with an army whose weight the earth was scarcely able to support; that, after contemplating its numbers from the walls of his citadel, he might calmly decide whether it was more advisable to abide a siege, in the hope of future succour, or to desist at once from his vain pretensions to a dominion which he was unable to acquire, and return, as he would still be permitted to do, into his own territories.

In anger Richard took up a loaf,
And in his hands it all to-rofe;
And said to that Sarazyn,
"God give thee well evil pine!

"And Saladine your lord,
"The devil him hang with a cord!"

and, after again imprecating on all the Saracens, generally and individually, the "curse of sweet Jesus," declared himself ready to encounter, singly, any numbers that Saladin might be able to bring into the field. The ambassadors, unable to obtain a more courteous answer, returned to Saladin, and Richard retired to sleep.

In the morning he was awakened by an angel, who told him to rise and marshal his army without loss of time, to exert every effort for the purpose of cutting his way back to Jaffa, and, at the conclusion of the battle, to make a truce with Saladin, and return to England, where his presence was indispensably necessary.

Richard, starting from his bed, instantly called for his arms, and, leaping on his favourite horse Favel of Cyprus, rode through the ranks of his little army, issuing the necessary orders to his officers, and encouraging his troops by the promise of divine assistance, during a retreat which, without such assistance, would have been apparently quite impracticable. The whole plain between the Christians and the city, an extent of many miles, was occupied and completely co-

vered by the enemy, whose numbers enabled them to employ one army in the assault of the citadel, while another, still more formidable, opposed the march of Richard. His little corps, surrounded and harassed on all sides, were perfectly aware of their peril; but they were veterans, highly disciplined, inured to the climate, confident in themselves and in their leader, and animated at once by despair and enthusiasm; while the Saracens, chiefly composed of new levies, would have been easily defeated, had not the fugitives been constantly driven back on the swords of the Christians, by the multitudes rushing on to share in a battle of which they had never felt the danger. Richard, as usual, was always in the thickest part of the press:

> They gunnen on him as thick to fleen,
> As out of the hive doth the been;
> And, with his ax, down he swepe
> Of the Saracens, as bear doth sheep.

His efforts being constant and unrelaxed, he must have been ultimately crushed and stifled by the crowds of assailants; but, perceiving a marsh and lake on one side of his line of march, he suddenly collected a part of his cavalry, and,

making a dreadful charge in that direction, drove a column of the enemy before him into the water, and thus obtained a temporary respite.

The number of the slain and drowned amounted at this time, says the romance, to at least sixty thousand, and yet the Saracen army appeared unimpaired; and the Christians were summoned to new exertions by the danger of Henry of Champagne, who was unhorsed, and on the point of being made prisoner. This unfortunate accident occasioned a long and severe contest, which terminated to the advantage of the Christians, who rescued the duke; but Richard, in his zeal to revenge his nephew, forgot, for a time, the instructions of the angel, and the necessity of directing his whole force against the army which still excluded him from the gates of Jaffa, and which by this time had nearly succeeded in assaulting the citadel.

He was now informed by a messenger, who had with difficulty made his way through the enemy, that the garrison, exhausted by fatigue, were nearly incapable of further resistance; and that the gates were in flames; adding,

"Lord, of thee I have great doubt;
"For ye may nought to the city ride,
"In field what a venture you betide!

" And I you warne, withouten fail,
" Mickle apaired is your batail.
" The patriarck ytaken is,
" And John the Neal is slain, ywis,
" William Arsour, and Sir Gerard,
" Bertram Braundys, thy good Lombard;
" They are slain, and many mo!"

Richard, at this mournful intelligence, repented his imprudence, and, checking the pursuit, instantly turned his whole force against the besieging army. But the Saracens, aware that the capture of the town would insure their victory, assailed him with unceasing fury, and had even the good fortune to slay under him his favourite horse, the celebrated Favel of Cyprus. The triumph of the infidels now appeared to be secure; and the only contest among their chiefs was for the honour of killing or taking prisoner the formidable Cœur de Lion. Two Saracen knights, whom the romance calls the sons of Saladin, directed their spears against him, haughtily ordering him to surrender, but he answered by cutting off the head of the first who came within his reach; and, though wounded in the arm by the second with an envenomed spear, soon brought him also to the ground. Five other

chieftains, and some hundreds of private men, successively fell under the ax of Richard, who, though on foot, appeared to have lost nothing of his superiority, and at last opened to himself a passage through the enemy, and arrived at the gates of the citadel.

The fate of the day was now decided. A fresh horse, the famous Lyard, was brought to Richard, who, immediately sallying out, attended by the flower of the chivalry, threw the enemy into irretrievable confusion. The pursuit lasted till night: the loss of the infidels was computed at two hundred thousand men; and the Christians, returning wearied with slaughter, passed the night in thanksgiving for this great and almost miraculous victory.

On the following day king Richard dispatched Sir Robert Saville, Sir Hubert, Sir William de Watteville, Sir Robert Tourneham, Sir Walter Giffard, and Sir John St John, to the sultan, with proposals for a truce during three years, on the terms suggested by the angel, to which, however, he added on his own part, the offer of deciding their pretensions by a duel, in which he, singly, should be opposed to five-and-twenty knights selected from the armies of Saladin. The sultan consented to the truce, without in-

sisting on the duel, and the articles were ratified on the following day.

Tho afterward, all the three year,
Christian men, both far and near,
Yeden the way to Jerusalem,
To the sepulchre, and to Bethlem,
To Olivet, and to *Nazarel*,
And to Imaus castel,
And to all other pilgrimage,
Withouten harm or damàge.
King Richard, doughty of hand,
Turned homeward to England.
King Richard reigned here
No more but ten year.
Sithen, he was shot, alas!
In castel Gaillard there he was.
Thus ended Richard our king:
God give us all good ending!
And his soul rest and *roo*,*
And our souls, when we come thereto.
Amen. Explicit.

* *Ruhe*, repose, German.

Romances relating to Charlemagne.

ROMANCES

RELATING TO

CHARLEMAGNE.

We have seen that all the romantic histories concerning Arthur and his knights are professedly derived from the Brut, or chronicle, translated by Geoffrey of Monmouth; and, in like manner, the trouveurs and minstrels who have composed the fabulous story of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, as well as the Italians who have imitated and improved on their inventions, uniformly appeal to the history written by archbishop Turpin,* the contemporary and friend of Charlemagne. This absurd chronicle was composed before 1122, with the title, "Joannis Turpini Historia de Vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi," and it may be presumed that the MSS.

* Mr Ritson informs us that the real name of this archbishop was Tilpin.

of such a history were formerly very numerous, though it appears to have principally derived its popularity from its French metrical paraphrases and imitations, some of which were probably of almost equal antiquity with the original, and are alluded to by the subsequent prose translators.

The earliest of these, according to Fauchet, was written by a certain *Jehans*, who, at the instance of Regnault, comte de Boulogne and de Daumartin (then detained as a prisoner by Philippe Auguste), turned into French prose a Latin copy of Turpin which he found in the archives of St Dennis. A copy of this work is still preserved in MS. in Bibl. Reg. 4 C xi.

The next translation was made by Gaguin. It is dedicated to Francis I., and was printed at Paris in 1527, quarto.

There is a Latin paraphrase of the original in hexameters, many of which rhyme to each other, entitled Karolettus, and preserved in Bibl. Reg. 13 A xviii.

The original work was first printed in a collection entitled "Germanicarum rerum quatuor chronographi," Frankfort 1566, folio.

Another pretended French translation was afterwards published at Lyons in 1583, octavo,

with the title of "La chronique de Turpin, archevesque et duc de Rheims, et premier pair de France." This, however, which Mr Ritson supposes to be the work ascribed by Mr Warton to Michel le Harnes, who lived in the time of Philippe Auguste, contains, as he tells us, the romance of Renaud de Montauban, and not that of Roland. Perhaps it may be a conversion into prose of the metrical romance on the same subject, written, as Fauchet informs us, by Huon de Villeneuve, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that numberless fables concerning Charlemagne were grafted on the narrative of the supposed Turpin; and indeed his translator Gaguin appears to be almost ashamed of the imperfect narrative contained in his original, and is very solicitous to excuse himself for suppressing many particulars concerning his hero, which, though very necessary to be known, the archbishop had not thought fit to notice. Thus, after mentioning (cap. 26) Olivier, Gondebault roy de Frigie, Ogier roy de Dannemarc, Arestaigne roy de Bretaigne, Guarin duc de Lorraine, and others, he refers us to "leurs histoires plus au long descriptes, lesquelles je laisse pour le present à

ceux qui lisent les romans, livres, et autres escriptures:" and in his concluding chapter he gives us a sketch of some important events, which, if he had thought fit, he could have communicated more at large. We might have been told, it seems, " comme Galafre, amiral de la ville de Tolede, le para et adorna de l'habit militaire, du temps qu'il estoit en son enfance mis en exil; et le tint en son palais; et comment aussi le dict Charlemagne, pour l'amour du dessus dict Galafre, tua puis après et mist à mort par bataille le grant Bracinant, qui estoit un roy très fier et tres orgueilleux des mescréans et infidelles, d'iceluy Galafre mortels ennemis. Vous povez avoir *oui reciter* cette bataille merveilleuse, ou, vous l'avez *veu par escript* en aulcuns autres livres, et pourtant je m'en tayse. Je laisserai semblablement la maniere comment le noble Charlemagne conquesta et acquist terres diverses, villes et cités, par sa vaillantise et prouesse; et les assubjectist au nom de la Trinité, Pere, Fils, et saint Esprit. Et ainsi comment il institua par le monde maintes abbayes, &c. &c. Et comment il fut faict empereur de Rome, eslu (comme je crois) divinement et par la grace de Dieu; et alla en la sainteterre voir et visiter le saint sepulchre de N. S. en moulte grande dé-

votion de cueur et révérence; et comment il apporta avec lui le sainct bois precieulx de la croix de Jesus Christ, où il pendit pour notre redemption, par lesquelles choses il enrichist maintes eglises. Toutes ces choses ai laissées *par briefveté*, et aussi que vous les avez peu voir ailleurs et en plusieurs livres, &c."

That such absurdities as these should be accepted in lieu of authentic history in a credulous age, and where better materials could not be had, would excite no astonishment; but it is very surprising that for a length of time they should have usurped the place of the numerous historical documents which record the glory of a Charlemagne, whose character, when left to the sober voice of truth, is far more amiable and respectable than that of his ideal and romantic substitute. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced by mistake into a series of fictions, of which the real hero was of a still earlier date; and it is the opinion of Mr Leyden, an author of much research and information, that the origin of these fictions is to be sought in Britany. I shall give his sentiments in his own words:

"That class of romances which relates to Charlemagne and his twelve peers, ought pro-

bably to be referred to the same source; since they ascribe to that French monarch the feats which were performed by an Armorican chief. The grand source from which the fabulous history of Charlemagne is thought to be derived, is the supposititious history ascribed to his contemporary Turpin, which, in 1122, was declared to be genuine by papal authority. The history of this work is extremely obscure; but, as it contains an account of the pilgrimage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem, its composition must have been posterior to the Crusades. The abbé Velley has shown, that the principal events which figure in the romantic history of that monarch have no relation to him whatever, though they are historically true of the Armorican chieftain, Charles Martel. It was this hero, whose father was named Pepin, and who had four sons, who performed various exploits in the forest of Ardenne against the four sons of Aymon; who warred against the Saxons; who conquered the Saracens at Poictiers; it was he who instituted an order of knighthood; who deposed the duke of Aquitaine, and who conferred the donation of the sacred territory on the see of Rome. Is it not therefore more probable, that the history and exploits of this hero should be celebrated by

the minstrels of his native country, than that they should be, for the first time, narrated by a dull prosing monk some centuries after his death? Is it not more probable, that when the fame of Charles Martel had been eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the monkish abridger of the songs of the minstrels should transfer the deeds of the one to the other, by an error of stupidity, than that he should have deliberately falsified history when he had no purpose to serve? The ingenious author to whom I have already referred seems to have pointed out the source of this error.* In the Armoric language *meur* signifies great, *mayne*; and *marra* a mattock, *martel*; so that, instead of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, we have Charlemeur and Charlemarra; names which, from the similarity of sound, might easily be confounded. A similar blunder has been committed by the Norman trouveur, who transferred the characteristic epithet of Caradoc, from the Welsh or Armorican, to the Romance language."†

Mr Leyden afterwards mentions, in confirmation of his conjecture, the allusion in Turpin's

* Enquirer, No. xix. ap. Monthly Mag. Feb. 1800.

† Prelim. Dissert. to the Complaynt of Scotland, p. 268.

history to a song or poem concerning Oell or Howel the Breton earl, "de hoc canitur in cantilena usque ad hodiernum diem;" and it may not perhaps be impertinent to add, that Roland, the principal actor in these romances, is taken from the immediate vicinity of Bretagne. "The domain of these British princes," says D'Anville (Etats de l'Europe, p. 77), "was confined, to speak generally, to what is properly called Lower Britany, and to the territory formerly occupied by the Veneti and by the Osismii. Upper Britany, comprehending the territories of the antient Redones and Namnetes, was a frontier country opposed to the lands of the Bretons; and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne and count of Angers, commanded there." Possibly too the terrible Ferragus may be a giant of Celtic origin: for Selden has told us * that the war-song in use amongst the Irish kerns was called *Pharroh;* and the vulgar Irish, as Mr Walker informs us, suppose the subject of this song to have been Forroch or *Ferragh*, a terrible giant, of whom they tell many a marvellous tale.† By the way, it is to be lamented that the

* Drayton's Polyolbion, song 6.

† Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, &c. London 1786.

Irish antiquaries, many of whom seem to be well versed in their early language, should neglect to give us a series of their antient popular tales, with a simple and literal English translation.

ROLAND AND FERRAGUS.

THIS romance, I believe, was never printed; neither is it known to exist in any other than the Auchinleck MS., from which a transcript was sent to me by my friend Mr Scott. Some lines at the beginning have been torn out; but it appears to be otherwise perfect; and, though not remarkable for poetical merit, is so far curious, that it presents us with a tolerably faithful compendium, as far as it goes, of the supposed Turpin's history.

The poem begins by a singular error in chronology, which, however, was not perhaps very likely to startle the readers to whom it was addressed.

An hundred winters it was, and three,
Sithen God died upon the tree,
That Charles the king

Had all France in his hand,
Denmark and England,
Withouten any lesing;
Lorraine and Lombardy,
Gascoyne, Bayonne, and Picardie,
Was still his bidding;
And emperor he was of Rome,
And lord of all Christendom;
Then was he a high lording.

Having disposed of so many kingdoms to Charlemagne, the author had few to spare for the other European sovereigns: accordingly, he mentions only two; namely, Constantius, emperor of Constantinople, and Ibrahim, king of Spain. This Ibrahim was a strenuous Pagan, who persecuted the Christians without mercy, and banished the patriarch of Jerusalem. The poor patriarch made his complaint to Constantius, who, on his part, made his complaint to Heaven, and was rewarded for his piety by a visit from an angel, who directed him to send an account of this outrage to *Charles the conqueror*, assuring him that through the valour of this "doughty knight" the Saracens would be ultimately discomfited. Constantius lost no time in dispatching his ambassadors, and they had

the good fortune to find Charlemagne at Rome, where, having delivered their credentials and kissed his hand, they so effectually wrought on him by their eloquence, that he resolved to set out, without loss of time, on a visit to Constantinople. The Greek emperor, as may be supposed, received his noble visitor with every possible demonstration of respect, and offered him in profusion the presents usual on such occasions, consisting of gold and silver, rich cloths, and furs of tame and "savage beasts:" but the pious Charles refused to accept any of these valuable presents, and only requested from his generous entertainer the gift of a few relics, on which he set a much higher value. Constantius complied, and conducted his guest to the sanctuary where these treasures were deposited; on opening which, their senses were gratified by a smell of such uncommon sweetness and efficacy, that three hundred sick, who were then at their devotions near the spot, were instantly restored to health.

Then brought they forth the holy crown,
And the arm of Saint Simoùn,
Beforn hem alle there:

And a part of the holy cross,
That in a chrystal was *done in clos*,*
And Goddis clothing:
Our *levedy's* † smock that she had on,
And the *yerd* ‡ of Aaron,
Forth they gan bring;
And the spear, long and *smert*,§
That Longys put to Goddis heart,
He gave Charles the king;
And a nail, long and great,
That was y-drive thorough God's feet,
Withouten any lesing.

Charles, having accepted these valuable presents with becoming gratitude, prayed to Jesus that the authenticity of the relics might be manifested by some unequivocal testimony: and at the instant there descended from heaven a beam of light so brilliant, that the place where they stood was judged by all present to be extremely like to Paradise. Overjoyed at this testimony, he took leave of the good Constantius; returned to his own dominions, and went to meditate on his good fortune at *Aix in Gascony*.

Here he seems to have totally forgotten the wickedness of Ibrahim, the sufferings of the ex-

* Inclosed. † Lady's. ‡ Rod or wand. § Piercing, sharp.

iled patriarch, and the request of Constantius: but fortunately he was much addicted to star-gazing; and having observed a flight of stars or meteors, which, traversing the heavens, appeared to settle over Spain and Galicia, his curiosity was excited, and he prayed to God for an explanation of this phænomenon. His prayer was heard; and St James the apostle appeared to him in a dream, and informed him that the miraculous march of stars portended the conquest of Spain, which he was destined to achieve; observing to him, however, that for this purpose he would have occasion for a large army, which he would therefore do well to assemble. The apostle added, on his own part, that his body was buried in Galicia; that he saw it very unwillingly in the hands of the infidels; that he was disposed to be properly grateful to those who should rescue it from contamination; and that he would promise the crown of martyrdom to such of his friends as should fall in so good a cause. As the saint was well aware of the shortness of Charles's memory, he had the precaution to repeat this vision three times; in consequence of which the pious monarch set about his enterprise in good earnest, and entered Spain with an army well calculated by its numbers to insure the conquest of the country.

The opening of the campaign was not brilliant. Charles lay six months before the city of Pampelune, without being able to reduce it; after which he very luckily had recourse to prayers; and these being seconded by St James, the whole walls of the city were miraculously thrown down, and the army entered without further opposition. Ten thousand Saracens, converted by this palpable interposition of Providence, consented to receive baptism: those who persisted in their infidelity were, after due exhortation to penitence, conducted to the gallows. From this time the progress of Charlemagne was almost uninterrupted, and sixty-six cities were successively reduced to his obedience. All of these the author has taken the pains to enumerate, for the information of posterity; but as his transcriber has taken equal pains to envelop their names in an orthography which is utterly unintelligible, it may be sufficient to state that four cities only, namely, those of Lucerne, Ventose, Caparra, and Adavie, attempted to make any serious resistance. This opposition to his will very naturally disturbed Charlemagne's equanimity, insomuch that he cursed them all together.

Charles accursed that city,
And Ventose, and Caparre, and Adavie,

For their deadly sin:
Desert they weren after than,
That never, sith then, no Christian man
No durst come therin.
For Charles cursed so Lucern,
All so tite * the town gan burn,
And shall don evermo;
And, of the smut of that town,
Many taketh therof poisoun,
And dyeth in mickle wo.
And, there the other three cities stood,
Beth waters red of helle flood,
And fishes therin all *blo*;†
And who that will not *leve* ‡ me,
In Spain men may the sooth see,
Who that will thither go.

We are now told of a miracle, which, excepting that, in our author's opinion, miracles are always good things, might just as well have been reserved for any other occasion. Charles, it seems, planted some vines in the month of March, and on the very next day they were covered with grapes, both black and red, and in such abundance that it was difficult to supply baskets sufficient to contain them.

* All so soon. † Livid. ‡ Believe.

It was an object of considerable anxiety, both to Charles and Turpin, to destroy all the *mawmettes*, or idols, which they could find, not only because they were much revered by the Saracens, but because their materials were in general valuable, and capable of being much better employed in endowing churches and monasteries. In this therefore, "so sayeth *the Latin*," they proceeded with great perseverance.

And an image of great *pousté* *
Stood on a roche by the sea,
In the *gilden* † *londe;*
His name was Salanicodas;
As a man y-shapen he was
And held a glaive in hond.
Mahoun maked him with gin,
And did many fiends therin,
As ich understond,
For to sustain the image;
And set him on high stage,
For no man *n'old he wond.*‡
The face of him was turned south-right;
In *her lay* § the Saracens found, I plight;
Of Jubiter and Mahoun,

* Power. † Perhaps the territory of the deceiver.
‡ Ne would he wend; *i. e.* he would not stir. § Their law.

That when y-born were the king,
That should Spain to Christian bring,
The image should fall adown:
Charles did the image fall,
And wan in Spain the cities all,
Both tower and town;
And with tresor that he wan there
Many a church he let areer,
That was of great renown.

Our author, whose disposition to prolixity, where an enumeration of churches is concerned, is not inferior to that of Turpin himself, is fortunately diverted from his list by a miracle, the recital of which he likes still better. It seems that whilst Charlemagne was lying at Bayonne, a certain knight in his army called Romain died, and directed his executor to sell his horse and other goods, and to distribute the money to the poor. The executor appropriated the money to his own use; in consequence of which the deceased, whose intended alms had thus been intercepted, was kept some time in purgatory, and on his release appeared in a dream near the bed of his former companion, to whom he denounced the speedy punishment of his iniquity. The terrified executor related this dreadful vision in the

public hall; and while he was yet speaking, a small company of dæmons, borne on a gust of wind, flew into the room, carried him into the air, traversed the province, and dashed him to pieces against a rock in Navarre, where his body was found at the next march of the army.

The reader will perhaps be of opinion that Roland and Ferragus, the two heroes of this curious narrative, have delayed their appearance quite long enough; and it must be confessed that the poet has rather unaccountably omitted some adventures of the former at Bourdeaux, with which Turpin has somewhat enlivened the list of miracles and monasteries which forms the principal part of his history. But it seems to be his opinion, that a description of the person and manners of Charlemagne, being equally suited to the beginning or end of his story, could not be displaced in the middle. He has therefore inserted it here.

Charles was considerably above the middle stature, being, "*as the Latin us said*," twenty feet in height, of proportionate strength, and of a stern aspect. His hair was black; his countenance ruddy. At four festivals in the year, that is to say, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, on St James's day, and at Christmas, he wore, from

motives of piety, "the holy crown of thorn;" and on these occasions he dined in public, surrounded by his knights, having a drawn sword carried before him. At night his couch was guarded by a company of a hundred knights, each bearing in one hand a lighted torch, and in the other a naked falchion. It was during one of these festivals at Pampelune, where he displayed his usual magnificence, that he received a challenge from Ferragus, a general sent against him by the soudan of Babylon, to meet him in the field.

And on a day came tiding
Unto Charles the king,
All of a doughty knight,
Was comen to *Vasers*;*
Stout he was, and fierce,
Ferragus he hight.
Of Babyloun the soudan
Thither him send gan,
With king Charles to fight;
So hard he was *to-fond*,†
That no dint of brond
No grieved him, I plight.

* The name given by Gaguin, viz. Avager, is equally unintelligible. † Found, or proved.

He had twenty men's strength;
And forty feet of length
Thilke paynim had;
And four feet in the face
Y-meten * on the place,
And fifteen in *brede*.†
His nose was a foot and more;
His brow, as bristles wore;
(He that it saw it said)
He looked *lothliche*,‡
And was *swart* § as pitch;
Of him men might adrede!

Charles repaired to Vasers, for the purpose of reconnoitring his monstrous enemy; but, after examining him limb by limb with the minutest attention, was so little tempted by the survey, that he declined the challenge; but suffered Ogier le Danois, whose curiosity to try the strength of such an uncouth adversary was keener than his own, to encounter the giant in the presence of both armies. Ogier armed himself with great care, mounted his best horse, chose a lance of uncommon strength, and rushed upon his enemy with the rapidity of lightning; but Ferragus, receiving the point of the spear

* Measured. † Breadth. ‡ Loathly. § Black.

on his shield with an air of perfect indifference, seized the knight with his right hand, lifted him from his horse, and, trussing him under his arm in such a manner that the captive could make no effort to escape, bore him off in perfect silence to the castle of Vasers. The novelty of this spectacle astonished but did not intimidate the warriors of Charlemagne. On the following morning, the gallant Reynald de Aubépine* presented himself to the giant, but was as unsuccessful as Ogier; and Ferragus, not more disturbed by the struggles of the dauntless knight, whom he held under his arm, than a hawk by the fluttering of the prey in its talons, tauntingly exclaimed to Charlemagne,

"Sir! thou wonnest Spain!
"Hadst thou none better tho?
"So Mahoun me give rest,
"Against ten, and *swiche*† the best,
"To fight ich would go!"

Charles, on the next day, dispatched Sir Constantine of Rome, together with Howel, earl of Nantes, on the same errand; he then sent ten

* More generally called Renaud de Montauban; the Rinaldo of the Italians.

† Such.

knights at once; but all shared the same fate; and he foresaw that his army was on the point of being taken from him piece-meal by the villainous giant, when the formidable Roland demanded the combat, and, in spite of the king's entreaties, persisted in his resolution of attacking the unbelieving monster.

Ferragus, well aware, from the appearance of Roland, that he had now to deal with no common adversary, put forth his whole strength, and actually succeeded in pulling from the saddle, and in putting before him on his own horse's neck, the greatest and most redoubtable of all Christian champions: but Roland, after a short mental prayer to Jesus, exerted himself so effectually, that with a sudden jerk he unhorsed the giant in his turn, and fell with him to the ground. They now remounted as quickly as possible; and Roland drawing his sword, the terrible *Durindale*, aimed a blow at Ferragus, which, though it missed the rider, cut off the head of the horse, and brought them both to the ground. Ferragus avenged himself by killing Roland's horse, whom he felled to the earth by a blow of his fist. The champions were now both on foot, and commenced a combat which lasted from the morning till night; and which, though highly

interesting to the very numerous spectators, was perfectly harmless with respect to both the actors, because Roland prudently avoided the grasp of his adversary, and, parrying every blow, applied the edge of Durindale to all parts of the giant's impenetrable hide; but without being able to make the least impression. Ferragus, however, contrived to tire himself so effectually by his useless exertions, that he was the first to propose a truce till the next day; when Roland resolved to try the effect of a new weapon, having sufficiently ascertained that his sword, though so well tempered as to cut the hardest marble, could not even scratch the skin of this huge Saracen.

On the following morning the battle was renewed. Roland now brought with him a knotty oaken club; and as his superior address still enabled him to avoid his enemy's weapon, he had nothing to do but to beat the giant, at his leisure, with the club, from morning till noon. Ferragus felt the weight of the blows, and became more exasperated, and rather more awkward, than before; but the cudgel was as incapable of bruising as the sword had been of cutting him. At noon therefore the champions, by common consent, dropped their weapons, and began to throw stones at each other; and this

curious battle was kept up till Ferragus became immoderately sleepy, and requested permission to take a short nap. Roland, whose courtesy was equal to his valour, readily consented; and the giant, almost instantly falling asleep, began to snore so unreasonably loud, that his adversary heard him first with astonishment, and at last with compassion, conceiving that he must be in great pain, and that neither man nor monster could be naturally inclined to slumbers so very noisy and unharmonious. He therefore, after surveying all the fragments of the rock which they had lately thrown at each other, at length pitched upon one which appeared sufficiently smooth to form a tolerable pillow; and, having placed it with great care under the giant's head, had the satisfaction of perceiving that his repose became, in consequence, much more tranquil. Ferragus, however, at last awaked, stared about him, rubbed his eyes, and, not being aware of Sir Roland's talents for bed-making, eagerly inquired who had so kindly provided him with a pillow; adding, that he should ever consider as his friend the person who had done him this good office; upon which the knight replied that he had done it, partly in charity to his own ears, which had been almost deafened: "but," con-

tinued he, "since you are now very fond of me, pray tell me whether you are all over invulnerable?" Ferragus answered that he was, excepting only in the navel; and then inquired in his turn into the birth, parentage, and education of his new acquaintance.

It was not to be expected that the pious Roland should reply to all these particulars, without mentioning his religion; and this naturally led him to lament that the good friend whom he was then addressing was ultimately doomed to go to the devil. Ferragus, on his part, aware that stupidity is usually imputed to the whole race of giants, became anxious to convince his opponent of his talents for disputation, and desired Roland to give him a lesson in Christianity; which the other readily undertook. The combat was, by mutual consent, postponed; and the Christian hero prepared to try whether the monster's head was more pervious to argument than to the knots of his club, or to the trenchant edge of Durindale.

Roland began by stating very concisely the several points of his creed; to all of which Ferragus successively opposed his objections. He began by the Trinity——

Ferragus said tho
" It no might never be so;
" Therof I segge nay!"—

But his instructor was prepared with a number of illustrations. As the harp is composed of three things, viz. wood, strings, and harmony; and as the sun unites heat, light, and splendour; so is God one god and three persons. Ferragus declared that he had now a very clear conception of the Trinity; but he could neither believe nor at all comprehend the birth of our Saviour. Roland told him that the birth of Adam and that of Eve were not less miraculous and incomprehensible; and that God, finding it necessary to send us a redeemer, might have either caused him to appear amongst us immediately, or through the intervention of that birth which he had established for the rest of his creatures: but that, either in deviating from or conforming to his own general laws, his conduct on this occasion must have appeared to us equally mysterious. Ferragus, not being prepared to canvass this argument, consented, for the present, to admit it; but declared that the death of God upon a cross was quite impossible; and that his resurrection was equally incredible:

" For that I ne wist never no man
" That arose after than
" When that he dead was."

Roland, unwilling to lose his proselyte by want of apparent deference to his experience or understanding, appeared to consider this objection as of great weight, and answered that in fact the godhead did not die while the animation of the body was suspended, but was then employed in the work of our redemption; and that hence arose our hopes of a blessed immortality. Ferragus appeared so far satisfied; and expressed no further doubts, excepting as to Christ's return to heaven, the height and distance of which appeared perfectly unmeasurable. Roland replied, that God could return thither with as much ease as he had descended from thence; and that with respect to the distance of heaven, it was not less wonderful that the sun, after having manifestly set in the west, should in the course of the night measure back its whole progress, and rise in the opposite point of the firmament.

Roland had probably entertained great hopes from the ingenuity of this last illustration, and was therefore not a little disappointed when the perverse giant made him the following speech:

Quath Ferragus, " Now ich wot
" Your Christian law every grot;
" Now we will fight,
" Whether law better be,
" Soon we shall ysee,
" Long ere it be night."

However, as it was clear that the giant was tired of theology, and very unlikely to be converted by persuasion, it became necessary to try once more what could be accomplished by force. Both combatants were perfectly refreshed, both were incensed by their late disputation, and their first strokes were dreadful. That of Roland nearly crushed his antagonist, who in his turn cut in two, with a single blow of his sword, the massive oaken club which had been chosen as the most formidable weapon in all Charlemagne's armoury. Ferragus now began to exult at the prospect of an easy victory; but Roland devoutly falling on his knees preferred a prayer to heaven, and requested the divine interference in a combat which he had undertaken solely for the purpose of vindicating his insulted religion. An angel immediately descended,

And said, " Heard is thy boon ;
" Arise, Roland, and fight,
" And shed the *shrew's* * blood,
" For he n'as never good
" By lond nor by sea ;
" Though all the preachers alive
" To Christendom would him shrive,†
" Good n'old he never be !"

The Christian champion now felt himself possessed of a degree of strength which no human power could resist. Though only armed with a fragment of his club, he struck off the left arm of the giant, and by a second blow felled him to the ground ; after which, easily disarming him, he pierced him with his own sword through the navel, the only vulnerable part of his person. The expiring Ferragus loudly called on his god Mahomet ; but

Roland *lough* ‡ for that cry,
And said, " Mahoun, sikerly,
" No may thee help nought,
" No Jupiter, no Apolin,
" No is worth the *brust of a swin*,§

* Accursed man. † Confess. ‡ Laughed.
§ Bristle of a sow.

" In heart no in thought."
His ventail he gan unlace,
And smote off his heved in that place,
And to Charles it brought:
Tho thanked he God in heaven,
And Mary, with mild steven,
That he so had y-wrought.
And all the folk of the land,
For honour of Roland,
Thanked God, old and young;
And yede a processioun,
With cross and with gonfanoun,
And salve, and merry song.
Both widow and wife in place,
Thus thonked Godis grace,
And all that spake with tongue;
To Otuel al so yern,
That was a Sarrazin stern
Full soon this word sprung.

These concluding words seem to connect this romance with the following.

SIR OTUEL.

The fable of this romance, though not contained in the original Chronicle of Turpin, appears to have been very soon engrafted on and connected with it. I do not know that it was ever printed; but it is preserved in MS., though in an imperfect state, in the Auchinleck volume. The fragment contains 1738 lines, and is written in couplets with considerable spirit and animation. A second MS., in six-lined stanzas, is in the possession of W. Fillingham, Esq. The style of this is much more languid and feeble, resembling pretty nearly the diction of the romance which we have just examined. It has, however, the merit of completing the story, and of furnishing a paraphrase of Turpin's Chronicle from the period of the death of Ferragus to the battle of Roncesvalles.

SIR OTUEL.

Herkneth, both ying and old,
That willen hearen of battles bold!
An ye woll a while dwell,
Of bold batayls ich woll you tell,
That was, some time, between
Christian men and Saracens keen.

After this exordium the author proceeds to tell us that, while Charles reigned in France, the throne of Lombardy was occupied by a Saracen prince named Garsie, who "leved all in Maumetrie," and harassed the Christians, throughout his vast territories, with unceasing persecutions. Marseilles, and many of the southern provinces of France, were tributary to him; and fifteen kings were proud of serving under the banners of a chief who looked forward to nothing less than the extirpation of the Christian faith throughout the finest countries of Europe. Such a man was the natural enemy of Charlemagne, to whom he resolved to send his defiance, couched in terms of the utmost arrogance;

and, for the purpose of giving the greatest notoriety to the insult, chose one of those great festivals when the Christian emperor was surrounded by his twelve peers, and selected an ambassador whose haughty and presumptuous character was sure to be peculiarly offensive.

Otuel his name was;
Of no man afear'd he n'as.
Into the palace tho he cam,
A squyer by the hond he nam,
And said, "Ich am comen here
"King Garsie's messangere,
"To speak with Charles king of this lond,
"And with a knight that hight Roland,
"And with another hight Olyvere,
"Knightes holden withouten peer;
"Those three I beseech thee
"That thou tell me which they be."

The squire beheld with awe the commanding deportment of the stranger, and, respectfully taking his hand, led him to the upper end of the hall, where Charles was seated on his throne, a bench on his right hand being occupied by Roland, Olivier, and Ogier le Danois. Otuel, surveying the whole assembly with an air of con-

scious superiority, stalked up to the imperial seat, and then fixing his eyes on Charles,

He said to him, amid his hall,
" Sire king! foul *mote ye fall!* *
" Thou art about to grieve
" Mahoun, that we on believe;
" Therefore *have thou maugré!* †
" So thee greeteth Garsie by me,
" That haveth a message sent
" To seggen his commandement.
" And thou, Roland, that art his knight,
" Now I know thee by sight,
" May I meet thee in the field,
" With thy spear and with thy shield,
" Ich wol wite, so mote ich *the* ‡
" Right between me and thee!"

During this speech, many of the company betrayed evident marks of impatience; but the courteous Roland simply answered, that the insolence of an ambassador might be indecorous, but was not very terrible, particularly when the speaker was not known to have signalized himself by any previous exploits. Otuel now began

* May evil befall you! † Be thou accursed! Old Fr.
‡ Prosper.

to enumerate the Christian hounds who had already fallen beneath the edge of his good sword Corrouge, and pursued his narration in terms so offensive, that Estuyt of Legiers, one of Charlemagne's knights, seizing a fire-brand from the hearth, aimed a blow at Otuel, which Roland very dexterously intercepted; and at the same time the king himself interfering, ordered that no one, on pain of his severe displeasure, should presume to attempt any act of violence against a person invested by the general law of nations with a sacred character. The monarch's injunction would perhaps have been obeyed but for the increasing arrogance of Otuel, who scorned to shield himself under the protection of any law, and threatened with instant death whoever should be so presumptuous as to assail him. At these words a French knight, whose name is not mentioned, came behind him, seized him by the head, laid him prostrate on the ground, and, having taken a knife from the table, attempted to stab him. But the Saracen was protected by an excellent coat of mail beneath his robe, and instantly rising unhurt, drew the terrible Corrouge, and with the first blow cut down the assailant. The hall was now

filled with tumult; but Otuel exclaimed, with a voice of thunder,

" By the *Laverd** Sire Mahoun,
" Knightes! ich *rede*, † sitten adown!
" For, if any of you so hardy be,
" That any stroke *minteth* ‡ to me,
" Mahoun my God ich here forsake,
" Gif he shall ever orders take,
" Of any other bishop's hond,
" But of Corrouge, my good brond!" §

It cannot be supposed that this insolent speech, or the imposing figure of Otuel, who held in his hand the good sword Corrouge, still reeking with the blood of his adversary, could have inspired any terror in an assembly composed of the bravest knights in Christendom; yet it was observed that the voice of Charlemagne, which had before been drowned in clamour, was now better heard, and his injunctions to abstain from

* Lord. † Advise. ‡ Aimeth.

§ It was very common with knights errant to end their days in hermitages; previously to which they usually received the clerical *tonsure*. Otuel's allusion to this ceremony must have been a favourite joke a few centuries back, because it appears very frequently in our old romances.

violence to the ambassador more willingly obeyed. Indeed, a considerable part of the company shewed their respect by retiring from the hall, so that Otuel was left with Charles and his immediate counsellors.

The king now earnestly requested him to give up his sword, the retention of which was evidently indecent; and Roland offered to pledge himself for its faithful restoration whenever he should desire to depart. But the pertinacious Saracen continued insensible to their courtesy; and, declaring that if he had twelve squires at his orders he would trust to himself alone the care of his favourite Corrouge, still preserved the same menacing attitude. The king, unwilling to continue an indecorous altercation, at length waived this point of ceremony; and calmly observing to the Saracen, that the personal violence in which he had thought fit to indulge had only tended to render unintelligible the message which he had been ordered to convey, requested that he would plainly deliver the purpose of his embassy.

Otuel replied, that Garsie, king of Spain and Lombardy, and of other countries almost innumerable, had sent him to announce his intention of ravaging France with fire and sword, un

less Charles should consent to avert the unequal conflict by renouncing Christianity; by making satisfaction for divers outrages, committed at his instigation on the faithful followers of Mahomet; and by readily taking the oath of allegiance, as vassal to the said Garsie:

" And certes, but it so befall,
" Garsie will give thine londes all
" To Olerent of Esclavonie,
" The king's son of Germanie,
" That haveth his *o** daughter to wife,
" That he loveth as his life.
" Thus shall all thy mirth adown,
" But thou leve on Sire Mahoun!"

Before Charlemagne could offer any remark on these impertinent conditions, the *dousiperes* exclaimed, with one voice, that if their sovereign would condescend to lead them against Garsie, they would soon punish him as he deserved, for the insolence with which he threatened to dispose of their lands to his misbelieving Saracens.

" Certes, sire king," quath Otuel,
" Thine Frenche knights can *yelpe*† well;

* One, only. † Boast, Sax.

" And when they be to war y-brought,
" Thenne be they right naught !
" Though thou bring, with shield and spear,
" All that ever may weapon bear,
" To warre upon king Garsie,
" Certes, all they shoulden die.
" And thou art king, and olde knight,
" And havest *iloren** all thy might,
" And in thy *yingthe*, † take good heed,
" Thou were never doughty of deed !"

Even the patience of the temperate Charlemagne was scarcely proof against this wanton personal insult; and the twelve peers were incensed almost to madness. Roland, however, still preserving his dignity, only replied, that, should his good fortune in the field lead him to encounter the boasting ambassador, he trusted that he should so behave as to cure him of his contempt for French valour.

" Ough !" quath Otuel, and lough,
" Whereto makest thou it so tough ?
" Why threat me in another land,
" When ich am here at thine hand ?

* Lost. † Youth.

" Gif thou havest will to fight,
" When ever thou wolt, let thee dight,
" And thou shalt find me ready, aplight,
" In the field to 'bide fight."
" By God," quath Roland, " ich would be *yare*,*
" When ich wist to find thee there!
" And evil mot he thrive and the,
" That first faileth of me and thee!"

The impetuous Otuel immediately named the next morning for the time of meeting; and Roland having with equal eagerness consented to the proposal, the two champions threw down their gages, and solemnly pledged themselves to the performance of the battle. Charles, though personally insulted by the arrogance of the Saracen, could not help admiring his spirit, and lamenting that such an intrepid warrior should be ignorant of the virtues of baptism. He therefore earnestly conjured him to be baptized, and to forsake his false faith, promising to reward his compliance by the richest investiture that his spacious dominions could furnish. Otuel only answered by fresh outrages, after which the king at length bethought himself of making an inqui-

* Ready.

ry, which perhaps may be thought to have been unusually deferred, into the rank and name of an ambassador whose ready eloquence was much more remarkable than his courtesy.

Otuel answered this:
" A kingis son ich am, y-wis,
" Sooth to say, and nought to lie,
" Ich am the king's cousin Garsie.
" Ferragus mine eme was,
" That never overcomen n'as.
" Sir Roland, thy cousin, him *slough*;*
" Therefore will rise wo enough!
" Therefore I desire so *miche*,†
" To fight with Roland sikerliche.
" Ich wol, tomorrowen in the day
" *Awreken* ‡ his death, gif ich may," &c.

The mention of Ferragus convinced Charles that the arrogance and discourtesy of the gallant stranger were family failings, with which it would be useless to contend. He therefore summoned his chamberlain, Sir Regnier, and strictly enjoined him to take care that the representative of king Garsie should be protected against any attack which the eccentric manner of executing

* Slew. † Much. ‡ Avenge.

his commission might tend to draw down upon him, and be conducted to his *inn* with all the honours to which, as a knight, he was entitled. Sir Regnier accordingly attended the stranger in person to his lodging, and, taking his leave with due ceremony, returned to court.

Charlemagne had little sleep throughout the night. During an attentive survey of Otuel's person, he had observed in him the marks of unusual strength; inferior, perhaps, to that of his colossal uncle, but not less formidable, because it was united with much address and agility. He began to tremble for his nephew; and, rising before the lark, conducted Roland to church, where they both heard mass and received absolution: but, early as they were at their devotions, they found, on their return to the palace, the punctual Otuel already mounted and armed at all points. The malicious Saracen, affecting to overlook his adversary, addressed the king, and inquired after his nephew. "Yesterday," said he, "the knight was full of valour, and eager to fight me: perhaps he has been let blood, and is now in a more peaceful temper of mind." "Thou shalt soon feel," answered Roland, "whether my arm is bloodless." He then hastened to put on his armour; whilst Otuel

calmly rode off to the place of combat, a small peninsula, on which they could fight without the fear of interruption.

Roland was not slow in following to the appointed spot; but in his eagerness he missed the straight road which Otuel had pursued, and, unwilling to trace back the winding bank of the river, spurred his steed without hesitation, plunged into the water, and swam over to the opposite side. The encounter of the two champions was instant and terrible. Their lances were shivered: their horses floundered at the shock; but the riders were immovable, and, having again taken their ground, drew their swords, and began a closer and more decisive conflict. Roland aimed a furious blow at his antagonist, but it glanced by him, and pierced the brain of his horse; upon which, with his usual courtesy, he reined back his own, and waited till Otuel had disengaged himself, without offering to renew the blow: but the thankless Saracen only rallied him for his awkwardness in missing a knight whose stature afforded so fair an aim as to render the butchery of the horse perfectly inexcusable. Otuel, however, was soon guilty of the same awkwardness, and, conscious that his raillery might now be retort-

ed, imitated the gallantry of Roland, and waited till he had recovered his feet, and could engage on equal terms,—

And said, "Roland, so mote ich the,
"That stroke ich meant to thee;
"And now it is on thy steed *ystunt*,*
"Let now stand *dunt for dunt*." †

The foot-combat, which now commenced, proved that the Saracen was worthy, from his strength, his skill, and his vigilance, to encounter the invincible Roland, who, feeling a high esteem for his opponent, resolved to make another effort to conciliate an enemy who might, if once converted, prove a most valuable supporter of Christianity. He therefore repeated the offer already made by Charlemagne, promising him, as a further inducement, the hand of the beautiful Belisent, the king's daughter; and Otuel, though he still refused the proposal, now condescended, for the first time, to answer in terms of courtesy. In the mean time, Charlemagne, who was a near spectator of the combat, continued to survey it with increasing trepidation. Roland, at length,

* Impressed, inflicted; *stanian*, Sax. † Dint for dint, blow for blow.

growing angry, made a dreadful blow at the head of Otuel, which he evaded by a sudden motion of his body; but the sword, in its descent, struck him on the loin with such violence as to bring him with one knee to the ground. Charlemagne exulted; but the Saracen instantly returned a stroke so well aimed, that it cut away a considerable part of Roland's hauberk, and, though it produced no effect on the wearer, terrified the king to such a degree, that he began to anticipate the defeat and death of his nephew. In this extremity he fell on his knees, directing all his courtiers to imitate his example, and to pray to Heaven, with all possible fervency, that the heart of Otuel might be turned, and that he might become a proselyte. They did so; and the miracle immediately followed. A white culver descended through the air, and, in the sight of all the multitude, gently perched upon the crest of Otuel, who, retreating a few steps, demanded a parley,

And said, " Roland, thou smitest full sore!
" Withdraw thine hond, and smiteth no more.
" Gif thou wilt holden that thou me *bet*,*
" That ich shall wed that maiden sweet

* Promised.

" The kingis daughter Belisent,
" Forsooth, then is my *wille went*,*
" Gif I shall wedden that fair may,
" Ich will believen upon thy *lay*,†
" And alle mine gods forsake,
" And to your God ich will take."

Roland replied, that he was overjoyed at this change of sentiment, and sincerely thankful to " Jesu full of might," through whose special grace it had been operated. The two champions now threw away their swords, and rushed into each other's arms, " embracing and kissing as if they had been brothers;" and Charlemagne, who speedily joined them, felt at least an equal joy in ratifying the conditions offered by his nephew; observing that, with four such knights as Roland, Olivier, Ogier le Danois, and Otuel, he might bid defiance to the united powers of the Saracen monarchs. They then repaired to the palace, where they were welcomed by the " mirth and melody of all manner of minstrelsy," in honour of Otuel's conversion; and on the following day the new proselyte received the gift of *follaught* (baptism) from the hands of archbishop Turpin.

* My inclination fixed. † Law.

It was Charlemagne's wish that the wedding should immediately take place: but

Otuel to the king said,
" Sire, keep me well that maid;
" Forsooth ich n'ill her never wed,
" Ne never with her go to bed,
" Ere this war to the end be brought,
" And somewhat of thy will wrought.
" When king Garsie is *slawe** or *take*,
" Then is time marriage to make."

Charles, much pleased with the military zeal of his son-in-law, summoned a council of the twelve peers, and referred it to them to decide whether he should immediately assemble such forces as could be brought together, and march against Garsie, or wait till the conclusion of the winter. The latter was decided on, and the remainder of the year was passed in making preparations; so that they took the field in spring, with an army not less formidable from its numbers than from its discipline. A day of battle was appointed, as usual, and a field chosen for the purpose, by agreement between the hostile sovereigns; after which, Charles, marching in,

* Slain or taken.

to Lombardy, encamped on a spacious plain, with his advanced guard on the banks of a river, the other side of which was occupied by the enemy. A bridge constructed by the French engineers, where the ground was most favourable to their troops, gave them the means of seizing the best moment for the general attack.

But a bridge afforded a temptation which French knights could not resist; and Roland, Olivier, and Ogier le Danois, though all invested with high commands in the army, were decoyed by the facility of proving their valour, and set off one morning before sunrise in search of adventures. Their first exploit was sufficiently fortunate. They met four Saracen princes, called, "as we find in romaunce," Eurabeles, Balsamun, Astaward, and Clarel; attacked them; killed the three first; made Clarel prisoner; and were returning with all haste to their own camp, when they perceived that their retreat was effectually cut off by a large body of the enemy. It now became necessary either to murder or dismiss their prisoner, who was mounted behind Ogier; and, as it would have been base to destroy a knight who had trusted to their loyalty,

they liberated Clarel,* and, after swearing to defend each other to the utmost of their power, and making numberless signs of the cross, in token of their unreserved submission to the decrees of Providence, set spurs to their horses, and rushed forward into the ranks of the enemy, through which they were resolved to cut themselves a passage.

The attempt was certainly rather desperate; but the three friends were no common knights; and the Saracens who endeavoured to stop their progress would have acted more wisely by suffering them to effect their purpose. These were Birun, Bassan, and Moter, all three cavaliers of great prowess, who were successively killed, together with a great number of their followers. But the Saracens were now assembling from all quarters. The soudan of Tabarie, named Carmel, arrived in time to rally the fugitives, and, attacking Ogier le Danois, threw him, severely wounded, to the ground. Another soudan, called Anawe of Nubia, rode to meet Olivier,

* During their debate upon this subject, Olivier swears, "by the laverd *Saint Richard*," by which it would seem that our Richard I. had, when the French original of this romance was composed, been canonized by minstrel authority.

and unhorsed him. Roland, indeed, killed them both, and enabled Olivier to remount; but while these two heroes were with great difficulty making their way through the crowds which opposed them, the wounded Ogier was still on foot, assailed on all sides, and effectually cut off from his companions. At this moment, king Clarel perceived his situation, and, riding up, advised him to surrender, and received his sword.

Clarel was no wedded man,
Clarel had a fair leman,
That was *hoten** Aufanie,
And was born in Ermony.
Clarel, *anon rights*,†
Cleped‡ to him two knights,
And said to hem anon,
" To my leman shall ye gon,
" And say that I sent her this knight,
" And, that his wound be healed aright,
" And good heed to him *nom*,§
" To saven him 'till my to-come."

Whilst Ogier was thus made prisoner by the man whom he had hoped, a few hours before, to

* Called. † Right anon; immediately. ‡ Called.
§ Taken.

carry to the feet of Charlemagne, and whilst Roland and Olivier were glad, after a long and dangerous struggle, to save themselves from the same calamity by a precipitate flight, Otuel had quietly concerted the best measures to repair the bad effects of their rashness. Having armed himself and all his knights, he repaired to Charlemagne,

And said, " Sire, ich dwell too long!
" Roland, Olivier, and Ogier the strong,
" Over the water alle three
" *Beth y-went*,* for envy of me,
" To look where they mighten speed
" To don any doughty deed,
" Among the Saracens bold:
" And I should be coward hold.
" Therefore I ne will no longer abide;
" To sechen hem ich wol ride.
" Though they habben envy of me,
" Ich will, for the love of thee,
" *Fonden* † whether ich might comen
" To helpen hem, lest they weren y-nomen.
" And gif hem any harm *betit*, ‡
" Let hem *witen her own wit*." §

* Are gone. † Try. ‡ Hath happened; betided.
§ Thank their own wisdom. Witen, or to wite, (Scotish) is to *blame*.

The king expressed to him the most lively gratitude, and earnestly entreated him to push forward with all possible expedition, assuring him that the whole army should be immediately marched forward for the purpose of assisting his efforts. Otuel, therefore, having with him many of the *dousiperes*, and all the youngest and most active of the French cavalry, crossed the river, and galloped on at full speed to the rescue of the generals. He had not advanced far before he met the two fugitives, who instantly checked their horses, and turned back with him to charge the enemy; but, being questioned by him respecting the fate of Ogier, were obliged to answer that they had lost sight of him long since, and that, being much wounded, he was likely to have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

" Alas! alas!" quath Otuel,
" This tiding liketh me nought well!
" Sire Charles, my lord the king,
" Wol be sorry for this tiding!
" For Godis love, hie we *blive*,*
" And look we whether Ogier be alive!"

Roland and Olivier were not less anxious

* Quickly.

than himself to recover their lost companion; and these formidable knights were exerting their utmost speed for this purpose, when their way was crossed by a Saracen, whose name not unaptly described his qualities, the huge and redoubtable Encumbrer. Otuel, with the rapidity of lightning, pierced the massive champion, and overthrew his big black horse; whilst Roland, Olivier, and Estuyt of Legers, bore down three more of Garsie's officers, and thus set an example to the rest of the French knights, which they followed with their usual impetuosity. A king of India, named Erpater, armed with a mace of brass, ventured to attack the gallant Otuel, and struck him with a violence which would have stunned a common hero; but was soon punished for his temerity, being cloven from the head to the shoulders. Clarel alone, the fiercest of the remaining Saracens, was able to oppose some resistance to the French knights, and to stop for a short time the disorder of his own troops; who, however, were only saved from a total defeat by the approach of night, and consequent cessation of hostilities.

Tho the ost was withdraw,
To resten hem, as is the *law*,*

* Custom.

King Clarel came, in form of peace,
With three fellows, ne mo ne less,
Towards Charles's ost the king, &c.

and Otuel went to meet him, and to inquire into the purport of his embassy. Clarel, instead of answering his questions, begged in the first instance to know his name, having had many opportunities, during the late battle, of witnessing his unparalleled prowess.

" By God, fellow," quath Otuel,
" Ere this thou knew my name full well!
" So God shield me from shame,
" Otuel is my Christian name!
" Mahoun ich habbe forsake,
" And Jesu ich habbe me take."

This discovery produced, as might be naturally expected, a violent dispute and quarrel between the Christian convert and the rigid Saracen, and ended by a determination of fighting, next morning, a duel in the Christian camp; Otuel having previously pledged his honour that no insult should be offered to his antagonist, and that the merit of their respective religions should be fairly tried by an appeal to the sword. Clarel

was punctual to his time, and at day-break appeared fully armed before the royal pavilion; where, relying on his safe conduct, he thought fit, while expecting the arrival of Otuel, to amuse himself with insulting the venerable person of Charlemagne,—

And said, "Charles, thou art old!
"Who made thee now so bold
"To warren upon king Garsie,
"That is chief of all Paynie?
"All Paynie he haveth in *wold*;*
"Thou doatest, tho thou art so bold!"

Charles, it must be confessed, had submitted to still greater insults from Otuel; but then he had been in some degree taken by surprise; besides which that chief was a privileged ambassador, and moreover the nephew of Ferragus the giant; whereas he was now elated with victory, and thereby rendered so irascible that he determined on the instant to punish Clarel's presumption, and actually sent for his armour and prepared for the combat. It is even probable that the expostulations of Roland and of his other knights would have been insufficient to deter him

* Government.

from his purpose: but Otuel, to whom he had lately paid much more deference, convinced him that no personal offence ought to prevent the decision of a quarrel founded on a theological dispute; and consequently that his majesty, though he had "*sworn his oath*," ought in the present instance to desist, leaving to him the task of punishing Clarel for his mistaken opinions in religion, and for his contempt of old emperors.

In the combat with the lance, both champions were, as usual, brought to the ground; after which they drew their swords, and buffeted each other for a competent time, and then, growing very angry, mutually exerted all their powers. At this period of the battle, Clarel made a blow at his adversary, which nearly stunned him, and which he promised to repay.

Otuel, for wrath, anon
Areight * him on the cheek-bone;
All tho fell off that was there,
And made his teeth all bare.
Tho Otuel saw his cheek-bone,
He gave Clarel a scorn anon,
And said, "Clarel! so mote thou the,
"Why shewest thou thy teeth to me?

* Reached him.

" I n' am no tooth-drawere!
" Thou ne seest me no *chain** bear."
Clarel feeled him wounded sore,
And was maimed for evermore;
And smote to Otuel with all his might.
And Otuel, that doughty knight,
With his sword kept the dent
That Clarel him had y-meant,
And yet the dint slode adown,
And smote Otuel upon the crown.
Quath Otuel, " By Godis ore,
" Saracen, thou smitest full sore!
" Sith then thy beard was y-shave,
" Thou art woxen a strong knave!"
Otuel smote Clarel tho
O stroke, and no mo,
That never eft word he ne spake, &c.

The event of this combat was celebrated by festivities and rejoicings in the camp of Charles, and spread grief and consternation through that of Garsie, who, however, determined on revenge, and meditated a general attack on the Christians at the moment when they, informed by spies of

* It should seem by this that it was usual with tooth-drawers to wear a chain; or perhaps a sort of chaplet composed of teeth which they had extracted.

his intentions, marched forward for the purpose of assailing him. The armies soon met; and the battle began, as usual, by a skirmish of the principal officers on both sides. A *Turquein* of great prowess, but whose name is not mentioned, rode against Roland, and caused him to lose one of his stirrups, but on a second charge was killed by the Christian knight. A second, named Myafle of Bagounde, unhorsed and wounded Olivier, but was instantly pierced by the spear of Roland. A third, called Galatin, was slain by Otuel. At the same time a young and beardless knight, followed by a troop of bachelors, all under twenty years of age, nobly seconded the efforts of the three Christian heroes, and spread terror through the ranks of the Saracens. He had even the honour of capturing a Turkish prince, named Coursaber, and of sending him as his prisoner to Charlemagne; but, being carried too far by his impetuosity, was in imminent danger of being killed by the terrible Poidras of Barbary, when he was rescued by Otuel, who assaulted Poidras so violently "that there he lay like a sticked swine."

Garsie, who perceived that many of his best knights had fallen, and that the dangers of the battle were likely to approach his sacred person,

began to feel great displeasure; and calling to Arperaunt, one of his favourite advisers, reminded him that the defeat of the French and the punishment of Otuel had been solemnly decreed in council, and requested him to propose immediately some easy means of carrying that decree into effect. Arperaunt frankly confessed that whilst Roland and Olivier were alive, and Otuel continued to brandish his good sword Corrouge, he saw no mode of accomplishing those salutary measures: upon which, Garsie, addressing himself to Baldolf of Aquilent, a general of known hardihood, ordered him to stop the fugitives, and lead them against the Christians, promising to follow in person with the rest of the army, and to assist in the capture of Otuel.

Quath Baldolf, "By Sire Mahoun,
"Laverd, we will don what we *moun*.*
"And come thou after, and take heed
"Which manner that we speed.
"And, gif thou seest that need be,
"Come and help us ere we flee.
"For, when a host to flight is went,
"But succour come, it shal be shent."

* May.

Baldolf kept his word, and did what he could; and Karnifees, one of the fiercest of the Saracen champions, assisted him so manfully that they succeeded for a time in rallying their troops; but Karnifees, being so rash as to encounter Otuel, was speedily killed, after which the disorder of the Saracens became irrecoverable.

The Saracens were so adread,
Into the water many fled;
Some swam, and some sunk,
And cold water enough they drunk.

The author has now the good-nature to recollect the unfortunate Ogier le Danois, whom he had left some time since a prisoner, under the care of Clarel's *leman*. This fair Armenian began by curing his wounds; but, after the death of Clarel, treated him with great severity, and confined him in a dungeon, under the guard of seven knights. Fortunately there was a *noble squire*, who took pity on his suffering, and determined to share his fortunes. Through his means, Ogier recovered his horse and arms, and forthwith killed four out of the seven knights, his jailors; and then hastened to the castle-gate, obtained the means of escape through the device

of the same squire, who persuaded the porter that they were two adventurers going in search of plunder to the Christian camp, and promised him a share of their booty. Thus was the good Ogier liberated from prison, and thus had he the good fortune of contributing his share towards the final discomfiture of the unbelievers. Though he had ridden all night without once alighting, the joy of seeing his old companions, Roland and Olivier, and the amusement of killing Saracens, prevented his feeling fatigue, or requiring any other refreshment; and it may be presumed that his horse, who readily took his usual place in the battle, must have participated in the feelings of his rider.

The fortune of the day, as we have seen, was already decided; and the arrival of such a warrior as Ogier could not fail of precipitating the flight of the enemy. Garsie, who had advanced for the purpose of capturing Otuel, finding this impracticable, rode off towards his tents, and was much surprised at being overtaken by his ungracious cousin, and by his three Christian companions:

King Garsie saide this;
" For his love that God is,

" Taketh me alive, and slayeth me nought;
" Let my life be *for-bought!* *
" And let me, as a prisoun, gon
" Before king Charles anon,
" And don him homage with mine hond,
" To holden of him all my lond."

Otuel observed to his three companions, that there seemed to be no objection to saving the life of a man whose death would be perfectly unprofitable to all parties; and they having agreed in the same opinion, he conducted his prisoner to Charlemagne, and explained to him that Garsie had only stipulated for the preservation of his life, and had voluntarily consented to a state of unconditional vassalage and dependence on the crown of France.

Thus ends the Auchinleck MS.—In the continuation of the story, Otuel appears to be almost forgotten, though his name occurs two or three times towards the end of the romance, for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of justifying its title. I have already observed that such a continuation would scarcely deserve notice, but that it presents us with the concluding scene in Turpin's history, the battle of Roncesvalles.

* Ransomed.

Charles, having thus terminated the campaign of Lombardy, led his unsuccessful rival to Paris, where Garsie, convinced that it was out of the power of Mahomet or Apolyn to obtain for him such terms as he might secure by embracing Christianity, consented to be baptized by the hands of archbishop Turpin. Soon after this, Charles received intelligence that Ibrahim, king of Seville, having united his forces with those of the king of Cordes, was encamped near that city; he therefore collected an army with all possible expedition, and marched to attack them. He found them

With batayles stern ten;
The first waren foot-men
That grisliche were of cheer;
With hair they were be-hong,
And beardys swithe long,
And hornes in hond hare.

These ugly troops were also provided with numberless bells and other sonorous instruments, which, added to the hideous shouts and yells with which they advanced to the attack, produced a discord truly diabolical. It will readily be believed that the valorous knights, who formed the

van of the Christian army, were very little disturbed either by the abominable features, or by the grotesque gesticulations, or by the dissonant noises of these uncouth antagonists; but their horses, who were perfectly unprepared for an encounter with such musicians in masquerade, utterly refused to approach them, and, when roused by the spur from the lethargy of astonishment into which they had been plunged by the unexpected sight, suddenly dispersed in all directions, and, charging the French infantry with the rapidity of lightning, threw them into confusion; after which, communicating the panic to the body of reserve, they hurried the astonished Charlemagne, together with his twelve peers, several miles from the field of battle.

The infantry, having at length gained a commanding eminence, were easily rallied, because they could not run much further; but it was not till late in the evening that they were joined by the cavalry, when the king commanded them to pitch their tents. On the following morning he gave orders that the ears of all the horses in the army should be carefully stopped with wax, and that they should at the same time be hood-winked; after which he marched forward in good order to meet the enemy. The Saracens were now

repulsed in their turn; but maintained an obstinate conflict in defence of their sacred standard, which was carried in a car drawn by twelve oxen. On this occasion, Charlemagne exhibited the greatest heroism, and, drawing his good sword Joyeuse, rushed into the midst of his enemies, forced his way to the standard, cut in two the long and massive spear on which it was reared, and shortly after clove the skull of the ferocious Ibrahim, the tyrant of Seville. Eight thousand Saracens fell in this battle; and on the following day the king of Cordes, who had escaped into the city, was forced to surrender and to do homage to Charles, after promising to renounce his former creed, and to embrace the doctrines of Christianity.

Immediately after this victory, the French army was called off to repress the inroads of the king of Navarre; and on this occasion the pious Charles was gratified by a fresh miracle. It is well known that those who die in battle against the infidels are rewarded by the crown of martyrdom; and if this were not a matter of course, it was in the present case secured by the express promise made by St James to Charles in his sleep. Now the good king wished to know how many of his knights were predestined to lose their

lives on this occasion, and prayed to heaven that his curiosity might be satisfied. Accordingly, the intended victims were all marked with a red cross on their shoulder; but Charles, finding their number much greater than he expected, and wishing to obtain a cheaper victory, left them all behind in a place of security; attacked the enemy; gained the battle; and returned without loss. In the mean time those for whom he was thus solicitous had all expired; and thus did the good king learn that it is useless to oppose the designs of Providence.

Having at length secured the submission of Spain, by distributing all his conquests, either amongst his own friends, or amongst those of his benefactor, St James, Charlemagne became desirous of returning into France; but feeling some uneasiness at leaving behind him two Saracen kings, named Marsire and Baligand, who then resided at Saragossa, he dispatched an ambassador to inform them that they must immediately consent to be baptized, or else pay him tribute. The ambassador whom he chose for this mission was the celebrated Guines, or Ganelon, whose duty to his sovereign and to his country was soon overpowered by a present of thirty *somers* (beasts of burthen) laden with gold

and silver, which the artful Saracens offered to him, on condition of his undertaking to lead the French army into the defiles of the forest of Roncesvalles.

And thritti steedes with gold fine,
To Charles sent that Sarazin,
All they were white as flour;
And an hundred tuns of wine,
That was both good and fine,
And swithe fair colour.*

At the same time they permitted Ganelon to make, in their name, whatever promises he might think necessary for the purpose of preventing any suspicions in the mind of Charlemagne.

The traitor executed his commission with great address, and suggested such a disposition

* Gaguin, in his translation of Turpin, adds to this present a thousand beautiful damsels, "pour en faire à leur voulenté," and further explains to us the real cause of the terrible disaster which befel the Christians. "Mais pour autant que les gens de l'ost s'estoient enyvrés, les nuits précédentes, du vin des Sarrazins que Ganelon avoit amené, aucuns avoient commis le peché de fornication avec les femmes Sarrazines, et aultres femmes chretiennes de France." Cap. 20.

of the French army as insured the destruction of Roland and of all his companions. Charles in person commanded one half of the army, and was suffered to pass the mountains unmolested, and to descend into the open country; but no sooner had Roland, who conducted the second division, advanced into the forest of Roncesvalles, than he found himself attacked on all sides by the Saracens, who had been previously posted on every eminence, and had concerted every measure for the surprise of the Christians. Roland, as might be expected, made a desperate resistance, and, being assisted by all the best knights of France, nearly annihilated the first body of his assailants; but the Saracens continued to receive constant reinforcements, while the Christians were exhausted by fatigue and hunger. Constantine of Rome, Ogier le Danois, Reynald de Montauban, Sir Bertram the standard-bearer, and many others of less note, after performing prodigies of valour, were successively slain. Olivier, covered with wounds, was at length overpowered, and Roland, after singly cutting his way through the enemy, perceived that all hopes of retreat were lost, and that nothing remained for him but to seek for an opportunity of dying honourably in the field.

After wandering for some time in the forest, he discovered a single Saracen, whom he secured and bound to a tree; after which, having gained an eminence from whence he could discover the situation of the enemy, he sounded his ivory horn, collected round him a small number of his fugitive soldiers, and, returning with them to his prisoner, unbound him, and promised him life, on condition that he should point out to them the person of king Marsire. The Saracen readily obeyed, and shewed him the king mounted on a bay charger, and bearing a golden dragon on his shield; upon which Roland, setting spurs to his horse, dashed through the surrounding guards, and with one blow clove his enemy to the saddle-bows. Baligand collected the remains of the Saracen army, and retreated to Saragossa.

Roland, now covered with wounds, and beginning to suffer severely from fever and from thirst, dismounted from his horse, lay down under a tree, and, drawing his good sword Durindale,

Tho he began to make his moan,
And fast looked thereupon,
As he it held in his hond.

" O sword of great might,
" Better bare never no knight,
" To win with no lond!
" Thou hast y-be in many batayle,
" That never Sarrazin, sauns fayle,
" Ne might thy stroke withstond.
" Go! let never no Paynim
" Into batayle bear him,
" After the death of Roland!
" O sword of great powere,
" In this world n'is nought thy peer,
" Of no metal y-wrought;
" All Spain and Galice,
" Through grace of God and thee, y-wis,
" To Christendom ben brought.
" Thou art good withouten blame;
" In thee is graven the holy name
" That all things made of nought!"

After these words he rose, and, exerting his whole force, struck his sword against a rock, in hopes of breaking it. But Durindale sunk deep into the solid stone; and when he had, with some difficulty, drawn it out, he found the edge uninjured.

The dying hero now blew his ivory horn, in hopes of drawing round him some friends, if any

such had escaped from the battle, to whom he might consign his sword, and who might join with him in prayer during his last moments. No one appeared. He made a second effort, and with such violence that he burst the horn, and at the same time so distended all his veins, that his wounds began to bleed most abundantly, and soon reduced him almost to extremity. The sound of his blast was distinctly heard in the army of Charlemagne, who wished to return in search of his nephew, but was persuaded by Ganelon that Roland could be in no danger, but was most probably amusing himself by hunting in the forest. It brought, however, to Roland, two of his companions, Sir Baldwin and Sir Terry, who, having escaped the general slaughter, had been hitherto wandering through the forest, and whom he sent in search of some water, which, however, they were unable to find. In the mean time a Saracen, coming by chance to the spot where the hero lay, endeavoured to carry off Durindale; but Roland, suddenly starting up, wrenched the sword from his hand, killed him with one blow, and fainted with the exertion; so that Sir Baldwin, finding him apparently lifeless, laid him with great care across his horse, took care of his sword and horn, and

conducted him to an adjoining valley, where the hero, recovering his senses, had time to make a very long prayer before he expired, when his soul was immediately carried up to heaven by a troop of angels.

Archbishop Turpin was, at this moment, saying mass for the souls of the dead, and distinctly heard the songs of these angels, who were, however, too distant to be seen; but at the same time he discovered and interrogated a troop of black fiends, who were flying to hell with the soul of king Marsire, and who reported to him the death of Roland, which he instantly notified to Charlemagne.

The good king instantly set off towards Roncesvalles, and being met by Sir Baldwin, who confirmed the deposition of the devils, was conducted by him to the body of Roland, over which he swooned two or three times, and uttered many learned but tedious lamentations.* He then pre-

* Though these lamentations are insufferable in the drawling stanzas of our English translator, they are not unentertaining in the old French of Gauguin. " O le bras dextre de mon corps ! l'honneur des Gaules ! l'espée de chevalerie ! Hache inflexible, haubergeon incorruptible et heaulme de salut ! Comparé à Judas Machabeus par ta valeur et prouesse, ressemblant à Sanson, et pareil à Jonatas fils de Saul, par la fortune de ta triste mort ! O cheva-

pared for vengeance, and, having first prayed to Heaven that the sun might be stopped for him, as it had formerly been for Josua (a favour which was readily granted to him,) led his army against Saragossa, where Baligand had found a retreat. In this battle, *Sir* Turpin distinguished himself by many acts of extraordinary valour, as did also Sir Hugon, Sir Thibaut, Charlemagne, and Otuel, of whom we have long lost sight, but who is now brought forward for the purpose of killing Perigon, king of Persia, whilst Turpin has the honour of destroying the treacherous Baligand. Sixty thousand Saracens, it seems, were slain in this long and murderous day; after which Charles returned to the fatal field of Roncesvalles, where Sir Terry having formally accused Ganelon of causing the destruction of the French army, and having proved his charge in single combat, that traitor was condemned to be hanged, and then torn into quarters by four hor-

lier très aspre et bien enseigné à combattre! fort, plus fort, et très fort! génie royal! destructeur des Sarrazins! des bons Chrestiens défenseur! le mur et deffence des eleves! le ferme baston des orphelins et veuves! la viande et réfection des pauvres! la révélation des églises! langue sans avoir menti ès jugemens de toutes choses," &c. Chap. xxiv.

ses. Having thus revenged the death of his nephew,

Charlys took his knights,
And went to Roland, anon rights,
With swithe great doloùr;
Rolandys body he let dight,
With myrrh and balm anon right,
With swithe good odoùr.
But Roland and Oliver,
And everych of the *dussyper*,
With balm weren y-dight;
Of some, withouten fail,
Men didden out the entrayle,
And in lead layd hem aright:
And tho that weren nought so,
Full well in salt men did hem do,
To be sweet both day and night, &c.

I shall conclude the extract from about eleven hundred very insipid lines, in the words of the author:

Here endeth Otuel, Roland, and Olyvere,
And of the twelve dussypere,

That dieden in the batayle of Runcyvale:
Jesu Lord, heaven king,
To his bliss hem and us both bring,
To liven withouten bale!

SIR FERUMBRAS.

The following romance, I believe, was never printed. A MS. copy of it existed in the library of the late Dr Farmer, and a transcript from this copy, made by the late Mr Steevens, was presented by him to my friend Mr Douce, who kindly permitted me to re-transcribe it. It is professedly translated from the French, and contains 3386 lines. The original may possibly be the "Fierabras," of which there is a copy in Bibl. Reg. 15 E. vi. Skelton, in his poem of "Ware the Hawke," mentions it by the name of "Syr Pherumbras," and Barber, in his poem of "The Bruce," B iii. v. 437, mentions "The Romanys of worthi Ferambrase," the adventures of which are related by Bruce to his followers.

It may probably occur to the reader that this story ought to have preceded those of Ferragus and Otuel, because it is absurd, after having accompanied Roland and his companions to the

end of their pilgrimage in this world, and even to their peaceable establishment in the next, that we should again bring them forward, and engage them in a new and independent scene of action. But an absurdity, more or less, where romances are concerned, was thought of little consequence, and as the most rational mode of arranging fabulous compositions is to place them according to the order in which they were written, those fictions which were contrived on the basis of Turpin's Chronicle seemed to have a fair claim to priority.

Indeed, whatever may be the date of the French "Fierabras," I think it would not be difficult to prove, from internal evidence, that the present translation cannot be earlier than the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century; whereas the romances of Ferragus, and the first part of Otuel, being contained in the Auchinleck MS., cannot be much later than 1330, about which time that MS. was completed.

As it is written in romaunce,
And founden in books of antiquytè,

At Seynt Denyse Abbey in Fraunce,
There as chronicles remembrede be,

it will be found that a mighty soudan, named *Laban*,* sovereign of Babylon, who possessed the renowned city of Agramore, on the river Flagote, was a terrible scourge to the Christians, whom he drove out of the Holy Land. Twelve kings and fourteen amirals fought under his banners, yet his conquests, and particularly the capture of Rome, the former mistress of the world, must be attributed rather to the sins of the Christians, than to the number or valour of his forces.

It befell, between March and May,
When *kind* † *corage* ‡ beginneth to prick,
When frith and fielde waxen gay,
And every wight desireth her like:
When lovers slepen with open eye,
As nightingales on greene tree,
And sore desire that they coud fly,
That they mighten with their love be;

* In the French romances he is, I believe, always called Baland.

† Nature. ‡ The heart.

This worthy sowdan, in this seasòn,
Shope him to greene wood to goon,
To chace the boar, or the venisòn,
The wolf, or the bear, or the *bawson*.*
He rode tho upon a forest stronde,
With great rout and royaltè,
The fairest that was in all that lande,
With *alaunts*, † *lymeris*, ‡ and *racches* § free.

Being at length tired with hunting, he sat down under a tree, on an eminence which commanded an extensive view of the sea, and perceiving a ship at a small distance from the shore, sent an attendant to hail the vessel, and to inquire for news. The officer soon returned, attended by the ship's interpreter, who, addressing the soudan, informed him that their cargo was of immense value, consisting of rich furs, spicery, oil, brass, pearls, and precious stones, freighted at Babylon, and intended as a present for his majesty; but that, having been driven by stress of weather *to Rome*, they had been robbed of the best part of this treasure by the Romans; and humbly begged leave to solicit that he would

* Bison, wild bull.

† Mastiffs ? (see Ducange, voc. Alanus.)

‡ Blood-hounds; *limiers*, Fr. used to track the deer.

§ Common hounds.

denounce his royal vengeance against the authors of this insult.

Laban, highly incensed, made a vow to Mahound and to Apolyn, that he would, without loss of time, exterminate all the inhabitants of the guilty city; and sent pressing orders to all his tributary kings and amirals to attend him on an appointed day, with their whole forces. Seven hundred sail of vessels were assembled to convey the army, and a large ship was fitted up for the purpose of carrying the soudan, together with his son Ferumbras, king of Alexandria, and his daughter Floripas.

Two masters were in the dromound,
Two goddes on high sitten there
In the master-top, with maces round,
*To manace with the Christian lere.**
The sails were of red *sendele*, †
Embrowdered with rich array;
With beasts and birdes, every *dele*, ‡
That was right curious and gay.

The fleet having a prosperous passage, Laban caused his army to be disembarked near the

* Wherewith to menace the Christian doctrine.
† For *cendale*, silk. ‡ Part.

mouth of the Tyber; and, leading them towards Rome, laid waste the whole country on his passage, and filled the city with consternation. The pope assembled his council to consult on the best means of defence; and they, instead of suggesting any, advised that messengers should be sent to Charlemagne, imploring his timely assistance: but Rome still contained one brave man, named Sabaryz, who persuaded them to delay this timid measure, and to make, in the mean time, such exertions as were in their power. Inspiring the Roman soldiers with a zeal similar to his own, he, after providing for the defence of the walls, directed a sally against the enemy:

The *stour** was strong, enduring long;
The Romans hadde there the field;
The Sarrazins they slew among,
Ten thousand and mo, with spear and shield.

He then retreated in time; and, having suffered little loss, was received in Rome as a tutelary deity. In the mean time, Lukafere of Baldas (Bagdat,) one of Laban's tributary kings, had been scouring the country, and with such

* Battle.

success, that he brought into the Saracen camp no less than ten thousand Italian virgins, for the use of the soudan and of the army: but the soudan happened to be out of humour from the loss which he had just sustained, and ordered the virgins to be slain; so that, says our author, they all became martyrs, "and thereof were they all full fain."

If chastity, carried almost to excess, was at that time the distinguishing quality of the Italian ladies, it does not appear that humility was the favourite virtue of their conqueror; for the same Lukafere, having taken this opportunity of demanding the princess Floripas for his wife, voluntarily pledged himself to her father to bring the emperor Charlemagne, with all his *dosiperes*, in chains to the foot of his throne. The soudan could not refuse the highest reward for such a service; and Floripas herself, though not at all enamoured of the king of Baldas, readily agreed to accept him when he should have fulfilled these conditions. But, in the mean time, Laban enjoined him the much easier task of assaulting, with thirty thousand men, the city of Rome; and Lukafere without hesitation undertook to execute the task. He advanced; discovered

with some surprise that a wide and deep ditch was an obstacle to his intended attack; vainly tortured his brains to devise some expedient for overcoming the difficulty; and returned, after suffering some loss, to state the impossibility of the enterprise.

Laban, who had been accustomed to issue his commands without inquiring whether their execution was practicable, grew very angry, and cursed all his gods for suffering a vile ditch to intervene between him and the completion of his wishes; but, not being fertile in contrivances, he sent for his engineer, Sir Mabon, and commanded him to suggest an invention which might answer his purposes. Mabon humbly represented to him, that, if the ditch were filled with faggots, his majesty's troops might easily pass over it; and the soudan, after commending in terms of rapturous admiration the ingenuity of his engineer, gave orders for this necessary measure; and directed that the city should, on the following day, be assaulted from all quarters.

But the brave Sabaryz was still within the walls: the Saracens, after a long conflict, were repulsed with considerable loss; and the soudan

became almost mad with vexation at this second disappointment. Lukafere, however, by the assistance of a spy, was now provided with a stratagem which succeeded. He was told that Sabaryz would, on the following day, attempt a second sally; and that, by causing a banner to be made exactly similar to that of the Romans, he might easily gain admittance within the gates. Sabaryz, returning from his expedition, discovered too late the artifice of the enemy, and in vain endeavoured to recover the tower of which they had obtained possession.

By then he found the gate shette,
With Sarrazins that had it won;
And Estragot with him he mette,
With boar's head, black and dun.
For as a boar a head he had,
And a great mace strong as steel;
He smote Sabaryz as he were mad,
That dead to ground he fell.
This Estragot of Ethiope,
He was a king of great strength;
There was none such in Europe,
So strong and so long in length.
I trow he were a devil's son,
Of Belsabubbis line,

For ever he was thereto *y-wone** .
To do Christen men great pine.

After the death of Sabaryz, the pope again summoned his council, and all now concurred in the necessity of dispatching an embassy to implore the assistance of Charlemagne. On the following day the Saracens again tried a general assault. The fleet was brought up the Tyber, with their "boats bounden to the mast," for the purpose, as it should seem, of giving a more elevated situation to the assailants; and the military engines, under the direction of Sir Mabon, were worked with such success, that a "bastile," which formed a principal protection to the walls, was laid in ruins.

Tho the great glutton Estragot,
With his mighty mace sware;
On the gates of Rome he smot,
And brake them all on three there.
In he entered at the gate,
The porte-cullis they let down fall;
He weened he had come too late,
It smot him through heart, liver, and gall.

* Accustomed.

He lay cryand at the ground,
Like a devil of hell;
Thorough the city went the sound,
So loud then gan he yell.

This fortunate event inspired the besieged with fresh hopes. Though frequently summoned to surrender, they persisted in defending the city, and, at the close of day, had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy once more compelled to retire with considerable loss.

The pope now formed a most desperate project. Conceiving that the Saracens, after the death of Sabaryz, would feel perfectly secure from any further enterprises on the part of the besieged, he proposed to march out at the head of twenty thousand men, leaving ten thousand for the guard of the city, and to attack the enemy in their camp. In fact, the scheme was well concerted, and the surprise would have succeeded, but for the vigilance of Sir Ferumbras, who, going his rounds about an hour before day-break, discovered the march of the Romans, sounded the alarm, and in the mean time made head against the assailants. The attack, however, was well supported. Sir Bryer of Apulia, and Sir Hubert, and Sir Gyndarde, three knights in

the Roman army, seemed to have inherited the skill and courage of Sabaryz, and destroyed great numbers of the Saracens; but the superiority of Ferumbras at length became conspicuous.

Tho came the pope, with rich array,
His bannere tofore him went;
Ferumbras then gan to assay
If he might that prey *entente*; *
Supposing in his thought
There was the sovereign,
He spared him therefore nought,
But bare him down there in the plain.
Anon he sterte on him allane,
His ventayle for to unlace;
And saw his crown *new-shane*, †
And shamed then he was.
" Fie, priest, God give thee sorrow;
" What doest thou, armed in the field,
" That shouldest say thy matins on morrow?
" What doest thou with spear and shield?
" I hoped thou hadst been an emperour,
" Or a chieftain of this host here;
" Or some worthy conquerour:
" Go home, and keep thy *quere*! ‡

* Attack, attenter, Fr. † Newly shaven. ‡ Quire.

" Shame it were to me, certain,
" To slay thee in this batayle,
" Therefore turn thee home again !"
The pope was glad thereof sauns faile.
He went home to Rome that night,
With five thousand, and no more ;
Fifteen thousand left in the field a plight,
Full great sorrow was therefore.

This disastrous event might have ultimately led to the surrender of Rome, but its immediate capture was the effect of treason. Ispres, a man who possessed by inheritance the command of the principal gate, repaired to Laban, and offered to betray his charge on certain conditions; which were readily promised: but Ferumbras, who was ordered to receive possession of the gate, caused the traitor's head to be struck off by the port-cullis, and to be carried on the point of a spear before his troops, whilst he proceeded to the pillage of the city.

Ferumbras to St Peter's went,
And all the reliques he seised anon ;
The cross, the crown, the nayles bent,
He toke them with him everych one.
He did despoyl all the citè

Both of tresor and of gold;
And, after that, brent he
All that ever might be told.

Thus was completed the triumph of the Mahometans. The booty found in Rome was sent by Laban to Aigremor, where he spent three months in constant festivities. The altars of his false gods smoked with ceaseless clouds of frankincense, and the pleasures of the table were unremitted.

They blew hornys of brass;
They dronke beastys' blood;
Milk and honey there was
That was royale and good.
Serpents in oil were fried
To serve the soudan withal;
"Antrarian! Antrarian!" they cried,
That signifieth "Joye generale."

Whilst the soudan was thus feasting on fried snakes, the campagna of Rome exhibited to the Christian army, which was advancing to its relief, the most horrid scene of desolation. The messengers had reached Charlemagne in safety, and that monarch had taken measures to collect

his army with the utmost speed; but, as his preparations required some time, and the distress of the Romans was pressing, he sent off Sir Guy, duke of Burgundy, at the head of such troops as were in readiness, with orders to keep the enemy in check till his arrival. Sir Guy immediately hastened into Italy; but the Saracens were already disembarked; the ruins of the city were still smoking; the neighbouring country, exhausted by the enemy, afforded no means of subsistence; and he found it necessary to halt at some distance, and to wait the approach of the royal army. This series of bad news greatly exasperated Charles, who swore to be revenged on Laban, and to put him to death, unless he should consent to restore the reliques and to abjure his idolatry; after which, feeling himself, as people usually do on such occasions, somewhat refreshed by his oath, he began to take with more coolness the steps which were necessary for its accomplishment. He provided a fleet; embarked his army; landed on the banks of the river Gaze, about thirty miles from Aigremor; and began to pillage the country for the purpose of notifying his safe arrival.

Laban, always arrogant, and rendered still more so by his late success, was perfectly asto-

nished at the presumption of Charlemagne; and having convoked his *barons*, he thus addressed them:

" I charge you, upon your legeaunce,
" That ye bring me that glutton,
" That clepeth himself king of France,
" Hither to my pavillon.
" Keep him alive: the *remenant sle*;*
" The twelve peers each one:
" I shall teach him courtesie;
" I swear by god Mahoun!"

Sir Ferumbras, Sir Lukafere, and the other Saracen knights immediately seized their arms, and hastened to a skirmish with Roland, Olivier, and the rest of Charles's knights. The skirmish became a tremendous battle, in which the Saracens were so severely handled, that Ferumbras was obliged to confess to his father, that their gods, " what devil so ever them ailed," had not blessed their arms with victory. Charles, on the other hand, being rather proud of the feats which he had achieved with his good sword Joyeuse, but unwilling to arrogate to his own efforts the whole success of the day, chose to share it only

* Remainder slay.

with the elder knights of his army, whom he praised in terms so exclusive, that his nephew, the impetuous Roland, conceived himself and his brethren in arms to be unjustly slighted, and soon took an opportunity of expressing his displeasure.

The author now presents us with a prayer to "the red Mars armipotent," who is invoked either by Laban, or by some other person, to succour the Mahometans against the Christians; and then abruptly proceeds to assert the necessity, or at least the propriety, of falling in love during the spring of the year; and these digressions lead him to describe the nations, which are quite sufficiently numerous, from which Laban recruited the late losses in his army.

All these people was gathered to Agremore;
Three hundred thousand of Sarrasins fell;
Some bloo, some yellow, some black as Moor,
Some horrible and strange as devil of hell.
He made them drink of beastys' blood,
Of tiger, antelope, and *camalyon*,*

* Meaning, probably, the camelopardalis. The blood of a cameleon would go but a very little way towards satisfying a thirsty Saracen.

As is her use to eager their mood,
When they in war to batayle gon.

Laban addressed this motley army in a speech intended to increase the warlike ardour occasioned by the inflammatory nature of their diet; ordered a solemn sacrifice to his gods; and then directed Ferumbras to march against the Christians.

Ferumbras led out his troops; but, having ordered them to halt in a thick wood, advanced with only ten followers to the camp of Charlemagne, and, demanding a parley, offered to fight singly against Roland, Olivier, Guy of Burgundy, Duke Naymes, Ogier le Danois, and Richard duke of Normandy. Charles replied, with proper temper, that, without resorting to his best knights, he could easily find a champion who would, singly, be adequate to a combat with such an adversary: he however sent for Roland, and ordered him to accept the challenge.

Roland answered, with wordes bold,
And said, "Sire, have me excused!"
He said, certainly he ne wold;
The batayle utterly he refused.

" The last day ye praised faste
" The old knights of their worthiness;
" Let them gon forth; I have no haste;
" They may go shewen their prowess."
For that word the king was wrothe,
And smote him on the mouth *on hie*;*
The blood out of his nose outgoth;
And said, "Traitour! thou shalt abye!"
" Abye," quoth Roland, " wole I nought;
" And traitour was I never none,
" By that lord, that me dear hath bought!"
And *brayde*† out Durindale anon.
He wolde have smitten the king there,
Ne hadde the barons run between:
The king withdrewe him for fear,
And passed home as it might best been.

Roland thus gratified his resentment at the expense of a severe mortification; since he thereby precluded himself from accepting a combat which would have afforded him much satisfaction: and, by quarrelling with his uncle, he only gave the other barons the trouble of bringing about a reconciliation, which he was obliged to purchase by his submission. Olivier, who had been wounded in the preceding engagement, and

* In haste. † Drew.

was then confined to his bed, suddenly rose, on hearing of this dispute, and, hastening to the king, demanded the battle with such earnestness that Charles was forced to acquiesce. He then put on his armour, mounted his horse, and rode to the adjoining forest, at the skirts of which he found Ferumbras, who had dismissed his attendants, and was sitting on the ground under a tree, to a branch of which his horse was secured. The Christian knight courteously saluted the Saracen, and proposed the combat: but Ferumbras, without altering his posture, coldly demanded the challenger's name; and being told that it was "Generys," only observed that Charles was a fool to send him such an adversary, and desired the supposed youth to return and tell him so.

"How long," quoth Olyver, "wilt thou plead?
"Take thine arms, and come to me;
"And prove that thou sayest in deed,
"For, boast thou blowest, as thinketh me."

Ferumbras, roused by the stern and menacing tone of these words, instantly seized his helmet, which Olivier courteously assisted him to lace; after which, the combatants, politely bowing to

each other, vaulted into their saddles, rushed together at full speed, shivered their lances, and then, drawing their swords, commenced a tremendous combat, of which, because it passed without witnesses, the author has given a very minute description. Olivier, by an accidental stroke, cut off two *bottles of balm* which were trussed to the saddle of his antagonist, and having seized them, threw them into the river, to the great indignation of the Saracen, who represented that they contained a medicine of sovereign virtue, and that such a loss was absolutely irreparable. The battle therefore, after this new injury, continued with increased obstinacy; but such was the skill of both, that, after a laborious contest of some hours, during which neither had been materially hurt, they stopped by mutual consent to rest themselves and take breath.

This pause naturally introduced a parley; for the Saracen, convinced by the blows which he had endured, that his enemy must be one of the twelve peers, earnestly requested him to declare his real name.

Olyver answered to him again:
" For fear I leave it not untold;
" My name is Olyver, certain,
" Cousin to king Charles the bold;

" To whom I shall thee send,
" Quick or dead, this same day,
" By conquest here in this field,
" And make thee to *renie* * thy lay."

This discovery increased the indignation of Ferumbras, whose uncle, a certain Psayther king of Italy, had, it seems, been slain by Olivier. Both returned to the fight with renewed vigour: at length, however, the sword of Olivier having failed, he run to the steed of Ferumbras, which was tied to a tree, and seized a fresh sword which was hanging from the saddle; but in turning on his adversary, received a blow on the shoulder which forced him to bend with one knee to the ground. At this moment Charles, who had probably very good eyes, discovered him from the camp in an attitude which seemed to portend his approaching defeat, and began to pray with great fervency that his sick nephew might obtain a victory over the healthy Saracen. His prayer was heard, and an angel brought him the welcome intelligence; soon after which, Olivier aimed at Ferumbras a blow which pierced the hauberk, and laid open a part of his side, producing at the same time a most violent effusion of blood. The wounded man now confessed him-

* Deny, disavow; *renoir*, Fr.

self vanquished, and implored the mercy of his adversary.

" I am so hurt I may not stonde;
" I put me all in thy grace:
" My gods ben false by water and lond,
" I renye them all, here in this place!
" Baptized now wole I been." &c.

He then requested Olivier to accept his horse and arms, and to carry him, if possible, to Charles; warning him that the Saracen army, which lay concealed in the wood, had orders to advance about this hour of the day, and might, if a moment were lost, cut off their retreat.

In fact this friendly intimation came too late; and the enemy approached so fast that Olivier was compelled to deposit his wounded proselyte under an olive-tree, and to take the best measures in his power for his own security. In the mean time the French army was in motion; and Roland, anxious for the fate of Olivier, far outstripping all the rest, rushed like lightning into the ranks of the Saracens. But, while he slaughtered all within his reach, his horse was killed under him by the arrows of the more distant he had, in his haste, neglected to take with him

his trusty Durindale, and had seized a common sword, which now broke in his hand; so that, being on foot and unarmed, he was at length borne down and made prisoner by a crowd of assailants. Olivier beheld, and attempted to prevent, this misfortune; but his horse being also killed by the showers of darts which fell upon him, he was in a similar manner overpowered, made captive, and conducted, together with Roland, to the ferocious Lukafere. Charlemagne made every effort for the rescue of his nephews: and the evening was far advanced when, after an unavailing pursuit, in which the enemy suffered severely, he consented to give orders for the retreat. In returning to the camp, however, he had the good fortune to meet the wounded Ferumbras, whom he prepared, in the first instance, to put to death in revenge for the captivity of his relations; but being moved by his piety and contrition, and reflecting on the advantages which might accrue to Christianity from the conversion of such an important personage, he conducted him to his tent, caused him to be attended by his own surgeons, and, after his recovery, directed Turpin to instruct and baptize him by the name of Floreyn. He continued, however, during the whole of his mi-

litary life, to be known by his original appellation, and only assumed the latter during his declining years, which were passed in acts of holiness and contrition.

Roland and Olivier being conducted to Laban by Lukafere, were questioned by him respecting their names and rank, which they instantly avowed; and the soudan, with as little hesitation, vowed a vow to Mahomet that they should both be executed the next morning, a little before dinner. But, being as ready to break his vows as to make them rashly, he determined, by the advice of his daughter Floripas, that the said knights should be detained as hostages for his son Ferumbras; but that they should be thrown into a deep dungeon, and debarred from all food until the return of Charlemagne's prisoner. It may be necessary to observe, that the walls of Laban's palace were in part washed by the sea; that within these walls was a garden, and beneath this garden were the cells of the dungeon, which, therefore, at high tides were nearly filled with water. Such was, during six days, the lodging of our brave knights, who had certainly some reason to complain, and who did complain so loudly, that they at length attracted the attention of Floripas. The princess, who had repair-

ed to her garden, " to gather flowers in morning cold," being moved to compassion by the groans of the prisoners, requested her governess to assist her in relieving their wants, but the old witch, whose name was Marigounde, utterly refused to help her in such an act of disobedience. Floripas made no further instances, but continued her walk; and, repairing to a window in a pavilion which overlooked the sea, suddenly called to Marigounde to come and see the porpoises, who were sporting beneath her. Marigounde thrust herself forward to behold the sight; and her young pupil, making a sudden effort, pushed her into the water, where she was instantly drowned.

" Go there," she said, " the devil thee speed!
" My counsel shalt thou never *bewry*;*
" Whoso will not help a man at need,
" An evil death mote he die!"

Floripas now repaired with the same proposal to Britomarte, the jailer, whom she hoped to find more compassionate, or more complying, than her duenna; but she was mistaken. Britomarte, not satisfied with refusing her request, threaten-

* Betray.

ed to impart it to the soudan, and actually set out to execute his purpose; but the active princess, following close at his heels, seized the *key-clog* which hung from his shoulder, and with a vigorous blow dashed out his brains; after which,

To her father forth she goth,
And said, " Sire, I tell you here,
" I saw a sight that was me loth,
" How the false jailer fed your prisonere;
" And how the covenant made was,
" When they should delivered be:
" Wherefore, I slew him with a mace;
" Dear father, forgive it me!"
" My daughter dear, that art so true,
" The ward of them now give I thee;
" Let their sorrow be ever new,
" Till Ferumbras delivered be."

She now proceeded to the dungeon, attended by two maidens, with whose assistance she lowered a rope, and successively drew out the two prisoners, whom she conveyed to her own apartments, where she caused them to be bathed, and after a slight repast left them to their repose.

Thus had the gentle Floripas, in the course of a few hours, kicked her governess out of win-

dow, knocked out the brains of a jailer, and cheated her father, for the purpose of saving from destruction two of his most inveterate enemies. It was an eventful day; and scarcely more so at the court of Laban than at that of Charlemagne.

This good king having summoned his council, declared to them his intention of sending Guy of Burgundy, as his ambassador, to the soudan, with a message importing, that "if the said soudan did not immediately restore his two nephews, together with the reliques taken at Rome, he might expect the most dreadful consequences from Charles's vengeance; and that all his gods would not be able to save him from destruction." On hearing this strange resolution, Duke Naymes of Bavaria, the wisest and most venerable of the counsellors, ventured to represent, that such a message addressed to such a man would expose its bearer to certain destruction. "By God!" said Charles, "Sir Guy shall go, and thou shalt share his danger!" This indeed was not quite a legitimate argument; but it was an answer which seemed likely to preclude all further discussion: it however produced a very different effect from that which the king expected. Ogier le Danois, Béry l'Ardennois,

Fulk Baliante, Le Roux, Iron of Brabant, Barnard of Prussia, Bryer of Bretagne, and even archbishop Turpin, successively declared themselves of the same opinion with Duke Naymes, and remonstrated against the absurdity and injustice of the measure; but Charles, growing more and more angry, gave to each in his turn the same answer: and, having dismissed them all on the same dangerous errand, seemed to think that the loss of his twelve peers in the field was well compensated by their absence from his councils.

It was somewhat remarkable that the same measure, to which Charles resorted in direct opposition to all his friends, was at the same time adopted by Laban, at the unanimous instance of his wise men; and that twelve Saracens of high rank were sent to demand the liberation of Ferumbras, in terms no less insulting than those employed in the instructions of the French ambassadors. The delegates from both sides met in a plain near the city of Mantrible; saluted each other; and mutually communicated their respective orders; after which the Saracens wished to proceed on their journey, but were prevented by Sir Guy, who defied them to an immediate trial of arms. The result was, that the

Mahometans were all killed; and their heads being cut off, were separately packed up, and carried to Aigremor by the French knights in company with their credentials. On their arrival at Laban's palace,

Doughty Duke Naymes of Bavere
To the sowdan his message told,
And said, "God, that made heaven so clear,
"He save king Charles so bold,
"And confound Laban, and all his men
"That on Mahound believen,
"And give them evil ending; Amen!
"To-morrow, long ere it be even,
"He commandeth thee, upon thy life,
"His nephews home to him to send,
"And the reliques of Rome, without strife;
"And else gettest thou evil end."

He then proceeded to relate that he and his companions had killed by the way twelve awkward fellows, who professed to be sent from Aigremor, with a saucy message to the French king; and then produced the heads as vouchers for his veracity. Laban, in a great rage, answered, that, not having yet eaten sufficiently, he would, in the first instance, finish his dinner,

but that he would then order their heads to be cut off; and this resolution he confirmed by a solemn oath, which Floripas instantly persuaded him to break, by requesting to take charge of the prisoners, till a general council of his barons should have determined on the best mode of making their punishment conducive to the release of her brother Ferumbras. The princess, therefore, carried them to her apartment; introduced them to their friends Roland and Olivier; and, having desired them to point out to her Sir Guy of Burgundy, informed them that, from the favourable report of his character, she had, without seeing him, been long enamoured of that gentle knight; that it was her wish to abjure her false gods, to embrace Christianity, and to become his wife; that with this view she had already done much, and was prepared to do more for their benefit; but that, if slighted by the object of her passion, she was prepared to abandon them all to her father's vengeance.

Sir Guy was, at first, very much indisposed towards this hasty contract; but his friends having properly represented to him the youth and beauty of Floripas, her important services, and their common danger, he at last consented: when Floripas, taking in her hand a golden cup

Full of noble mighty wine,
She said to him, " My love, my lord,
" My heart, my body, my good is thine!"
And kissed him with that word.
And, " Sire," she said, " drink to me,
" As the guise is of my londe,
" And I shall drink again to thee,
" As to my worthy husbonde."

This solemn ceremony being concluded, Floripas informed her guests that she had in her power a great variety of excellent suits of armour; that on the following morning they would do well to array themselves in these, and, when the soudan should be at dinner, to assail him and his guests, and to obtain possession of the castle.

This salutary measure was very nearly disconcerted by Sir Lukafere of Baldas, who, before the soudan went to table, requested his permission to visit and interrogate the prisoners. On approaching the chamber of Floripas, he found the door locked; but, as he was a man of little ceremony, he burst it open with a blow of his fist, and entered. Finding nothing to excite his suspicions, he entered into conversation with Duke Naymes; and, after many inquiries

respecting the court of Charlemagne, asked what were the usual amusements of the knights during the intervals between one meal and another.

" Sir, some men just with spear and shield,
" And some men carol and sing good songs;
" Some shoot with dartes in the field,
" And some playen at chess *among*." *
" Ye ne be but fools of good disport!
" I wole you teachen a new play;
" Sit down here by one assort,
" And better mirth never ye *seigh*." †
He tied a thread on a pole,
With a needle theron y-fast,
And there upon a quick coal,
He bade every man blow his blast.
Duke Naymes had a long beard,
King Lukafere blew even to him;
That game had he never before lered:
He brent the hair of Naymes' beard to the skin.

This conflagration incensed Duke Naymes, who set great store by his long beard. He snatched a burning log from the hearth, applied a blow to the forehead of Lukafere, which beat

* Together, at the same time. † Saw.

out both his eyes, seized him in his arms, threw him on the hearth, and kept him down with the *fire-fork* till he was burned to death, the gentle Floripas continuing, during the whole time, to applaud the execution.

As it was likely that Laban would be surprised at the long absence of his friend Lukafere, the princess urged the knights to hasten their enterprise; and scarcely had she taken her seat at table, when they rushed into the hall, and put all the guests to the sword, excepting Laban himself, who, though closely pursued by Olivier, had time to throw himself out of a window, and, falling on the soft sand of the sea-shore, escaped without injury. The surprise of the castle was, however, complete. The knights found themselves in possession of the soudan's principal treasures, of arms and military engines in abundance, and of a considerable stock of provisions: and though Laban immediately sent to Mantrible, another of his principal citadels, to collect the means of besieging Aigremor, they had hopes of receiving assistance from Charles; and in the mean time the fair Floripas exhorted them to enjoy their present advantages with confidence.

" Therefore go we sup and make merrie,
" And taketh ye alle your ease;
" And thirty maidens, lo here, of Assyrie,
" The fairest of them ye *chese:* *
" Take your sport, and *kithe* † you knights;
" When ye shall have to-done,
" On to-morrow, when the day is light,
" Ye must to the walles gon,
" And defend this place with cast of stone,
" And with shot of quarelles and dart;
" My maidens and I will bring good *wone,* ‡
" So everich of us shall bear his part."

Laban, being very angry, attempted an assault before he had collected a sufficient body of assailants, and was repulsed with great loss; after which he assembled his wise men, and ordered them to suggest some more efficacious method of retaking his city. They observed to him, that the knights whom he besieged, though very terrible in battle, could not live without food, and must therefore be ultimately compelled to surrender, if not relieved by Charles; and that, to cut off all possibility of such relief, it would be necessary to prevent any intercourse between the besieged and the Christian camp, by sending

* Choose. † Prove. ‡ Plenty.

orders that no person, under whatever pretext, should be suffered to pass the bridge of Mantrible. This bridge, over a dangerous torrent, was guarded by the terrible giant Algolufre.

Of Ethiope he was y-bore,
Of the kind of *Astopards*; *
He had tuskes like a boar,
An head like a *libbard*. †

He had suffered the French knights to pass the bridge, because he had no orders to the contrary; but being now commanded to be more cautious, he swore that he would stop all comers, and exerted all his ingenuity in forming, with four-and-twenty iron chains, a sort of net-work, through which no human strength could force a passage.

The soudan, however, was too impatient to abstain from his daily assaults, in which he was sure to lose some of his best warriors, or from his daily imprecations against his daughter, which she returned from the walls with equal volubility. At length Mersadage, king of Barbary, on whom he had the greatest reliance after

* I know not what nation is meant by this appellation.
† Leopard.

the death of Lukafere, was killed by Sir Guy, who shot him with an arrow.

Mersadage, king of Barbary,
He did carry to his tent,
And buried him, by right of Saraceny,
With brenning fire and rich ointment;
And sung the dirige of Alkoran,
That Bible is in their lay,
And wailed his death everych one, &c.

After which it became necessary to revert to the opinion of the wise men, by changing the siege into a blockade.

As the twelve peers were fond of good living, their stock of provisions was, in fact, very soon exhausted; but Floripas possessed a resource with which the wise men were unacquainted. This was a magical girdle, which exempted those who wore it, even during a few minutes, from feeling, in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours, the effects of hunger and thirst. The besieged, therefore, still continued to wait, with perfect tranquillity, till the soudan should renounce his enterprise; and he continued from day to day to wonder at their perseverance, till at length he bethought himself of the fatal gir-

dle, and employed a thief of uncommon dexterity, called Mapyne, to steal it. Mapyne introduced himself through the chimney into the chamber of Floripas, put on the girdle, and was preparing to retire, when the princess awoke, and, by her cries, brought Roland into the room. Roland, with one blow, struck off the head of the thief, and, considering the body as of little value, threw it out of the window into the sea, but was soon informed, by the lamentations of Floripas, that he had thrown away their whole magazine of provisions. The knight now regretted no less than the princess his precipitate act of vengeance, but he in some measure repaired his mistake on the following day, by surprising the enemy's camp, and carrying off a convoy, which insured to the little garrison several weeks' subsistence.

But to the twelve peers of France a besieged castle was almost as tiresome as a prison. They enjoyed, indeed, the pleasure of mortifying Laban to such a degree that he treated his gods, and even their priests, with the utmost indignity. They suffered his men to assault their walls till the castle ditch was filled with assailants, whom they then crushed with showers of stones; and at other times threw among the Saracen

troops the choicest pieces of plate in the soudan's treasury, till his avarice compelled him to sound a retreat. But they were anxious above all things to inform Charlemagne of their situation, and deputed Richard of Normandy, one of their number, to undertake this dangerous commission.

For the purpose of occupying the attention of the enemy at the moment of his departure, his eleven companions made a sally, which fully answered this purpose; but their valour hurried them too far: Sir Bryer of Britany was killed; and they experienced a still greater misfortune in the loss of the gentle Sir Guy of Burgundy, who, after cleaving to the saddle a wicked king of Babylon, was overpowered by numbers, and carried prisoner to Laban. The soudan, on hearing his name, which he was too proud to conceal, ordered that on the following morning he should be hanged on a lofty gallows, in full view of his mistress, and that a large body of the bravest troops in the army should attend the execution, and prevent a rescue. Floripas was in despair, and the knights in the greatest affliction; but Roland, perfectly indifferent to the numbers of the enemy, having directed his friends to arm, rushed forth at their head, overturned all who

opposed them, and made his way up to the prisoner, after killing a king of India, who was fortunately possessed of an excellent horse and sword, at the same moment that Olivier cut down Sir Tampere, the intended executioner. They then unbound Sir Guy, armed him, placed him on the Indian king's horse, and, after a second charge, which threw the Saracens into complete confusion, again turned towards their citadel. But before they reached the gate they fell in with a convoy:

Costroye there was, the amiral,
With vitaile great plentè,
And the *standard** of the sowdon royal,
Toward Mantrible ridden *hi*. †
Four chariots y-charged with flesh and bread,
And two other with wine
Of divers colours, yellow, white, and red,
And four someres of spicery fine.

Flushed with victory, the ten companions determined to attack the escort, and to carry off the convoy; but, in the first instance, thought fit to banter poor Costroye, and gravely proposed to him to share these dainties with them,

* Standard-bearer. † They.

a request which he, of course, refused with indignation.

" O gentil knight," quoth Olyvere,
" He is no fellow that will have all!"
" Go forth," quoth the standard, " thou gettest none here,
" Thy part shall be full small!"
" Forsooth," quoth Roland, "and shift we will,
" Get the better who get may;
" To *part** with the needy it is good skill;
" And so shall ye, by my fay!"

With these words he rode up to the amiral, and divided his head and brain with great accuracy, whilst Olivier pierced the heart of the standard-bearer. The whole escort was dissipated in an instant; the provisions were conveyed into the castle; and the tender-hearted princess, rejoiced at the rescue of her lover, generously proposed to the chief of the French knights a recompence which she thought the best suited to her obligation.

Florype said to Roland than,
" Ye must *chesen ye a lieve*,†

* Divide, share. † Choose yourself a mistress.

" Of all my maidens white as swan."
Quoth Roland, " that were a mischief:
" Our lay will not that we with you deal,
" Till that ye Christian be made;
" Nor of your play we will not feel,
" For then were we cursed indeed!"

whereby the maidens of the fair princess preserved their chastity some time longer.

We will now leave the soudan to his eternal quarrels with his gods, whom he threatened, at every sinister turn of fortune, to throw into the flames, and attend upon Richard of Normandy, who, escaping unobserved from the castle of Aigremor, had taken the road to Charlemagne's camp, and arrived without accident as far as Mantrible. But on reconnoitring the famous bridge, he saw the giant on the watch by the side of his curious net-work of chains.

When Richard saw there was no *gate**
But by Flagote the flood,
His message would he not let;
His horse was both big and good.
He kneeled, beseeching God, of his grace,
To save him fro mischief:

* Way.

A white hind he saw anon in that place,
That swam over to the cliff.
He blessed him in Goddis name,
And followed the same way,
The gentil hind that was so tame,
That on that other side gan play.

By means of this miracle the good knight was enabled to reach the Christian camp: but, on his arrival, was not a little surprised to find the whole army in motion, and marching toward the sea-coast, with the apparent intention of quitting the country. Charles, it seems, had been persuaded by the traitor Ganelon, that it was useless to wait any longer for his twelve peers, who were probably killed, and equally useless to attempt, without them, the recovery of the reliques which had been so long in the possession of Laban. But the sight of Richard, and the information which he conveyed respecting the brave men in the castle of Aigremor, instantly recalled him to himself, and induced him to lead his army with all possible speed to the bridge of Mantrible.

But the giant and his net-work presented an obstacle which it was not easy to overcome by mere force. Richard, therefore, proposed that the army should halt on its march, within the

verge of the adjoining forest, while he and twelve more knights, disguised as merchants, with packs on their horses, should endeavour to get over the bridge, or, at all events, engage the giant in a parley, during which Richard would blow his horn, as a signal that the army must hasten to his assistance. Algolufre, seeing them approach, asked whither they wanted to go?

Richard spake to the géaunt,
And said, " toward the sowdon,
" With divers chaffer, as true merchaunts,
" We purpose for to gon.
" To shew him of *pelure and grisè*,*
" *Orfrays* † of Perse imperial;
" We wol thee give tribute of assay,
" To pass by licence in especiak"

Algolufre, true to his instructions, refused to let them pass; but, as it was not contrary to his duty to tell them a story, he told them all about the twelve knights who had done so much mischief to his master Laban, and was a good deal surprised when Richard, in the midst of this relation, suddenly broke the thread of his narrative by blowing his horn with the greatest violence. The giant had very long arms and a stout

* Furs of different sorts. † Embroidered work.

oaken pole, headed with steel, which he wielded with such dexterity as to keep at bay the crowd of valiant knights who now assailed him, till

Richard *raught* * him with a bar of brass
That he caught at the gate;
He brake his legs; he cried, alas!
And fell all check mate.
Loud then gan he yell,
They heard him yell through that cité,
Like the great devil of hell;
And said "Mahoun! now helpe me."
Four men him caught there,
So heavy he was and long,
And caste him over into the ryvere,
Chese he whether to swim or *gong*.†

The knights now loosened the chains, and advanced toward the walls of the city, but were suddenly assailed by another monster not less formidable than Algolufre, though of a different sex. Her name was Barrok, and she mowed down the Christians with a scythe without appearing at all disturbed by their resistance.

This Barrok was a giantess,
And wife she was to Astragott;

* Reached. † Go.

She did the Christians great distress,
  She felled down all that she smot.
There durst no man her scythe abide;
  She grinned like a devil of hell:
King Charles, with a quarelle, that tide
  Smote her that she loud gan yell,
Over the front, throughout the brain;
  That cursed fiend fell down dead, &c.

Charles now pressed forward, and, without waiting to collect his guards, followed the flying enemy through the outward gate of the town, which was instantly closed upon him, and found himself assailed on all quarters without the possibility of making his retreat. At this moment the perfidious Ganelon exclaimed that the king was taken prisoner; that Rowland and Olivier were dead; that the crown was now his right; and that it was his will immediately to return to France. The soldiers, accustomed to obey, instantly began to retreat. Of the knights who were witnesses to this strange scene, none had sufficient authority to interfere; when Ferumbras coming up, and inquiring into the cause of this confusion, was tauntingly answered by Ganelon, that the king was a prisoner among the Saracens. He instantly exclaimed,

" Turn again, thou traitour,
" And helpe to rescùe thy lord;
" And ye, sirs all,—for your honour!"—
They turned again at that word!
Ferumbras, with ax in hond,
Mightily brake up the gate:
There might last him none iron bond;
He had near-hand come too late.

The king, however, though nearly exhausted, was still unhurt, and Ferumbras had the honour of saving his life, and of putting him in possession of the valuable treasury, and of the numerous military engines which had long been deposited by the Saracen kings in the strong fortress of Mantrible.

The same city, it seems, also contained some treasures of another sort, which Charles considered as highly valuable from their curiosity.

Richard, duke of Normandy,
Found two children of seven months old,
Fourteen feet long they were:
They were Barrak's sons so bold,
Begot they were of Astragott;
Great joy the king of them had:

Heathen they were both, I wot,
  Therefore them to be christened he bade.
He called that one of them Roland,
  And that other he cleped Olyvere;
For they shall be mighty men of hand,
  To keepen them he was full cheer.
They might not leave their dam was dead;
  They could not keep them forth;
They would neither eat butter nor bread,
  Nor no man to them was worth.
Their dam's milk they lacked there,
  They dieden for default of their dam;
King Charles made heavy cheer,
  And a sorry man was than.

But whatever might be the tenderness of his affection for these unwieldy infants, he had now no time to indulge his regret. He therefore left Richard of Normandy, with two hundred knights, in Mantrible, and hastened with the rest of his army to Aigremor. The banner of France, and that of Ferumbras, were first descried by the fair Floripas; and the joyful tidings being communicated to her ten champions, they flew to join the army of Charlemagne, and, as may be supposed, contributed not a little to the total defeat of the Saracens, who, having no

place of retreat, were forced to risk the event of a battle. Charles personally encountered Laban, and, having unhorsed him, was preparing to cut off his head, when Ferumbras interfered, and requested that his father might not die unbaptized, but be conveyed as a prisoner to the castle of Aigremor. Here the fair Floripas presented to Charlemagne the precious reliques brought from Rome, which he received on his knees, and kissed with due devotion; after which,

King Charles did call bishop Turpin,
And bade him ordain a great vat,
To baptize the Sowdan in,
And look what he shall *hat*.*
" Unarm him fast, and bring him near,
" I shall his god-father be:
" Fill it full of water clear,
" For baptized shall he be.
" Make him naked as a child,
" He must plunge therein;
" For now must he be meek and mild,
" And y-wash away his sin."

* Be called.

Turpin took him by the hond,
And led him to the font;
He smot the bishop with a brond,
And gave him an evil brunt.
He spitted in the water clear,
And cried out on them alle,
And defied all that Christian were,
That foul may him befall!

The intended proselyte being so untractable, and continuing to vent his rage in violent imprecations against his son and daughter, there remained no alternative but to order him to immediate execution; and accordingly

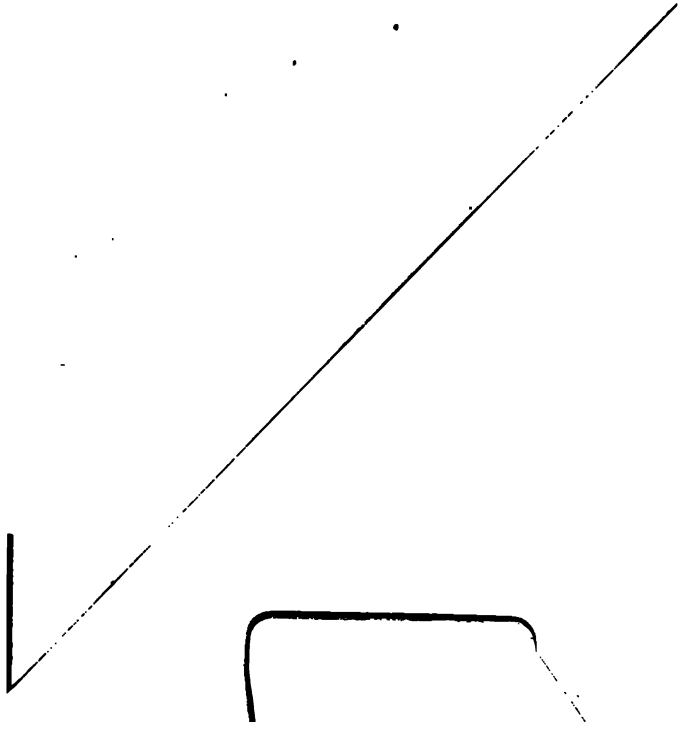
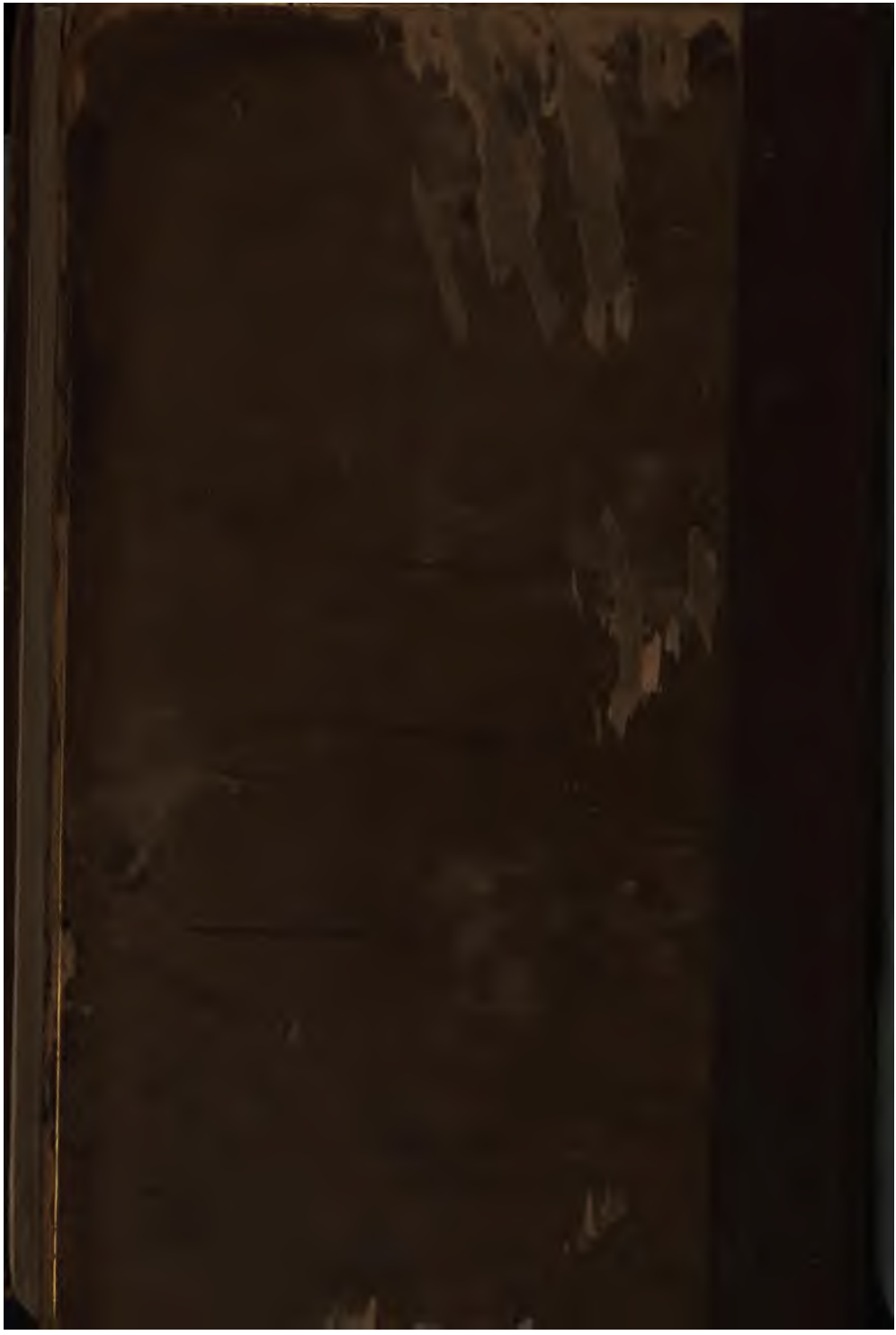
It was done as the king commaunde;
His soul was fet to hell,
To dance in that sorry land,
With devils that were full fell.

It now only remained for Charlemagne to acquit himself of his many obligations to the fair Floripas by marrying her, immediately after her baptism, to her dear Sir Guy, on whom he bestowed, as a marriage portion, one half of Spain, at the same time that he confirmed Sir Ferumbras in possession of the remainder. He then,

after exhorting these two princes to preserve through life the sentiments of fraternal affection for each other, and of friendship towards him, took a tender leave of them, and returned with his army to France, where he deposited his precious reliques in the principal churches of Paris and St Denis. The story ends with the execution of the traitor Ganelon, who was hanged on a lofty gibbet at Montfaucon.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co

DO NOT CIRCULATE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05990 1069